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MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS.

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" I warmed both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

W. S. LANDOR.

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Memories of Old Friends

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS

OF

CAROLINE FOX

OF PENJERRICK, CORNWALL

From 1835 to 1871

EDITED BY HORACE N. PYM

Third Edition

TO WHICH ARE ADDED FOURTEEN ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM J. S. MILL NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

VOL. II.

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MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IX.

1843.

" Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."—WORDSWORTH.

Falmouth, January 6.—I was made somewhat conceited this morning by a kind note from Thomas Carlyle. He makes amusing reference to my saying "thou" to him, and threatens to say "thou" to me too, but must not venture at present. Speaking of Verran, he says, "We are not to neglect such when they offer themselves among the half or wholly useless things so enormously copious among us."

January 9.—Another characteristic note from Carlyle:—

"DEAR CAROLINE,—Thanks for your excellent news. We will not scold the poor fellow much, at

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least not till he get fully well again. As to the Hero Verran, I wish you to understand that, at such a distance, and with such friends' eyes close on the very scene, I cannot presume to form any further judgment of his interests, but will leave them altogether to the eyes and hearts of said friends. Do, therefore, what seems to *you* wisest. Perhaps if there be, as it seems there is, in Verran's personal neighbourhood a good discerning man who will take charge of this £20, to do his best therewith for the poor miner's behoof, it will be wiser in several ways to give it up to that man at once and for altogether; saying merely, 'Do thy best with it for him.' Verran may thus gain another friend and occasional guide and patron, which may be worth more to him than several guineas. 'Twenty,' I think, is no bad result. To find twenty persons, in any locality, who reverence worth to the extent of paying one pound sterling to it, is verily something in these days. Days (as I sometimes feel, when I reflect sorrowfully on them) altogether unexampled since the creation of the world in that respect! Even the fickle Athenians did at least put Socrates to death, had at least the grace to hate him, did not merely seek to amuse themselves with him!

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It is unutterable, and will lead to conclusions by and by.

"Meanwhile, what the good Caroline has to do is happily utterable enough; not abstruse or fearful at all! What I have to do is also, alas! too plain: namely, to go about my business, and, with many wishes and salutations, vanish, as one in haste and double haste,—subscribing myself cordially once more, Caroline's friend, T. CARLYLE."

January 21.—Fanny Allen sends a very interesting account of a visit she and her father paid to Michael Verran. He is a thorough Methodist, who sometimes feels so full of joy that his skin seems too small for him, and he is obliged to lie down and pray that he may be enlarged, to make room for his bursting happiness. He gave a simple, quiet account of the Caradon affair, during which, it seems, his mind was so full of the prospect of being so soon with his Saviour, that the idea of death and its suffering hardly occurred to him; and on coming to the surface, he fell down on his knees in the shed and "gave glory." He is not getting on very brilliantly at school, but is steady and persevering, and means to be a dairyman or an ore-dresser.

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February 3.—Aunt Charles Fox told us of an American Friend who once felt a concern to go somewhere, he knew not where. He ordered his gig, his servant asking where he was to drive. "Up and down the road," said his master. At last they met a funeral. "Follow this funeral," said the master. They followed in the procession until they came to the churchyard. Whilst the service was being performed the Friend sat in his gig; at its conclusion he walked to the grave, and exclaimed solemnly, "The person now buried is innocent of the crime laid to her charge!" and then returned to his gig. An elderly gentleman in deep mourning came up to him in great agitation, and said, "Sir, what you said has surprised me very much." "I can't help it, I can't help it," replied the other; "I only said what I was obliged to say." "Well," said the mourner, "the person just buried is my wife, who for some years has lain under the suspicion of infidelity to me. No one else knew of it, and on her deathbed she again protested her innocence, and said that if I would not believe her then, a witness to it would be raised up even at her grave-side!"

February 9.—Sir Edward Belcher dined with us

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to-day, and sailed when the post came in. He has a high appreciation of Papa's Dipping Needle. He talked of the Pacific Islanders he has visited: they all appear to have a common origin, and their languages to be derived from, and very analogous to, Hebrew. A gentleman who understood Hebrew well, had first a Tahitean, then a New Zealander, then some other Islander brought to him, and understood perfectly what each said. Their grammar is most simple, all their words being deduced from the nouns and verbs. The inhabitants of Raratonga are innocent and incorruptible beyond all others. The Chinese never take an oath, but their most solemn promise is "can secure." They keep their right hands as "gentlemen," to do no work, but grow long nails and write, and their left hands as "scrubs," to do all the dirty work and shake hands with ignorant Englishmen. The ladies steep their nails in hot water at night, and then twist them round their wrists, and they wear little silver shields to preserve them. Sir Edward has been rather tried at having to publish his book so hastily, when it was only a log and needed much revision; but he was sent forth again on active service and had to leave it in charge of a com-

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mittee. He gave us some miserable details of his observations of the Chinese War.

February 11.—Strong Methodist letter from Michael Verran—very grateful to God and man. Three years ago he found peace, a month later he received the second blessing, and the day following the third; his path is now like that of the Just, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect Day. He finds spelling "asier than at first, and has got to the Rule of Three in refimatic."

February 20.—John Sterling has been reading some of Boswell, and is interested to see the vague distinction which Johnson makes between what he calls physical and moral truths, being a dim attempt at a classification which the moderns have much more happily denominated objective and subjective. But even this is very loose when applied to individual character; the most you can say is, that objectivity or subjectivity is the predominating element. Men are not generalisations, and resist generalising as the eel writhes during a flaying operation, on which the operator remarked, "Hang it! why can't you keep quiet?" Talked on early histories: it is so interesting to compare Genesis and Herodotus as two infantile histories; in the

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former the prophetic element vastly predominant, in the latter the imaginative. He says that Carlyle is bringing out a thirty-pounder of a book on the Northern troubles.[1]

February 26.—Letter from Carlyle. His present work is one that makes him sad and sickly; it is likely to be ready in about three weeks, and then he expects to be ready for the hospital. He says that John Sterling was the first to tell him that his tendencies were political, a prophecy which he feels is now being strangely verified. Terrible as it is to him to pronounce the words which he does, he feels that those and no others are given him to speak; he sees some twenty thousand in pauper-Bastilles looking for a Voice, inarticulately beseeching, "Speak for us!" and can he be silent? His book is on the sorrows in the North, and will probably consist of the Facts of the French Revolution connected with his theory of the present misgovernment of England.

March 2.—Sterling thinks of writing an Essay on Shakespeare as the Son of his Time, which would develop a great deal of curious matter con-

[1] "Past and Present" was published by Carlyle in this year.

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cerning the actual life around him which may be gathered from his Plays. Shakespeare played the Ghost in "Hamlet" and the Shepherd in the "Winter's Tale" himself. He thinks Tieck the purest poet of the present day, with the subtlest discrimination of the delicacies in women's characters—a rare achievement. Lessing was no poet, almost anti-poetical; the plot of Nathan the Wise, revolting.

He grieves over the temporal aim of the masses, "their desires are the measure of their powers," and of few unattainable desires are they conscious, except the realising quite as much money as they wish.

March 9.—J. S. Mill's book arrived yesterday—"A System of Logic." I read the chapter on Liberty and Necessity. Sterling spoke of the gradual development which he had watched in him. He has made the sacrifice of being the undoubted leader of a powerful party for the higher glory of being a private in the army of Truth, ready to storm any of the strong places of Falsehood, even if defended by his late adherents. He was brought up in the belief that Politics and Social Institutions were everything, but he has been gradually delivered

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from this outwardness, and feels now clearly that individual reform must be the groundwork of social progress. Sterling thinks that Mill's book will induce some to believe in the existence of certain elements in human nature, such as Reverence, to which they have nothing answering in their own consciousness.

March 24.—Sterling talked about the men he has seen in his visit to London.—Carlyle very unhappy about the times, thinking everything as bad as ever, and conducted on the least happiness for the greatest number principle; the only thing good is, that people are made to feel unhappy, and so prove that enjoyment is not the object of life. His book is now being copied, and is to be printed simultaneously in England and America, so that he, being the Prophet to both lands, may receive the Profits from both. With Julius Hare he had uniting intercourse, and it was particularly interesting after their long separation to see how much common ground they still had to walk and love upon. He gave him Tieck's last book, which he thinks shows more genius than anything lately published. Maurice finds fault with Mill's book as only attempting a Logic of Propositions, leaving the higher Logic of

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Ideas to the Ontologists: this Sterling does not think a fair criticism, as none of these worthy Ontologists have given the least sketch of such a Logic. Hegel's book is directed to this end. Tieck told Julius Hare that he admired the scene with Wrangel more than any part of Wallenstein, Schiller having there succeeded in representing a concrete reality.

March 29.—The Rabbi's wife told me that all her uncles and aunts are deaf; they may scream as loud as they like in their Uncle Jacob's ear to no purpose, but, by addressing his nose, he becomes quite accessible; an aunt's mode of approach is her teeth.

March 31.—Sterling talked this morning about the Apocalypse, which he believes refers principally to Pagan Rome, and the actual life which the Apostle saw around him, and which he felt must be denounced and punished by a God of holiness and truth. This he believes to be the feeling of all the prophecies.

April 13.—Julius Hare writes that the King of Prussia has feeling enough to be delighted with Tieck's last book. He got him to Berlin some time

[1] This appears to be now well known, and is commonly practised by the use of the "Audiphone."

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since, and on occasion of a Court picnic at a certain mill, there were only two chairs to be had; the King placed his Queen on one, and invited Tieck to the other, throwing himself on the grass at the Queen's feet.

May 3.—After dinner I was writing to Aunt Charles, and on running upstairs for more paper, I was startled to find myself spitting blood. It proved to be only from the throat, but I, for half an hour, took it entirely as a signal of death, and shall, I believe, often look back with satisfaction to the solemn quietness which I felt at that time. I finished Aunt Charles's note, and then lay down alone, and felt altogether rather idle about life, and much disposed to be thankful, or at any rate entirely submissive, whatever might be the result.

May 6.—Called on the W. Molesworths. He is threatened with total blindness, and his excellent wife is learning to work in the dark in preparation for a darkened chamber. What things wives are! What a spirit of joyous suffering, confidence, and love was incarnated in Eve! 'Tis a pity they should eat apples.

May 10.—Sterling has been reading Niebuhr lately with great interest, and comparing him anti-

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thetically with Gibbon: their different modes of estimating Christianity are very remarkable.

May 25.—John Sterling wandered out and dined with us; he was calm and sad, and feels the idea of leaving Falmouth. His London time was an extremely bustling one. Carlyle does not seem quite happy; though he has blown so loud a blast, and though it has awakened so many deep echoes in the hearts of thoughtful men, there are other trumpets yet to sound before Truth can get itself fully recognised, even by those who have gone far. Sterling gives a very bright description of their Isle of Wight habitation; I wish it may prove the land of promise to them.

May 26.—Enjoyed writing to L. Crouch, and got into some abstractions, the result of which was that every man is his own devil, *i.e.*, a rebellious will is the principle of evil in each of us, and the anarchy produced by this false dominance is the cause of all that falseness which we call Sin.

May 29.—Sterling dwelt with delight on Mrs. Carlyle's character—such hearty sympathy in the background, and such brilliant talent in front; if it were merely "eternal smart" with her, it would be very tiresome, but she is a woman as well as a

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clever person. She and her husband, though admiring each other very much, do not in all things thoroughly sympathise; he does not pay that attention to little things on which so much of a woman's comfort depends.

May 30.—Sterling dined here, and gave an interesting critique on Goethe's "Elective Affinities," which is little understood by general readers, but has a deep moral significance. He went off in the rain, looking quite like his old self.

June 13.—I had the luxury of a solitary evening at Grove Hill—yet not solitary. I took up Emerson again, which I had not read in for many months, and was quite startled at the deep beauty and truth that is in him. He evidently writes from experience, not hearsay, and that gives the earnest tone which must awaken echoes in every heart which is not limited to formulas; even though much which he says may not be true to you, yet you feel that to him it is Divine truth.

June 14.—How I like things to be done quietly and without fuss. It is the fuss and bustle principle, which must proclaim itself until it is hoarse, that wars against Truth and Heroism. Let Truth be done in silence "till it is forced to speak," and

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then should it only whisper, all those whom it may concern will hear.

June 18.—No news from Barclay. Well, silence is doubtless safe, and patience is good for us. I think Heaven will bless him, but how, it does not suit me even to wish; I've no notion of giving hints to Providence.

August 5.—Finished that wondrous "Past and Present," and felt a hearty blessing on the gifted Author spring up in my soul. It is a book which teaches you that there are other months besides May, but that with Courage, Faith, Energy, and Constancy, no December can be "impossible."

August 14.—Schleiermacher is a very fine fellow, so far as I can yet discern; a noble, large-hearted, courageous, clear-sighted, thoughtful, and generous Christian, in the deepest as well as the popular sense of the term; a nourishing writer, whose whole reasoning and discerning speaks irrefutably to one's own holiest convictions. Then what knowledge of human nature he has! He ferrets out our high, noble, self-sacrificing sins, and shows no more mercy to them than to the vulgar fellows which smell of garlic.

August 20.—Barclay had a long interview yester-

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day with Espartero, the ex-Regent of Spain. He has just had to escape from a Rebellion aided by France, which he could not repress, and now resigns himself to becoming an Englishman until Spain is ready for him again.

August 21.—Tea at Trebah. Aunt Charles sends brilliant accounts of her present environment—Hartley Coleridge on one side, Wordsworth on the other. She says the latter is very sensible and simple about the Laureateship; he speaks of it very kindly, but has quite declined doing any work connected with it on compulsion. He says it is most gratifying to fill the same station that Dryden and Southey have done.

September 8.—Had a particularly bright evening at Trebah, Aunt Charles reading us many of Hartley Coleridge's about-to-be-published Poems, some of exquisite tone, meaning, and discriminating pathos. Went to Budock Churchyard. Captain Croke has such a pretty, simple epitaph on his little boy—"And he asked, Who gathered this Flower? And the Gardener answered, The Master! And his fellow-servant held his peace."

September 10.—Barclay and his beloved W. E. Forster cheered our day. Barclay showed us letters

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from a bookseller in London to F. D. Maurice, which exhibit most touchingly, most vividly, most truly, the struggle of doubt, the turbulence of despair, the apathy of exhausted effort, so frightfully general among the mechanics of large towns; a something which tells that the present attempts at teaching do not meet the wants of the time, and which "shrieks inarticulately enough," but with agony, for guidance, and for a God-inspired lesson on Belief and Duty.

September 13.—Embarked on the railroad at Bristol and reached London at four o'clock; our only companion was a weary young man, who complained of this tedious mode of travelling!

Norwich, September 18.—In a cottage visit this morning, a young woman told us that her father was nearly converted, and that a little more teaching would complete the business, adding, "He quite believes that he is lost, which, of course, is a great consolation to the old man!"

September 21.—Called at the Palace with Anna Gurney. Catherine Stanley said the Bishop[1]

[1] *Stanley* (Edward), late Bishop of Norwich, born 1796, died 1849; father of the late Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

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would be so charmed, and ran down for him. He is as active as usual. He was very affectionate, and charged Anna to use her endeavours to make us follow her example and remain in Norfolk. He says there is no chance of his coming into Cornwall unless they make him Bishop of Exeter. His daughters were very agreeable. Catherine Stanley talked about the Maurices, whom she much admires; also of John Sterling, whom she does not know, but has heard so much of through her brother Arthur. The Bishop talks, darting from one subject to another, like one impatient of delay, amusing and pleasant enough. His wife is a calm, sensible, practical woman.

Cromer, September 24.—Our first visit at Northrepps Hall, a droll, irregular, unconventional-looking place, which must have had some share in shaping the character of its inhabitants. . . . A wild horseback party of eleven, with Sir Fowell Buxton at our head, scampering over everything in tremendous rain, which only increased the animation of our party. Then dined with the Buxtons. Sir Fowell is capital now and then, but not at all to be depended upon as a man of society. Most pleasant intercourse with the family, individually and collec-

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tively, but there is little of steady conversation to record. Sir Fowell Buxton has never recovered his old tone of joyous mental energy since the failure of the Niger Expedition, and looked sometimes very sadly. He was most kind and affectionate to us, and we greatly valued being with them. During the night a storm told most seriously on the little fishing-boats, and there was sad loss of life. In his prayer the next morning this affliction was most beautifully named, and the suffering and sorrowing fervently petitioned for. Lady Buxton gave us each a Prayer-book, thinking it probable that no one else had done so. He likes to tell absurd stories about her, in the face of her emphatic protestations, and he enjoys being impertinently treated himself. His frolics with his grandchildren are charming.

October 9.—Lieutenant Hammond dined here. He was with Captain Fitz-Roy on the *Beagle*, and feels enthusiastically towards him. As an instance of his cool courage and self-possession, he mentioned a large body of Fuegians, with a powerful leader, coming out with raised hatchets to oppose them: Captain Fitz-Roy walked up to the leader, took his hatchet out of his hand, and patted him

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on the back; this completely subdued his followers.

Norwich, October 21.—Catherine Gurney gave us a note to George Borrow,[1] so on him we called,—a tall, ungainly, uncouth man, with great physical strength, a quick penetrating eye, a confident manner, and a disagreeable tone and pronunciation. He was sitting on one side of the fire, and his old mother on the other. His spirits always sink in wet weather, and to-day was very rainy, but he was courteous and not displeased to be a little lionised, for his delicacy is not of the most susceptible. He talked about Spain and the Spaniards; the lowest classes of whom, he says, are the only ones worth investigating, the upper and middle class being (with exceptions, of course) mean, selfish, and proud beyond description. They care little for Roman Catholicism, and bear faint allegiance to the Pope. They generally lead profligate lives, until they lose all energy and then become slavishly superstitious. He said a curious thing of the Esquimaux, namely, that their language is a most

[1] *Borrow* (George), born near Norwich, 1803, author of "The Zincali," "The Bible in Spain," "Lavengro," "Wild Wales," and other works; died 1881.

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complex and highly artificial one, calculated to express the most delicate metaphysical subtleties, yet they have no literature, nor are there any traces of their ever having had one—a most curious anomaly; hence he simply argues that you can ill judge of a people by their language.

October 22.—Dined with Amelia Opie: she was in great force and really jolly. Exhibited her gallery containing some fine portraits by her husband, one being of her old French master, which she insisted on Opie painting before she would accept him. She is enthusiastic about Father Mathew, reads Dickens voraciously, takes to Carlyle, but thinks his appearance against him; talks much and with great spirit of people, but never ill-naturedly.

October 23.—Dined very pleasantly at the Palace. The Bishop was all animation and good-humour, but too unsettled to leave any memorable impression. I like Mrs. Stanley much—a shrewd, sensible, observing woman. She told me much about her Bishop; how very trying his position was on first settling at Norwich, for his predecessor was an amiable, indolent, old man, who let things take their course, and a very bad course they took, all which the present man has to correct as way opens, and

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continually sacrifices popularity to a sense of right.

London, October 30.—An early call in Cheyne Row. Jane Carlyle was very brilliant, dotting off, with little reserve, characters and circumstances with a marvellous perception of what was really significant and effective in them, so that every word told. She spoke of some Americans who called yesterday to take leave, and her hand got such a squeeze that she almost screamed, "for all my rings are utilitarian and have seals." She says that Carlyle has to take a journey always after writing a book, and then gets so weary with knocking about that he has to write another book to recover from it. When the books are done they know little or nothing of them, but she judges, from the frequent adoption of some of his phrases in books of the day, that they are telling in the land.

Met John Sterling and H. Mill, and went to Professor Owen's, where W. E. Forster and Barclay joined us. Here we saw the great bone—the actual bone—of a bird which a sailor brought to Owen from Sydney, and out of which he has mentally constructed an immense Ostrich. And we saw the series of vast bottles, each filled with a fixed Idea.

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Sterling said he was quite awe-struck at the thought of being with a man who knew them all! Owen gave us a little lecture on the brain: that when it is much worked a certain portion is actually lost; adding, that "Strafford," he supposed, cost its author about two ounces. He and Sterling then got into a delicate little discussion upon Dr. Johnson's taste for a good hater. Mrs. Owen supposed that differences in opinion would be settled by definition, so Sterling defined it as the sort of feeling which Owen would entertain towards Sir Everard Home, who destroyed John Hunter's papers; he would not do him any harm, but he would not go out of his way to prevent his being well punished. This led to discussion on the wicked waste of Thought which Home had thus committed. Facts and results of positive worth have been irrevocably lost. Sara Coleridge is writing a defence of her father's theology, proving how very orthodox he was and how well he deserved to be the pet son of the Church. Sterling remarked that she shows the limited nature of a woman's mind in her "Phantasmion;" she does not make Ariel an element, but the whole thing is Ariel, and therefore very wearisome and unsubstantial.

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CHAPTER X.

1844.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift."—SHELLEY.

Falmouth, January 9.—Fanny Allen sends a glorious letter from Verran. He says: "I have three cows, three slip pigs; I've plenty of grass, and a good sale for butter and cream. I've the pleasure to tell you that I've also got a wife, and my wedding-day was yesterday."

Some boys to dinner; interested them and ourselves with Dickens's beautiful human-hearted "Christmas Carol."

January 12.—Finished my week's work at the Infant School, and wrote in the Visitors' Report Book, that as many eminent men were very stupid at school, there was every hope for the sixty-three there.

January 16.—I have had a treat in the following kind letter from Carlyle:—

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"CHELSEA, 15*th January* 1844.

"DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—Your message is far from an intrusion; such a musical little voice coming out of the remote West, in these dull days, is not unwelcome to me, is rather apt to be too welcome! For undue praise is the poison of human souls: [he that would live healthily, let him learn to go along entirely without praise.] Sincere praises, coming in a musical voice in dull times, how is one to guard against them!

"I like Verran's picture of himself somewhat better this time. It is good that he has got a wife: his manner of announcing that great fact, too, is very original! 'Four cows, with plenty of grass, three slip pigs.' What are slip pigs? Pigs that have slipt or left their dam, and now feed on spoon-meat? All these things are good. On the whole, it was a benefit to lift this poor man out of the dark subterranean regions into the upper daylight, to the sight of the sky and green world. But it was not I mainly; no, it was another than I. The poor man, if well let alone, I think will now do well. Well let alone: it is an invaluable rule in many things—apt to be miserably forgotten in the case of Grace Darlings and such like!

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"By the by, ought not you, with your swift neat pen, to draw up, on half a sheet of paper, an exact narrative of this man's act of heroism—authentic, exact in every detail of it—and reposit it in some safe place for a memorial of the same? There is no more genuine use that the art of writing can be turned to than the like of this. Think of it.

"I am about writing upon Oliver Cromwell—still *about* it; for the thing will not stir from the spot, let me shove it never so desperately! It approaches the impossible, this task of mine, more nearly than any task I ever had. How awaken an oblivious world, incognisant of Cromwells, all incredulous of such; how resuscitate a Hero sunk under the disastrous wrecks of two such centuries as lie dead on him?

"If I had a Fortunatus' Hat, I would fly into deepest silence,—perhaps into green Cornwall towards the Land's End, to meditate this sad problem of mine, far from Babylon and its jarrings and its discords, and ugly fog and mud, in sight of the mere earth and sea, and the sky with its stars. But I have not such a hat, there is none such going, one must learn to do without such.

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"Adieu, dear Miss Caroline. Salute your brother in my name,—your brother and sister, and all that have any remembrance of me. My wife, pretty well in health, sends you her kindest regards.—I remain, ever yours, most sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

February 7.—Eliza Dunstan died to-day. It was such a child's deathbed, so innocent, so unpretending. She loved to hold her father's hand, he, poor fellow, kneeling by her in silent agony. She thought none could nurse her so well as father. Her spirit was most tenderly released. It is a wonderful thought, that sudden total change of hers. Has Heaven its Infant Schools? Who can tell?

March 8.—Mr. Dew told us much about Dr. Arnold, one of whose pupils he was. Such was his power over the hearts of the boys that they dreaded doing anything wrong lest it should pain him; they looked forward to his weekly sermons with as much delight as to a holiday, and as they were quite private, if anything remarkable had taken place in the week, they knew that it would be noticed on the Sunday. The class books they had to study were rich in marginal notes from

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his pencil, which made them live and become a pleasure, instead of a weariness, to flesh and spirit.

March 11.—Mrs. Carlyle told W. E. Forster that "Hyperion" answered, and Longfellow has married the young lady he wrote it at. Bon!

April 2.—I finished "Deerbrook" with much regret. It is a brave book, and inspires trust and love, faith in its fulness, resignation in its meekness. One has a vicious desire to know Miss Martineau's private history.

April 4.—On reading Nichol's "Solar System," Papa said, "That Light only comes to those objects capable of receiving it." A truth purely physical, it is to be observed.

April 8.—Read a letter from Harriet Martineau, describing the irresistible influence under which she uttered her "Life in the Sick-Room," and the numerous deeply interesting responses and echoes it has awakened, proving how much such a book was needed.

London, May 25.—Overtook John Mill in the Strand, and had a pleasant little chat with him about the Francias in the National Gallery, which he cannot forgive for their hard dry manner; the

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Guidos in the Dulwich Gallery, he thinks, do not deserve Sterling's criticisms, though he heartily agrees with him about the Carlo Dolces.

May 27. — Called on the Carlyles. He was poorly, and asleep on the sofa when we went in. We told them of Barclay's engagement. "Well, they must club together all the good sense they've got between them; that's the way, I suppose," was the valediction bestowed. He groaned over Oliver Cromwell, for his progress in that memorial is slow and painful: all that had been said or written in his favour was destroyed or ignored when Charles II. came to reign; as a Calvinistic Christian he was despised, and as a Ruler and Regicide he was hated; the people would not forgive him for having seemed to deceive them, and so they dug up his body and hanged it at Tyburn, and have been telling the most abominable lies about him ever since; lately there has been some better feeling, but the case is still very bad. "Upon the whole," he added, "I don't believe a truer, more right-hearted Englishman than Oliver ever existed. Wherever you find a line of his own writing you may be sure to find nothing but truth there." We compared his principle of

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governing to Dr. Francia's in Paraguay—giving the people a despotism to deliver them from anarchy. "Why, Francia was a very small man compared with Oliver; his Idea was not a high one: he had an ignorant, uncultivated set of people to put right, and he certainly did it very cleverly, with all his mechanical regulations; but he was a very different man to Oliver." Mrs. Carlyle here said, "Why, a short time ago Francia was all in favour, and so he would be again if you had but a little contradiction!" Then, speaking of the wretched mistakes which different ages make concerning their Greatest, he said, "Why, the Jews took Jesus for a scoundrel, and thought all they could do with Him was to nail Him up on a gallows. Ah! that was a bad business; and so He has returned to Heaven, and they go wandering about the streets buying old clothes!"

Falmouth, July 21.—The following lines were sent to Anna Maria by Sterling, to put in our copy of Schleiermacher's Dialogues:—

"This, our World, with all its changes,
Pleases me so much the more,
That wherever Fancy ranges,
There's a Truth unknown before.

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And in every land and season,
One the life in great and small;
This is Plato's heavenly Reason,
Schleiermacher's All-in-all.

Head and heart let us embrace it,
Seeking not the falsely new:
In an infant's laugh we trace it,
Stars reply, Yea, Life is true."

We were delighted to watch Uncle Joshua in his sweet companionship with Nature; the little birds are now so intimate and trustful that they come when he calls them and eat crumbs out of his mouth. It is a charming and beautiful sight.

August 12.—Sir Charles Lemon and Lady De Dunstanville to lunch. Sir Charles has been with Bunsen lately, and both heartily share our enthusiasm about Dr. Arnold. Sir Charles says he is a man whom he always loved and valued; how sad it was that his friends not only did not understand but would not trust him, fancying he would run wild on politics or something else.

August 21.—Andrew Brandram, the very respectable and respected Secretary of the Bible Society, appeared before us once more with his shaggy eyebrows. He held a large Bible Meeting here, and

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told us many good things. There is a glimpse of an opening for the Bible in China, which it will be highly interesting to watch. In India the demand and supply is most satisfactory; about fifty years ago they could not find a Bible in Calcutta, and in Madras were obliged to swear on a scrap of a Prayer-book at the opening of a court-martial. In New Zealand the natives held a council before the last miserable war, when one of them entreated the rest to "Remember the Book, remember the Book: it tells us not to fight; so if we do, mischief must come of it." But the majority found it expedient to forget it as completely as the English had done, and the result is sad matter of history. In Belgium the same Book is establishing its position and producing very positive effects; in fact, the state of things in general is satisfactory; funds increase, openings increase, oppositions increase, and zeal increases in an equal proportion.

August 22.—Andrew Brandram gave us at breakfast many personal recollections of curious people. J. J. Gurney recommended George Borrow to their Committee; so he stalked up to London, and they gave him a hymn to translate into the Manchow language, and the same to one of their own people

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to translate also. When compared they proved to be very different. When put before their reader, he had the candour to say that Borrow's was much the better of the two. On this they sent him to St. Petersburg to get it printed, and then gave him business in Portugal, which he took the liberty greatly to extend, and to do such good as occurred to his mind in a highly executive manner.

September 19.—We are told of Stephen Grellet once preaching to the Friends of a certain meeting, saying, "You are starched before you are washed!"

Windermere, September 28.—Hartley Coleridge came to us whilst Anna Maria was sketching near Fox How, and talked of Dr. Arnold. He is just now reading his "Life and Letters" with extreme interest. He used seldom to be with him in his mountain rambles, because he walked always so far and so fast. When Hartley Coleridge was at College, the Rugby boys were proverbially the worst, their moral training had been so neglected; but now Dr. Arnold's influence has reformed not only that, but raised the tone of the other public schools.

September 30.—Thought much on those stimulating lines of John Sterling's:—

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"'Tis worth a wise man's best of life,
'Tis worth a thousand years of strife,
If thou canst lessen but by one,
The countless ills beneath the sun."

So in the strength of this feeling we helped a damsel to collect her calves and drive them into a field.

October 1.—We floated about Windermere with Hartley Coleridge. It was all very, very beautiful. Hartley Coleridge sparkled away famously, but I have preserved little. He showed us the house where Charles Lloyd lived, and where he with Coleridge and Lamb used to dash away their thoughts and fancies. His remembrances of Lloyd were truly pathetic: he believes that much which is attributed to him as madness was simply his own horrible imaginations, which he would regard as facts, and mention to others as things which he had himself done. Query: Is not this of the essence of madness? His wife was one of the best of women, and it was a cruel task to her to give hints to strangers of his state, which she often had to do, in order that injustice might not be done him. Tennyson he knows and loves. He said, "My sister has some real power; she was a great deal with my father during the latter years of his life." He

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admires her "Phantasmion," but wishes it cut up into shorter stories. He thinks her thoroughly equal to her subject when she treats of Rationalism. He is a most affectionate brother, and laments her weak, overdone state of health. He hopes to bring out his own second volume of Poems this year or next, and rejoices to hear of any who sincerely sympathise with them. Speaking of the Arnolds, he said they are a most gifted family. I asked what specially in their education distinguished them. He rose from the dinner-table, as his manner is, and answered, "Why, they were suckled on Latin and weaned upon Greek!" He spoke of his father being one day in company with some celebrated man, and some man who was not celebrated; the latter wore leather breeches, and S. T. Coleridge had the delight of observing him taking notes of their conversation with a pin in the creases of the leather! He talked of his own transmigrations, and his ecclesiastical antipathies, and his trials of school-keeping: he likes teaching, but keeping the boys in order passes his powers; his experience convinces him that the clever boys are generally the best, the stupid ones taking refuge in cunning. He talked of Wordsworth with high respect, but no

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enthusiasm; his last published Poems were composed before the "Peter Bell" era: it was the World in its chaotic state, and the thoughts are therefore often large and shapeless, like the Mammoths and Megatheriums of Nature. The reason for his not permitting the Prologue to the "Excursion" to be published till after his death is, he believes, that the benefit of copyright may be enjoyed longer. He talked funnily of the necessity of every woman having two names, one for youth and one for mature age. After dinner he read us his beautiful "Dancing Nautilus," and the "Birthday of Mrs. Blanchard," and the "New Year's Ode," with more understanding and feeling than rhythmic harmony—at least, so it struck me; and concluded the evening with some glorious prose passages from his "Biographia Borealis," from "Roger Ascham," a sonorous and deep-seeing summary of the thoughts which Lady Jane Grey has left us by her little life, so beautiful and sad; and from his "William Roscoe," in which he delivered his upright independent thoughts on the slave trade, long before the world had damned it as a sin. The tender impartiality and the earnest self-assertion, the loving pity for those who are

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not ripe for Truth—all rounded off into a holy feeling of thankfulness for clearer light—deeply recalled his father's noble and tender lines on poor Berengarius.

October 5.—We wandered forth by the Lake, and were overtaken by a shower, and sheltered ourselves in a shed. Hartley Coleridge saw us, and begged us to come into his cottage—"The Knbbe," as he endeavours to have it spelt. It was a snug little *room*, well furnished with books, writing affairs, and MSS. Anna Maria said, in answer to some deprecatory remark of his, "One might be very happy here." "*Or very miserable*," he answered, with such a sad and terrible emphasis. He spoke with extreme aversion of the kind of letters he has to write to his own family, telling the state of his wardrobe even. When he writes, he likes to write nonsense, or anything that comes uppermost; but to be chained to a subject, and that subject Self, and to treat it in a business-like manner—is intolerable. He has a copy of Sterling's lines on S. T. Coleridge, and admires them much. He read aloud to us Sterling's "Lady Jane Grey." Then Anna Maria read him Barclay's lines which arrived this morning, "The Bridesmaids' Address to the Bride." He

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admired them extremely, read them twice to himself afterwards, and could make no suggestions. The shower had cleared away, so we had no excuse for staying, though there was much opening for interesting and sober converse.

October 6.—Anna Maria and I paid a visit to the Wordsworths. He was in great force, and evidently enjoyed a patient audience. He wanted to know how we came from Cornwall, which naturally brought us to railroads and a short lament over the one they mean to introduce here. He grieves that the ravens and eagles should be disturbed in their meditations, and fears that their endeavours after lyric poetry will be checked. However, he admits that railroads and all the mechanical achievements of this day are doing wonders for the next generation; indeed, it is the appropriate work of this age and this country, and it is doing it gloriously. That anxious money-getting spirit which is a ruling principle in England, and a passion and a law in America, is doing much by exhausting itself; we may therefore look forward with hopeful trust. Nothing excellent or remarkable is done unless the doer lays a disproportionate weight on the importance of his own peculiar

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work; this is the history of all sects, parties, cliques, and stock-jobbers whatsoever.

He discoursed on the utter folly of sacrificing health to books. No book-knowledge in the world can compensate you for such a loss; nothing can excuse your trifling with health except duty to God or to your neighbour. All that is needful is to understand your duty to God and to your neighbour, and that you can learn from your Bible. He heard with some indignation of Aunt Charles's party having been at Kissingen. "Why don't they take our own baths and not spend their money abroad?" Then we asked about his Solitary's Valley—whether it had a real or only a poetical existence? "Why, there is such a valley as I have described in that book of the 'Excursion,' and there I took the liberty of placing the Solitary." He gave the outline of a beautiful tour for us amongst the Lakes, and assured us that the guides would not treat us to passages from the "Excursion," as they probably did not know of the existence of such a poem. Told him of our Wednesday evening readings of the "Excursion." "I hope you felt much the wiser for it when you had finished," he said laughingly. When we told him who had been

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the genius of those bright starry evenings, he said, "John Sterling! Oh, he has written many very beautiful poems himself; some of them I greatly admire. How is he now? I heard that he was in poor health." When told.—"Dead!" he exclaimed; "that *is* a loss to his friends, his country, and his age. A man of such learning and piety! So he is gone, and Bowles and Rogers left, who are so much older!" and the poor old man seemed really affected. He said, "I was just going to have sent him a message by you to say how much I had been admiring his poetry." I read him the lines—

> "Regent of poetic mountains,
> Drawing from their deepest fountains
> Freshness, pure and everlasting,
> Wordsworth, dear and honoured name,
> O'er thee pause the stars, forecasting
> Thine imperishable fame"—

which he begged me to transcribe for him.

Wordsworth then spoke of having written to Bowles on the death of his wife, and found that his sympathy had been very welcome, though he had feared that it would be all confusion in the mind of the imbecile old man. It was Amy Fisher who encouraged him to write. Spoke of her with en-

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thusiasm: after what she wrote when a child, it was impossible she could go on progressing; her poetry was pure inspiration showered down direct from heaven, and did not admit of any further perfection. She is a very modest, womanly person, not allowing herself to come forward in society, nor abandoning herself to the eloquence of which he believes her very capable. Spoke of Archdeacon Hare as very excellent and very learned; more valued by Wordsworth for his classical than for his German attainments. Talked of the effect of German literature on the English mind: "We must wait to find out what it is; my hope is, that the good will assimilate itself with all the good in the English character, and the mischievous element will pass away like so much else." The only special criticism which he offered on German literature was,—"That they often sacrifice Truth to Originality, and in their hurry to produce new and startling ideas, do not wait to weigh their worth. When they have exhausted themselves and are obliged to sit down and think, they just go back to the former thinkers, and thus there is a constant revolution without their being quite conscious of it. Kant, Schelling, Fichte; Fichte, Schelling, Kant: all this is dreary work and

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does not denote progress. However, they have much of Plato in them, and for this I respect them: the English, with their devotion to Aristotle, have but half the truth; a sound philosophy must contain both Plato and Aristotle." He talked on the national character of the French and their equalising methods of education: "It is all formal, military, conventional, levelling, encouraging in all a certain amount of talent, but cramping the finer natures, and obliging Guizot and the few other men of real genius whom God Almighty is too good to leave them entirely destitute of, to stoop to the common limits, and teach their mouths to flatter and conciliate the headstrong, ardent, unthinking multitude of ordinary men, who dictate to France through the journals which they edit. There is little of large stirring life in politics now, all is conducted for some small immediate ends; this is the case in Germany as well as France. Goethe was amusing himself with fine fancies when his country was invaded; how unlike Milton, who only asked himself whether he could best serve his country as a soldier or a statesman, and decided that he could fight no better than others, but he might govern them better. Schiller had far more heart and ardour than Goethe,

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and would not, like him, have professed indifference to Theology and Politics, which are the two deepest things in man — indeed, all a man is worth, involving duty to God and to man."

He took us to his Terrace, whence the view is delicious: he said, "Without those autumn tints it would be beautiful, but with them it is exquisite." It had been a wet morning, but the landscape was then coming out with perfect clearness. "It is," he said, "like the human heart emerging from sorrow, shone on by the grace of God." We wondered whether the scenery had any effect on the minds of the poorer people. He thinks it has, though they don't learn to express it in neat phrases, but it dwells silently within them. "How constantly mountains are mentioned in Scripture as the scene of extraordinary events; the Law was given on a mountain, Christ was transfigured on a mountain, and on a mountain the great Act of our Redemption was accomplished, and I cannot believe but that when the poor read of these things in their Bibles, and the frequent mention of mountains in the Psalms, their minds glow at the thought of their own mountains, and they realise it all more clearly than others."

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Thus ended our morning with Wordsworth.

October 8.—We went up to Wordsworth with a copy of the "Beadroll of Scamps and Heroes" for which he had asked. He was just going out, so we joined him in walking about the garden. He was consulted about the lines of Dedication for our Bride's Album, which Barclay had sent us—

"Living thoughts of mighty Dead
Through these leaves lie scattered,
Writ in characters design'd
For the open heart and mind,
Shadowings of a high Ideal,
Half symbolic and half real,
Thoughts that breathe of Faith and Love,
Nurtur'd here, but born above;
For howe'er misunderstood,
Still the Beautiful and Good,
Though distinct their channel's course,
Flow from one eternal Source.

Warm affection render dear
What thy Train have pencill'd here;
If the fingers fail in skill,
Fond the hearts and great the Will:
Should our gift one thought inspire
Heavenward soaring, wing'd with fire;
Bride, may it be thine to prove
Highest things are nearest Love."

He made only one criticism, and withdrew it directly on understanding the line better. He

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praised the verses, and made various gratifying inquiries about the dear writer. He brought us in to see Mrs. Wordsworth, who was getting tea ready, and then we had an affectionate parting.

The old man looks much aged; his manner is emphatic, almost peremptory, and his whole deportment is virtuous and didactic.

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CHAPTER XI.

1845.

" I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear."
—SHELLEY.

Falmouth, January 1.—Life is ceaselessly repeating itself, yet anything but monotony is the result. The beginning of our New Year was an epitome of our last year's experience—a marriage and a funeral.

January 13.—S. Rigaud, Lecturer from the Peace Society, came to dinner; he told us of an interview with Louis Philippe, who expressed his strong sympathy with the principle of Peace, declaring that when he was in America he was often asked for a toast, and always gave, " Universal Peace throughout the World." He said that since he came to the throne, he had been endeavouring to maintain the peace of Europe, and had succeeded so far as to make it improbable that war should be again known, and that if he should be spared a few years

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longer, he quite hoped to be able to make war impossible! Bravo! most modest King.

January 18.—Charles Johns, the Botanist, spent the morning with us. The earliest botanical fact concerning him is, that a biscuit was given him over which carraway seeds were sprinkled; he picked out the seeds, planted them, and waited, alas! vainly, for a crop of biscuits!

January 24.—A walk with Papa, in which he bore his testimony to the depth, perseverance, and far-seeing nature of the German mind in the way of science. Gauss's theory of electricity is the cosmopolitan one, but so transcendent as to be almost beyond English comprehension. What is understood of it is greatly applauded. But his political sentiments are so liberal that he is unable to remain at Göttingen.

March 17.—Reading "Wilhelm Meister." It is a marvellous book, with its infinity of sharply drawn, perfectly distinct personalities; there is nothing in the least ideal in it, unless, indeed, it is Mignon, that warm, bright, pure, mysterious presence, which tends to sanctify much, which much requires sanctification. Wilhelm's weakness is indeed remarkable, and the picture of German morals, if a true one,

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shows that they want yet another Luther. The book does not make one love the author more, but you are almost startled at his cleverness and fertility, and often passages are extraordinarily thought-suggestive.

June 6.—Reading a brilliant book by a nameless man—"Eothen, or Eastern Travel." Full of careless, easy, masterly sketches, biting satire, and proud superiority to common report. It is an intellectual egotism which he acknowledges and glories in. He has remarkably freed himself from religious prepossessions, and writes as he feels, not as he *ought* to feel, at Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

June 12.—Spent the evening at Penmere, and met Professor Airy.[1] His subjects were principally technical, but he handled them with evident power and consciousness of power. Perhaps his look and manner were sometimes a little supercilious, but his face is a very expressive and energetic one, and lights up with a sudden brightness whilst giving lively utterance to clear expressive thoughts. He spoke with evident astronomical contempt of the

[1] *Airy* (Sir George Biddell), Astronomer-Royal; born June 27, 1801, at Alnwick.

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premature attempts of Geology to become a science; all but mathematically proved Truth seems to him a tottering thing of yesterday. He delights in the Cornish miners, whom he has long known, and attributes their superior intelligence and independence partly to their having themselves an interest in the mining speculations and adventures of their employers—an arrangement unknown in other parts. The virtues of the dousing-rod he wholly attributes to the excitability of the muscles of the wrist. He totally ignores all inhabitants of the Moon, and says there is no more appearance of life there than in a teacup. And he seems to shun everything like undemonstrable hypotheses. He says the difference which Herschel's telescope makes in the appearance of the Moon is by giving it shade, and therefore the globular, instead of the flat look, which it has through ordinary glasses. There was a comet visible this evening, but very pale and hazy.

NOTE.—The following poem by John Sterling, written to a friend of his youth, was published in *Blackwood*, and as it appears in Caroline Fox's Journal for this year, it is here reprinted, with the Editor of *Blackwood's* very kind permission :—

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"SERENA.

"Thy pure and lofty face,
And meditative smiles long years ago,
Return to me, how strangely, with the grace
Of quiet limbs, and voice attuned and low.

They come with thee, benign
And ever-sage Serena, whom no more
I hoped to see with outward eyes of mine
Than sunsets lost on boyhood's distant shore.

Though years have left their mark,
How calmly still thine eyes their beauty wear;
Clear fountains of sweet looks, where nothing dark
Dwells hidden in the light unstain'd as air.

In manhood's noisier days,
When all around was tumult and excess,
I saw thy pure and undistracted gaze,
As something sent from Heaven to warn and bless.

And then with shame I sighed,
For 'mid the throng I rushed without a pause.
Nor had within me disavowed the pride
Of rash adventure and of men's applause.

But soon were we to part;
I still to strive in throngs without release,
Thou to thy leafy village, where thy Heart
Poured blessings wide, repaid by tenfold Peace.

Yet often wert thou nigh,
As when a wanderer on the Indian Sea,

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In sun-fire fainting, dreams with staring eye,
His English childhood's old o'ershadowing tree.

We spake of old, when Night
With candles would outblaze the rising Sun ;
When fairest cheeks, and foreheads hoary white,
Seemed all detected each itself to shun.

Now through this window note
The sycamores high built in evening's grey:
Whilst scarce a star can pierce, nor air can float
Through their soft gloom from ocean's glistening bay.

Nature is blent with man,
Its changeful aspects and its mild repose ;
And I could fancy in thy soul began,
The purple softness of this evening's close.

O joy ! again to meet,
Far gone in life, secure in wisdom's mood,
Two friends whose pulses temperately beat,
Yet feel their friendship Heaven's foretasted Good.

Accept my whispered praise,
O Nature ! and Thou holier Name than this,
Who sends to walk in earth's delirious ways,
Forms that the reckless fear, yet fain would kiss.

Goodness is great, O God !
When filling silently a humble breast ;
Its feet in darkness and disgust have trod
All noisome floors, to seek all pain supprest.

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How more, when tranquil eyes,
Twin-born of Mercy, dwell upon the height,
Serena, far above our worldly skies,
Whence Life and Love o'erflow the Infinite.

Let us be glad, dear Friend,
And part in calm profound as midnight's hour,
Nor heed what signs in groaning earth portend,
For we have that within beyond its power!"

J. S.

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CHAPTER XII.

1846.

"What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;—
One small grave is what he gets."—T. CARLYLE.

Falmouth, January 4.—I have assumed a name to-day for my religious principles—Quaker-Catholicism—having direct spiritual teaching for its distinctive dogma, yet recognising the high worth of all other forms of Faith; a system, in the sense of inclusion, not exclusion; an appreciation of the universal, and various teachings of the Spirit, through the faculties given us, or independent of them.

February 10.—Mrs. Barnicoat told us funny reminiscences of servitude in Bath and Weymouth: in the former place, servants are treated like Neddies; at the latter, she was engaged by the Royal Hotel to cut bread-and-butter for the Royal Family, who would take tea there every Sunday

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at six o'clock. She was particularly endowed for this service, being able to give each slice a bit of curl, highly satisfactory to Majesty. One evening when she chanced to be out, the plates of bread-and-butter went in flat, and came out as they went in.

February 18.—Teaching in Infant School. By way of realising a lecture on affection and gratitude to parents, I asked each of the little class what one thing they had done for their mothers that morning; and I confess I felt humbled and instructed to discover that one of these tiny creatures had worked some pocket-handkerchief, another lighted the fire, another helped to lay the breakfast, whilst most of them had taken part in tending the baby whilst mother was busy.

March 18.—Papa zealously defended this age from the charge of languor. He thinks there never was such activity—so much so, that men live twice as long now as formerly, in the same number of years. In mechanics, in shipping, in commerce, in book-making, in education, and philanthropy, this holds good.

London, May 17.—To Samuel Laurence's studio to be drawn. Admirable portraits in his rooms of

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Hare, Tennyson, Carlyle, Aubrey de Vere, and others. Of Laurence himself, more anon. Saw the Mills afterwards, who were infinitely cordial, and John Mill most anxious that we should come and see them in the spirit of self-mortification.

May 18. — Interesting time with Laurence. Tennyson strikes him as the strongest-minded man he has known. He has much enjoyed F. D. Maurice's sittings lately, and dwelt especially upon the delicate tenderness of his character. Went to South Place to luncheon, and met Dean Trench there—a large melancholy face, full of earnestness and capacity for woe. Under a portrait of himself he once found the name "Ugolino" written, he looked so starved. He spoke of the two Newmans, who are alike in person, and he sees a likeness in their intellectual results.

Called on the Derwent Coleridges at St. Mark's. Spoke of F. D. Maurice: whatever country clergymen may think of him, he is appreciated in London and recognised as a Leader in the exposition of fundamental eternal Truth. He feels the likeness between Maurice's method and aim and that of S. T. Coleridge, and devoutly loves it accordingly.

May 19.—In the evening enter F. D. Maurice,

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who spent two or three hours with us in varied conversation. Of the Newmans: he thinks John Henry has far more imagination than Frank. He (Maurice) was so little prepared for John's last change, that he hardly feels sure it will now be a final one. Of Bunsen's "Church of the Future:" he says it is in part a defence from the German charge that he would bring Episcopacy into his Fatherland; by this book he proves himself a German Lutheran in the ordinary sense, valuing Episcopacy, but not deeming it essential, and, in the Arnold spirit, recognising the priesthood of every man. Talked of the Duke of Wellington, in whom he considers the idea of Duty to be so strong and constant as to alone make him emphatically a great man. The other day Rogers remarked to the Duke, "How is it that the word Glory never occurs in your despatches?" "Oh!" he replied, "Glory is not the cause but the consequence of Action." F. D. Maurice then spoke of Carlyle's "Cromwell," in which he rejoices: the editorial labour in it is enormous; there was such confusion, now brought into perfect clearness by different punctuation and an occasional connecting word.

May 23.—To the College of Surgeons, where we

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found Professor Owen enjoying his Museum. On looking at the Dodo, he said that he believes the Dutch, on their way to Amboyna, used to call at New Zealand and lay in a stock of these birds; that the poor natives used themselves to eat them, and when they were all gone, they were reduced to feed on each other. He talked genially about Cromwell: long since he had founded a high notion of him from Milton's Sonnet, which he once triumphantly repeated to a party who were considering the propriety of erecting Cromwell's Statue, as a monument likely to outlast the House of Commons and most other tangibilities. He has been recently staying with the Prince de Canino in Rome, amongst the relics of his uncle, the great Napoleon.

May 28.—To the Coleridges' examination by Milman; he is a man with great black eyebrows, and a strongly expressive countenance, displaying more of strength than sensibility, more of the critic than the poet.

May 29.—Went to the Mills. John Mill produced Forbes's book on the Glaciers, and descanted thereon with all the enthusiasm of a deep love. Talked of Blanco White, whom he once met at

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dinner. He did not seem a powerful man, but full of a morbid conscientiousness. None who knew him could avoid thinking mildly of him, his whole nature was so gentle and affectionate. As to Cromwell, he does not always agree with Carlyle, who tries to make him out ever in the right. He could not justify the Irish Massacres, though he fully believes that Cromwell thought it was right, as a matter of discipline, or he would not have done it. Mill says that he scarcely ever now goes into society, for he gets no good there, and does more by staying away.

June 2.—Called on the Maurices. He talked of Emerson as possessing much reverence and little humility; in this he greatly differs from Carlyle. He gave me, as an autograph, a paper on the philosophy of Laughter; he thinks it always accompanied with a sense of power, a sudden glory. From this he proceeded to dilate on Tears, and then to the triumph over both.

June 3.—Paid the Carlyles a visit. He looks thin but well, and is recovering from the torment of the sixty new Cromwell letters: he does not mean to take in any more fresh ones on any terms. He showed us his miniature portrait of Cromwell, and

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talked of the fine cast of him which Samuel Laurence has. Carlyle says that it is evidently a man of that Age, a man of power and of high soul, and in some particulars so like the miniature, that artists don't hesitate to call it Cromwell. Talked of our projected tour in Switzerland, where we said Barclay was to go to grow fat. This he thinks exceedingly unnecessary: "It's not a world for people to grow fat in." Spoke of his first vision of the Sea, the Solway Firth, when he was a little fellow eighteen inches high: he remembers being terrified at it all, and wondering what it was about, rolling in its great waves; he saw two black things, probably boats, and thought they were the Tide of which he had heard so much. But in the midst of his reverie an old woman stripped him naked and plunged him in, which completely cured him of his speculations. If any one had but raised him six feet above the surface, there might have been a chance of his getting some general impression, but at the height of eighteen inches he could find out little but that it was wet. He asked about Yearly Meeting and the question of dress. I told him that the Clothes-Religion was still extant; he rather defended it, as symbolising many other things, though of course

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agreeing on its poverty as a test. He said, "I have often wished I could get any people to join me in dressing in a rational way. In the first place, I would have nothing to do with a hat; I would kick it into the Serpentine, and wear some kind of cap or straw covering. Then, instead of these layers of coats one over the other, I would have a light waistcoat to lace behind, because buttoning would be difficult; and over all a blouse"—*ecce* Thomas Carlyle!

"My American acquaintance proceeded from vegetable diet to vegetable dress, and could not in conscience wear woollen or leather, so he goes about Boston in a linen dress and wooden shoes, though the ice stands there many feet against the houses. I never could see much in him, but only an unutterable belief in himself, as if he alone were to bear the weight of the Universe. So when he said to London, with all its businesses and iniquities and vast machinery of life, 'Be other than thou art!' he seemed quite surprised that it did not obey him." I remarked on its being rather a tendency amongst American thinkers to believe more intensely in Man than in God; he said, "Why, yes; they seem to think that Faith in Man is the right sort of Faith."

June 4.—Called on the Owens, and their just-

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arrived portrait of Cromwell. It was as of one resting after a long hard fight, and in the calmness of his evening, recalling and judging some of its stern incidents. The Carlyles had been to see it, and spent a characteristic evening there; he grumbling at all Institutions, but confessing himself convinced by Owen's "Book on Fossils."

Geneva, June 15.—Called on M. Merle d'Aubigné,[1] and were interested by his beautifully curved lips and strong self-asserting look and manner. He gave some insight into the present politico-theological state of Lucerne. It had some idea of introducing the Jesuits into its Canton, which all the other Cantons opposed so vehemently that it immediately did introduce them for the sake of asserting its rights! This so affronted the rest of Switzerland that it threatened to turn Lucerne out of the Diet; and on this delicate state of things they are now debating and voting with great vivacity.

Madame Janssen tells us that D'Aubigné has lost a child just as he finished each volume of his Reformation History, except the last, and then his mother died! Will he venture on a fifth?

[1] *D'Aubigné* (Jean Henri Merle), Church Historian and Theologian; born at Geneva 1794, died 1872.

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Merle d'Aubigné is a tall, powerful-looking man, with much delicacy of expression and some self-consciousness, very shaggy overhanging eyebrows, and two acute, deep-set, discriminating eyes. He looks about fifty, and is a curious compound of J. J. Gurney and Andrew Brandram.

July 13.—At Hattwyl we dined at the table-d'hôte, and had Merle d'Aubigné opposite us. He was very gracious, and gladly received a promise of a set of Anna Maria's illustrations of his works. He spoke of the laborious interest of composing his book, declaimed against Michelet's "Luther," as making the Man ridiculous by the vivid and undue narrative of his temptations.

July 30.—Made the acquaintance of two American ladies, and was much pleased with them. Mary Ashburnham, *alias* Fanny Appleton, was a near neighbour and friend of theirs—a most beautiful girl, whom thirty bold gentlemen sought to win! She came to Europe, and met Longfellow in the Black Forest, and there transacted the scenes described in "Hyperion." She returned to America, and her father on his deathbed expressed his wish that of all her suitors she should fix her choice on Longfellow, as the person most worthy of her and

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most able to sympathise with her feelings. After a little time she married him, settled in the country in poetic simplicity, and speaks of herself as the happiest woman possible. My friends heard him read his prize poem at the College so exquisitely, that their orator, Everett, said he could hardly endure to speak after him.

London, August 12.—Jacob Bell took us to Landseer's, who did not greatly take my fancy. Some one said he was once a Dog himself, and I can see a look of it. He has a somewhat arrogant manner, a love of contradiction, and a despotic judgment. He showed us the picture he has just finished of the Queen and Prince Albert in their fancy ball-dresses. He deeply admires the Queen's intellect, which he thinks superior to any woman's in Europe. Her memory is so very remarkable, that he has heard her recall the exact words of speeches made years before, which the speakers had themselves forgotten. He has a charming sketch of her on horseback before her marriage. His little dogs went flying over sofas, chairs, and us—brilliant little oddities of the Scotch terrier kind. Count d'Orsay was with him when we came; Landseer's ambition is to make a picture for the

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next exhibition of Count d'Orsay and John Bell, in the same frame as Young England and Old England. Saw the Fighting Stags, the Belgian Pony, and a capital sketch of his father done at one sitting.

August 13.—Another sitting to Laurence. He has given his portrait of Carlyle to Carlyle's old mother. He thinks Mrs. Carlyle fosters in him the spirit of contradiction and restlessness. He regrets the jealous feeling existing among so many artists, keeping them apart, and leading them to deprecate each other like petty shopkeepers. He spoke on the growth of things and people, adding, "What is growth but change?"

August 14.—Breakfast with Ernest de Bunsen and his wife. Both so bright, merry, and affectionate. Full of plans for visiting us and making us known to their father, whom Ernest declares not to be at all a one-sided man, but able to turn with pleasure from his profoundest studies to receive friends and chat with them. Called on the Maurices. He took us to see his Chapel with the beautiful windows, also the new Dining Hall in Lincoln's Inn containing Hogarth's picture of Paul before Felix; the quiet irony of the Apostle

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evidently talking down the Orator Tertullus, very funny in a picture painted for the lawyers. Of Miss Bremer's books he spoke genially, entering like a girl into the heights and depths of the characters, remarking how clearly the Truth was brought out in most of her works, that the victim was so greatly the gainer.

Falmouth, September 5.—Dr. Lloyd introduced his Dublin friend, Dr. Ball, who dined with us to-day. He is a most erudite naturalist, and was, moreover, very clever and interesting on Irish subjects, including Archbishop Whately, that torment of intelligent young men at dinner parties. "Do you think there can be a sixth sense?" "Yes; and it is called Nonsense," said Dr. Ball. He feels genially on Church and State politics in Ireland. "Why don't the noblemen live on their Irish estates?" asked some one. "Because they are not noble men," was his reply.

September 20.—Dr. Lloyd with us: he threw out many of his own large comprehensive views and feelings on religious matters; his untractarian and unsectarian convictions, and his broad charity, which longs for all to enter the fold. He has introduced Mill's "Logic" into the Dublin College,

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and thinks he has, more than any other, shown the worth of Bacon, but also that he is wanting in the deductive department. Bacon would make all reason from Facts upward. He is much interested in Mill's chapter on Free-Will, and does not see the evil which some suspect in it, but feels it the simple statement of a Fact, that there are definite laws governing the Moral as well as the Physical world. He talked of Whately, who is much injured by being the centre of a clique who flatter and never contradict him, hence he becomes very despotic. He is a most generous creature and full of knowledge. He wriggles his limbs about in an extraordinary manner, and once pronounced the benediction with one leg hanging over the reading-desk in church; and in society he will sit balancing his chair, occasionally tipping over backwards. One of his chaplains, during a walk with him, stated that fungus was very good eating, upon which the Archbishop insisted on his then and there consuming a slice, which the poor chaplain resisting, the Archbishop jerked it into his mouth. A Doctor who was with them was in ecstasies of mirth at the scene, which the Archbishop perceiving, said, "Oh, Doctor! you shall try it too; it is very important for you to

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be able to give an opinion." "No, thank you, my lord," said the Doctor; "I am not a clergyman, nor am I in your lordship's diocese."

September 29.—W. E. Forster writes from Daniel O'Connell's house, where he is much enjoying himself. His family and all call the old man the Liberator. He lives in a simple patriarchal style, nine grandchildren flying about, and kissing him, on all sides.

October 5.—Dr. Lloyd rejoined us this evening. He looks at science with the ardour of a lover and the reverence of a child. He accepts the Incomprehensible, and waits for clearer vision; thus he can be no scoffer, no denier, but a teachable, and therefore a taught, disciple of very Truth itself, whether speaking through outward Nature, inward conviction, or the written message of God to man. His face glows with a sublime faith when he unfolds to others some glimpses of the mysteries of existence, and helps them to an intelligent love for the things seen and the things not seen.

Talked much of Humboldt, a universal man, who lives in reality far longer than others, as he takes but three hours and a half for sleep out of the twenty-four, and is always in a high state of mental

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excitement. He talks any language you please, and upon any subject.

October 6.—A luminous talk with Dr. Lloyd on Men and Books. He holds Butler's "Analogy" as second only to the Bible; values Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," and all Paley's works, except his "Moral Philosophy." He wants us to know his friend, Aubrey de Vere, a poetical, pure-minded, high-souled creature.

October 13.—Dined at Carclew; met Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison. He gave me a little lecture on Geology, which he regards as an accomplished fact: all the principles of terrestrial arrangements clearly made out, only details to be looked after: mineral veins, however, a quite different case; infinite scope therein for Papa and all Magneticians. He is specially cautious about giving opinions on matters not immediately in his own province, and seems rather to enjoy the vague ignorance which keeps observers in different branches of science for ever guessing.

October 24.—Heard that Archdeacon Hare is likely to bring out John Sterling's prose works before Christmas. There is to be a portrait either from the medallion or Delacour's picture.

December 31.—Dinner at Carclew. Herman

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Merivale spoke of John Sterling with enthusiastic admiration, as one quite unlike any other, so deeply influential in the earnest eloquence of his conversation. At Cambridge he had a most loving band of disciples, who, after he left, still felt his opinion a law for themselves.

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CHAPTER XIII.

1847.

" When I recall my youth ; what I was then,
What I am now, and ye beloved ones all ;
It seems as though these were the living men,
And we the coloured shadows on the wall."
—MONCKTON MILNES.

Falmouth, January 1.—Samuel Laurence with us. He thinks James Spedding the most beautiful combination of noble qualities he has ever met with. He is collecting letters of Bacon's, by which he hopes to do as much for him as Carlyle has for Cromwell. A bust of Bacon which Laurence has seen is so entirely free from everything mean, that on the strength of it he rejects Lord Campbell's Memoir, believing it to be inaccurate.

February 18.—A damsel belonging to Barclay's establishment being here, I thought it right "to try and do her good;" so I asked her, after many

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unsuccessful questions, if she had not heard of the Lord's coming into the world. "Why," she said, "I may have done so, but I have forgot it." "But surely you must have heard your master read about it, and heard of it at school and church and chapel." "Very likely I have," said she placidly, "but it has quite slipped my memory!" and this uttered with a lamb-like face and a mild blue eye.

Dublin, April 7.—Spent part of our morning with Robert Ball in his den at the College, seeing beasts, birds, and bottles innumerable. When he put on a breast-plate of dogs' teeth he looked like a curious preparation ready to walk into a glass case; and when he put on some other unpronounceable sheath-like garments, he exclaimed, "Coleoptera!" and replaced them. He is gradually putting the Museum into order, an Herculean task. Poor man, he has not yet recovered from the sunstroke he got in Gerrans Bay, but has been seeing spectres, particularly a very troublesome gentleman in black like a clergyman; but his ghosts are getting better. He described Owen's Skull Theory as a production of the spinal process through every part of the body, a perpetual

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repetition of the primary Idea. Dined at Mrs. Lloyd's; met, amongst many others, Dr. Anster, the admirable translator of "Faust,"[1] who fell to my share, and we had plenty of talk on German and other matters. He is weary of translations, and thinks that except S. T. Coleridge's "Wallenstein," no poem has ever come of any such attempts. Talked of Bailey's "Festus" and other natural children of "Faust." He objects to "Festus" on poetical, not theological grounds, for somehow he could not hit on the fine passages. He is an enthusiast for Goethe, and thinks him as selfish for others as for himself, earnest at all cost that they should get their meed. But he pretends to discover vast selfishness in "Iphigenia," in her steady adherence to what she felt to be right, whatever it might cost others. He likes Carlyle's translations better than his originals, except his "Cromwell," which he receives with great deference. Speaking of the "Young Man in Business who wrote Essays at Intervals,"[2] he said, "He

[1] G. H. Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," speaks of Dr. Anster's Translation of "Faust" as a splendid paraphrase.

[2] *Helps* (Sir Arthur), born in 1817, died in 1875; author of "Friends in Council," and many other well-known works.

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seems not to think more than other people, which is a great comfort!"

Dr. Anster is a great burly man, awkward in his ways, occasionally making a deep utterance, the voice rising from the lowest depth within him. There is some beauty in his profile and in the sudden lighting up of his countenance. He seems warmly interested in the sufferings of the poor people around him.

April 9.—Dr. Lloyd told us that one night, during the British Association Meeting in Dublin, when he was utterly fagged with his duties as Secretary, and had fallen into an intense sleep, he was aroused by tremendous knocking, and in came Sir William Hamilton with, "My dear Lloyd, I'm so sorry to disturb you, but this Norwegian noble and I have become great friends, and he must not leave Dublin until we have had a glass of wine together. Unluckily I have none left; will you lend me a bottle?" So the poor Doctor had to turn out to promote friendly relations between scientific bodies.

Bristol, May 12.—A visit to M. A. Schimmelpenninck: symbolic as ever, and teeming with imaginative Facts. She is a very genial person,

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so alive to the beauty of all Religious Faith, however widely diverse. She spoke of having suffered from an indiscriminate theological education; it has made it hard to her to connect herself decidedly with any special body, and thus, she thinks, has checked her practical usefulness. But may not her outward vocation have been to introduce opinions to each other, dressed, not in vinegar, but in oil?

London, May 14.—Met Ernest de Bunsen at Ham House. He was very pleasant, talked rapturously of Archdeacon Hare and the Maurices (a sure passport to our regard), and introduced us to the personal peculiarities of many great Germans. Steffens, he told us, had died two years since; he was very eloquent, but no great originator —he rather edited other men's efforts. Humboldt is too great a talker to please him. Grimm is delightful; his "Gammer Grethel" and Bunsen's "Church of the Future" must be read before we meet next. He owns that his Father's is a very obscure style, it takes so much for granted that you don't know, but is so logical in its construction.

May 16.—Ernest de Bunsen and his wife went

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to Meeting with us this evening. Ernest would like Meeting far better if he might take his Testament and read when he was not better employed, he so dislikes the idea of appearing to worship when he is not worshipping. At church he always contrives a little silent service for himself before the sermon by a not difficult effort of abstraction. The Church in Germany is as confused as ever: Bonn is the orthodox University, Halle the contrary; Strauss[1] is so superficial that he has founded no school, though many follow his mode of doubting. Tholuck and his party seem likely in time to become Puseyites, clinging in a bigoted spirit to what is old and formal for the mere sake of its antiquity.

He sang us some old German hymns. The rich sustained quality of his voice, and its wonderfully beautiful tones, were a rare treat to listen to. He seldom sings without accompaniment, and never unless he feels secure of sympathy, for it is a most serious, full-hearted affair with him—he can-

[1] *Strauss* (David Friedrich), born in Wurtemberg, 1808. He studied under Schleiermacher. In 1835 he published his "Life of Jesus," and followed this by other well-known works of the same tendency. He died 1874.

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not sing for show. The other day Sarah Gurney heard him sing and Mendelssohn accompany him. Mendelssohn is beautiful, poetical, and childlike, clinging to those he loves; his playing is like Ariel in the "Tempest."

May 17.—Archdeacon Hare joined us; as nervous, dragged-looking a man as in his portrait, but far more genial and approachable than that would lead you to expect. Plenty of pleasant talk, but nothing extremely marked. We were presently on the footing of old friends. Walter Savage Landor had been with him this morning, intolerant of everything as usual; some of his views very amusing:—"The only well-drawn figure in existence, a female by Overbeck in his picture of 'Children brought to Christ;' Milton wrote one good line, but he forgot it; Dante perhaps six, his description of Francesca; Carlyle's 'French Revolution' a wicked book, he had worn out one volume in tossing it on to the floor at startling passages," &c., &c. His old age is an amalgam of the grotesque and forlorn.

May 18.—Ernest de Bunsen took us to town, and told us a plenty by the way. His father and he find much good in coursing about to different

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places of worship, both because the novelty of form is striking and tends to bring home old truths with new force, and because you can thus get some test notion of what in you is spiritual, and what habitual and accidental. As for the principle of Peace, he does not think it would do for our present world. The grand need he feels in England is a sense of individual responsibility: here people act in masses, they feel their individual powers but think it wrong to use them; in Germany they are educated to recognise in these powers their most awful responsibilities. He spoke of his father's early life: he left college and was going to Calcutta, but he thought he would see his guardian, Niebuhr, at Rome on his way. Here Ernest's grandfather and grandmother with their two daughters were also staying, and they met in society. But Bunsen was a young unknown man, sitting in a corner. Mrs. Waddington, whose eye was a most acute one, was fascinated by his appearance, declared him to be the man of greatest eminence in the room, and determined to know more of him. But no one could tell who he was; so she was leaving the room unsatisfied, when she resolved to make one more attempt, and met him

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on the stairs; some one introduced them, and they presently became fast friends. He went about sight-seeing with them and spreading a new charm everywhere. In the course of time Mr. Waddington thought he must return to England, and Bunsen remembered that he was on his way to Calcutta, when all made the startling discovery that he was in love with one of the daughters. "Well," the Herr Papa said, "the only thing is, I must be in England in five weeks; if you can manage to get married in that time, well and good." And they did manage it. Ernest talks delightfully of the way in which they brought up their family in such liberty, confidence, and love; helping them to apprehend the deepest principles, and then watching the various developments of these with quiet trust.

Well, we arrived at Carlton Terrace at ten o'clock, and were soon made known to this remarkable family, who received us like old friends and said they seemed to have long known us. Madame is a very foreign-looking lady, with plenty of dignity but more heart, so that Ernest was at once for leading her off in a wild dance, "because you are so vwerry glat to see your son." She is practical and

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clear-sighted, and has done much in the education of the family. The Chevalier has far more real beauty than I expected, exquisite chiselling about the mouth and chin, large grey eyes, a certain vagueness and dreaminess, but also a general decision of character in the expression of the face, and a fine glow of genial feeling over all. His wife showed us a bust of him taken "just the last moment before his face filled out so," quite ideally beautiful. I sat by him at breakfast and enjoyed his profile as well as his conversation. Frederick Maurice was also there, and the Henry Bunsens and the sweet sister Mary. We had much talk on the German Hospital at Dalston, the Chevalier's peculiar pet; and of Fliedner and his Deaconesses, four of whom are employed at the Hospital: he earnestly longs for a similar institution for this country, where those who desire to serve their fellow-creatures in the name of Christ may find a fitting and systematised sphere, but he waits with quiet trust for the hour and the man to give it a vital existence. The grand distinction between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Idea of such a service is, that in the latter, one single sacrifice is made for life, and simple obedience to an iron law then becomes the

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daily duty; in the Protestant Idea the sacrifice is a continual act of faith, hourly renewed and always linked with an act of love. This is his receipt for keeping faith from degenerating into hard bigotry —"Link it always with a loving act." He gave me a report of the Strasburg Institution, and wrote his name thereupon. They told us much of Niebuhr, whose beautiful bust by Wolff is in their drawing-room. He was a man to be eminently loved and honoured. His second marriage was not so helpful to him as might be wished: Gretchen would not rise and cheer and brighten him in his difficulties, but took exactly his tone. He talked of Steffens and Schleiermacher, and his personal recollections of them; of their troublous times during the war, when they clubbed together, and Mrs. Schleiermacher was housekeeper, and would give them the option between bread and scrape every day; and dry bread six days, and a feast on the seventh. Descanted on the Irish with much and deep sympathy. They have a splendid portrait of the King of Prussia, painted on china, and presented by himself. Ernest tells us of his father's intimacy with our Queen, whom he finds highly principled, religious, and judicious. In the course of the morn-

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ing he took us to George Richmond's studio, who showed us his life-like portrait of Bunsen, and then exhibited one of an English Judge as an extreme contrast: the one dreamy and beautiful, the other solid, self-satisfied, and practical. George Richmond is a mild, unassuming, easy, agreeable man, with a large, open eye, and a look of as much goodness as intelligence. He talked of John Sterling and his merits, and he regrets that he never got even a sketch of him.

May 20.—Went to Chelsea, where we soon settled into an interesting talk with Mrs. Carlyle. She has been very ill, and the doctors gave her opium and tartar for her cough, which induced, not beautiful dreams and visions, but a miserable feeling of turning to marble herself and lying on marble, her hair, her arms, and her whole person petrifying and adhering to the marble slab on which she lay. One night it was a tombstone—one in Scotland which she well knew. She lay along it with a graver in her hand, carving her own epitaph under another, which she read and knew by heart. It was her mother's. She felt utterly distinct from this prostrate figure, and thought of her with pity and love, looked at different passages of her life, and moralised

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as on a familiar friend. It was more like madness than anything she has ever experienced. "After all," she said, "I often wonder what right I have to live at all." She talked sadly of the world's hollowness, and every year deepening her sense of this: half-a-dozen real friends is far too magnificent an allowance for any one to calculate on—she would suggest half-a-one; those you really care about, die. She gave a wondrously graphic and ludicrous picture of an insane imagination, cherished by a poor invalid respecting her. Carlyle is not writing now, but resting—reading English history and disagreeing with the age. She told of M. F——, an American transcendentalist. She came here with an enthusiasm for Carlyle. She has written some beautiful things, and is a great friend of Emerson's, of whom she speaks with more love than reverence. Mrs. Carlyle does not see that much good is to come of Emerson's writings, and grants that they are arrogant and shortcoming. He came to them first in Scotland with a note from John Stuart Mill in his pocket, and was kindly welcome in a place where they saw nothing but wild-fowl, not even a beggar. She talked of her own life and the mistake of over-educating people.

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She believes that her health has been injured for life by beginning Latin with a little tutor at five or six years old, then going to the Rector's school to continue it, then having a tutor at home, and being very ambitious she learnt eagerly. Irving being her tutor, and of equally excitable intellect, was delighted to push her through every study; then he introduced her to Carlyle, and for years they had a literary intimacy, and she would be writing constantly and consulting him about everything, "and so it would probably have always gone on, for we were both of us made for independence, and I believe should never have wanted to live together, but this intimacy was not considered discreet, so we married quietly and departed." She laughs at him as a nurse; he peeps in and looks frightened, and asks, "How are ye now, Jeannie?" and vanishes, as if well out of a scrape. Talked of her brilliant little friend Zoe (Miss Jewsbury),[1] who declares herself born without any sense of decency: the publishers beg she will be decent, and she has not the slightest objection to be so, but she does not know what it

[1] *Jewsbury* (Geraldine E.), younger sister of Mrs. Fletcher, *née* M. J. Jewsbury. She wrote "Zoe," "The Half-Sisters," "Marian Withers," and other novels.

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is; she implores Mrs. Carlyle to take any quantity of spotted muslin and clothe her figures for her, for she does not know which are naked. She is a very witty little thing, full of emotions, which overflow on all occasions; her sister, the poetess, tried to bring them into young-ladylike order, and checked her ardent demonstrations of affection in society and elsewhere. The sister died, so did the parents, and this wild creature was thrown on the world, which hurled her back upon herself. She read insatiably and at random in an old library, alchemy, physiology, and what not, and undraped "Zoe" is the result. Dr. Chalmers' coadjutor, as Leader of the Free Church, came in one day when she was here: she said, "He looked the incarnation of a Vexed Question."

Carlyle wandered down to tea, looking dusky and aggrieved at having to live in such a generation; but he was very cordial to us notwithstanding. Of Thomas Erskine, whom they both love: "He always soothes me," said Mrs. Carlyle, "for he looks so serene, as if he had found peace. He and the Calvinistic views are quite unsuited to each other." Carlyle added, "Why, yes; it has been well with him since he became a Christian." We

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had such a string of tirades that it was natural to ask, "Who *has* ever done any good in the world?" "Why, there was one George Fox; he did some little good. He walked up to a man and said, 'My fat-faced friend, thou art a damned lie. Thou art pretending to serve God Almighty, and art really serving the devil. Come out of that, or perish to all eternity.' This—ay, and stronger language too—had he to say to his generation, and we must say it to ours in such fashion as we can. It is the one thing that *must* be said; the one thing that each must find out for himself is that he is really on the right side of the fathomless abyss, serving God heartily, and authorised to speak in His name to others. | Tolerance and a rose-water world is the evil symptom of the time we are living in: it was just like it before the French Revolution, when universal brotherhood, tolerance, and twaddle were preached in all the market-places; so they had to go through their Revolution with one hundred and fifty a day butchered—the gutters thick with blood, and the skins tanned into leather: and so it will be here unless a righteous intolerance of the devil should awake in time. // Utter intolerance of ourselves must be the first step—years of conflict, of

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agony—before it comes out clearly that you have a warrant from God to proclaim that lies shall not last, and to run them through or blow them into atoms. 'Tis not, truly, an easy world to live in, with all going wrong. The next book I write must be about this same tolerance, this playing into the hands of God and the devil—to the devil with it! Then another man who did some good was Columbus, who fished up the island of America from the bottom of the sea; and Caxton—he too did something for us; indeed, all who do faithfully whatever in them lies, do something for the Universe." He is as much as ever at war with all the comfortable classes, and can hardly connect good with anything that is not dashed into visibility on an element of strife. He drove with us to Sloane Square, talking with energetic melancholy to the last.

May 21.—Just heard of the death of Daniel O'Connell. Vinet also is gone.

May 22.—Called on Frank Newman, and were soon in the presence of a thin, acute-looking man, oddly simple, almost quaint in his manner, but with a sweetness in his expression which I had not at all expected. He was as cordial as possible, but in a curiously measured way.

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May 24.—Went with Mrs. Carlyle and Samuel Laurence to see Thomas Hope's Gallery in Duchess Street. She is delightfully unaffected in her appreciation of pictures, and will not praise where she does not feel. The Francias in the National Gallery are more to her than all the rest.

May 26.—Called on Dr. Southwood Smith, who exhibited Jeremy Bentham to us, and talked much of the bland-looking old philosopher, whom he had "prepared," dissected, and lectured upon, as well as loved.

May 27.—F. D. Maurice and Samuel Laurence spent the evening with us. The former on Ireland, deeply trusts that much of her evil will be consumed in this sorrow, and that she will come out purified. O'Connell could not have been a permanent benefactor; he never told his countrymen one unpalatable truth, and his death now makes little or no sensation in a political sense. Maurice looks for a season of sharp proving for us all,—physical calamity, and moral trial, which must always accompany it. A prophecy is current in many counties—"The blight is for the first year on the potatoes, for the second on the corn, and for the third on the bodies of men."

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May 28.—Called on the Bunsens in Carlton Terrace. Madame Bunsen and Anna Maria erudite on the old Greeks; daughters and I sharp-sighted on the modern Europeans. Their first impression of the English was that they were a formal and heartless people, but this got itself corrected in time, and they now value the forms as all tending to lead to something better—as a safety-valve, or else a directing-post for religious feeling when it comes, which is just what they think the Germans lack. Neukomm[1] has made them all phrenologists; he is now almost blind. They have a great notion of names affecting character, but were driven to explain this as a mere bit of subjectivity.

Then to the Dean of Westminster (Dr. Buckland) in his solemn habitation. He took us through the old Abbey, so full of death and of life. There was solemn music going on in keeping with the serious Gothic architecture and the quiet memory of the great dead. The Dean was full of anecdote—historical, architectural, artistic, and scientific. The new-found planet is now recognised as a joint-dis-

[1] *Neukomm* (The Chevalier Sigismund), the German composer, born 1778, was related to and educated by the Haydns. He died in 1858.

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covery, and is to be called Neptune. On Prince Albert condoling with Professor Adams on the vexatious incidents of the affair, he answered, "Oh! I hope we shall find another planet during your Royal Highness's Chancellorship." We got a far grander and truer notion of Westminster, both inside and out, than we ever had before.

Falmouth, June 18.—Read Archdeacon Hare's dedication to Manning on the true principle of Unity: delightfully large and deep, and full of Faith.

July 19.—A. Murray to dinner. He told us of his having had an interview with Napoleon when he was First Consul: he was then thin, sharp-featured, and with such an eye; he wore long hair, and a General's uniform. Murray was a great agriculturist, and had then some thoughts of settling in France, but Napoleon advised him not to do so, and not to bring a large stock of sheep, because the Government was still in too unsettled a state; however he promised, in case he persisted in his intentions, to afford him every facility and protection. Napoleon's manner throughout the interview was affable and kind.

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September 15.—Mrs. Buchanan talked about Mrs. Carlyle, whom she had known at Fort Augustus as Jeannie Welsh. She and her very pretty widowed mother were staying there; a clergyman went to call one morning, and finding Greek and Hebrew books scattered about the parlour, he asked, "What young student have you here?" "Oh, it is only Jeannie Welsh," was the answer. Another who called reported that the mother would get two husbands before the daughter had one; however, this was a mistake, for news came before long that Jeannie had married, "just a bookish man like herself." A——'s impression of Carlyle is, that he is sinking deeper in negations, and since publishing Cromwell's letters has been watching for an opportunity to tell the world that it was not from any love of the creed of the man that he undertook the exhumation.

October 4.—Burnard, our Cornish sculptor, dined with us. He is a great powerful pugilistic-looking fellow of twenty-nine; a great deal of face, with all the features massed in the centre; mouth open, and all sorts of simplicities flowing out of it. He liked talking of himself and his early and late experiences. His father, a stone-mason, once

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allowed him to carve the letters on a little cousin's tombstone which would be hidden in the grass; this was his first attempt, and instead of digging in the letters, he dug around them, and made each stand out in relief. His stories of Chantrey very odd: on his death Lady Chantrey came into the studio with a hammer and knocked off the noses of many completed busts, so that they might not be too common—a singular attention to her departed lord. Described his own distress when waiting for Sir Charles Lemon to take him to Court; he felt very warm, and went into a shop for some ginger-beer; the woman pointed the bottle at him, and he was drenched! After wiping himself as well as he could, he went out to dry in the sun. He went first to London without his parents knowing anything about it, because he wished to spare them anxiety, and let them know nothing until he could announce that he was regularly engaged by Mr. Weekes. He showed us his bust of the Prince of Wales—a beautiful thing, very intellectual, with a strong likeness to the Queen—which he was exhibiting at the Polytechnic, where it will remain.

October 7.—Dined at Carclew, and spent a very

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interesting evening. We met Professor Adams,[1] the Bullers, the Lord of the Isles, and others. Adams is a quiet-looking man, with a broad forehead, a mild face, and a most amiable and expressive mouth. I sat by him at dinner, and by gradual and dainty approaches got at the subject on which one most wished to hear him speak. He began very blushingly, but went on to talk in most delightful fashion, with large and luminous simplicity, of some of the vast mathematical Facts with which he is so conversant. The Idea of the reversed method of reasoning, from an unknown to a known, with reference to astronomical problems, dawned on him when an Undergraduate, with neither time nor mathematics to work it out. The opposite system had always before been adopted. He, in common with many others, conceived that there must be a planet to account for the disturbances of Uranus; and when he had time he set to work at the process, in

[1] *Adams* (John Couch), born on the Bodmin Moors, Cornwall, 1817; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. One of the discoverers of the planet Neptune. In 1848 the Royal Society awarded him the Copley Medal, and he was made President of the Astronomical Society in 1851.

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deep, quiet faith that the Fact was there, and that his hitherto untried mathematical path was the one which must reach it; that there were no anomalies in the Universe, but that even here, and now, they could be explained and included in a Higher Law. The delight of working it out was far more than any notoriety could give, for his love of pure Truth is evidently intense, an inward necessity, unaffected by all the penny trumpets of the world. Well, at length he fixed his point in space, and sent his mathematical evidence to Airy, the Astronomer-Royal, who locked the papers up in his desk, partly from carelessness, partly from incredulity—for it seemed to him improbable that a man whose name was unknown to him should strike out such a new path in mathematical science with any success. Moreover, his theory was, that if there were a planet, it could not be discovered for 160 years; that is, until two revolutions of Uranus had been accomplished. Then came Leverrier's[1] equally

[1] *Leverrier* (Urban Jean Joseph), born at St. Lo, France, 1811; made a simultaneous discovery with J. C. Adams of the planet Neptune. He printed his observations before Adams, and, by some, was given the first credit of the discovery; but there is now no doubt that both these eminent men arrived at their conclusions

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original, though many months younger, demonstration; Gall's immediate verification of it by observation; and then the astronomers were all astir. Professor Adams speaks of those, about whom the English scientific world is so indignant, in a spirit of Christian philosophy, exactly in keeping with the mind of a man who had discovered a planet. He speaks with warmest admiration of Leverrier, specially of his exhaustive method of making out the orbits of the comets, imagining and disproving all tracks but the right one—a work of infinite labour. If the observer could make out distinctly but a very small part of a comet's orbit, the mathematician would be able to prove what its course had been through all time. They enjoyed being a good deal together at the British Association Meeting at Oxford, though it was unfortunate for the intercourse of the fellow-workers that one could not speak French nor the other English! He had met with very little mathematical sympathy, except from Challis of the Cambridge Observatory; but when his result was announced, there was noise

simultaneously and independently of each other. On the death of Arago, Leverrier succeeded him as Astronomer to the Bureau de Longitude. He died September 23, 1877.

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enough and to spare. He was always fond of star-gazing and speculating, and is already on the watch for another planet. One moon has already been seen at Liverpool wandering round Neptune. Papa suggested to him the singularity of the nodes of the planets being mostly in nearly the same signs of the Zodiac, a matter which he has not considered, but means to look into.

Burnard told us that when Professor Adams came from Cambridge to visit his relations in Cornwall, he was employed to sell sheep for his father at a fair. He is a most good son and neighbour, and watchful in the performance of small acts of thoughtful kindness.

"The more by Thought thou leav'st the crowd behind,
Draw near by deeper love to all thy kind."

October 8.—Professor Adams' talk yesterday did me great good, showing in living clearness how apparent anomalies get included and justified in a larger Law. There are no anomalies, and I can wait until all the conflicts of Time are reconciled in the Love and Light of Heaven.

October 12.—Burnard tells amusing stories of his brother sculptors, and their devices to hide their

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ignorance on certain questions. Chantrey, after sustaining a learned conversation with Lord Melbourne to his extremest limits, saved his credit by, "Would your Lordship kindly turn your head on the other side and shut your mouth."' Spoke of Bacon, the sculptor, after having given up his craft for twenty-five years, resuming it, at the request of his dying daughter, to make her monument, and finding himself as much at home with his tools as ever.

December 3.—Long letter from Julius Hare detailing difficulties in the Sterling Memoir, which we had foreseen and could well enter into. He seems almost forced to publish more than he would wish in order to leave Mill and Carlyle no pretext for an opposition portrait.

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CHAPTER XIV.

1848.

"Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have not time to sport away the hours:
All must be earnest in a world like ours."—H. BONAR.

Falmouth, January 4.—Such a beautiful day, that one felt quite confused how to make the most of it, and accordingly frittered it away.

January 25.—Most animated visit from W. Cocks.[1] Lithography, benevolence, anatomy, and religion were all unpacked, arranged, systematised, and lectured upon, with keen insight and most lively illustration. His parting words, after mentioning his present ill-health, his "butter-headed condition," were: "When I am called to appear before God Almighty, I shall not go in the character of an apothecary's shop; no, no medicine, thank you!"

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[1] *Cocks* (W. P.), an enthusiastic Naturalist, who lived many years at Falmouth, dying in 1878.

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This evening Archdeacon Hare's "Life of John Sterling" arrived. The portrait is very unsatisfactory, the volumes full of exquisite interest, though of a very mixed kind. Julius Hare has, I believe, done his part admirably well, but F. D. Maurice has (by his letters) quite spoiled us for any other handling of such a subject.

February 1.—Read and was thankful for Cobden's speech, declaring this was not the time to lose faith in principles so boldly asserted and toiled for: now we must prove that we believe them, and not shriek at the French as a nation of pirates. He read extracts from French speeches just delivered, one by a member of the Chamber, in the best tone of an English Peace Advocate.

February 23.—Clara Mill writes a brave note in answer to my cautious entreaties (on her brother's then intention of writing a life of John Sterling): "Publish what you will, and all you can, it can only do him honour." She is frightened at the prospect of the Paris Reform Banquet, lest it should not go off quietly.

February 24.—Her doubt is soon answered—the Banquet was forbidden by Government. Odilon Barrot protested in the Chamber against the inter-

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ference, and placarded an entreaty to the people to be quiet, although they gave up the Banquet. But they would not be quiet, and crowds assembled; troops were called out, collisions and slaughter followed. The Chamber of Deputies and Guizot's house are the chief points of attack. I have been so familiar of late with the French Revolution, through Carlyle and Burke, that all this fills one with a horrid dread of what next.

February 26.—Louis Philippe and Guizot have both abdicated, and the Royal Family have quitted Paris. Arago, Odilon Barrot, and Lamartine are the new administration, desperately revolutionary. How far will they go? And how long will they last? The Tuileries has been taken, furniture thrown out of windows and burnt, and the throne paraded through the streets. Uncle Charles summing up the recent French rulers: Louis XVI. beheaded, Louis XVII. done away with, Napoleon abdicated, Charles X. abdicated, Louis Philippe abdicated; truly a most difficult people to govern.

February 29.—Duc de Nemours and his sister Clementine have arrived in London, without even a change of raiment. No news of the King, Guizot, or the others. Louis Buonaparte has reached France

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from London to see what is toward. Lord John Russell states his determination not to interfere with any government which France may deem most fitting for herself, and Lord Normanby remains in Paris. M. Van der Weyer, the Belgian ambassador, has offered the Royal Family his father-in-law's house at East Sheen.

March 4.—Poor Louis Philippe and his Queen arrived at Newhaven; they have been skulking in different farms near Eu, in strange disguises. Guizot, too, is come; he crossed from Ostend to Folkestone. His safety is a great comfort.

March 8.—Dinner at Penmere, when who should appear but Mr. Froude. The only things specially characteristic of his name that fell from him was a solemn recognition of the vitality existing in the Church of Rome, or rather, that if the Pope succeeds in maintaining his spiritual supremacy in conjunction with all these remarkable reforms, it will prove that a real vitality must exist. He also spoke of Miss Agnew's second work, "The Young Communicant," as likely to be a still more perplexing and influential book than "Geraldine."

March 18.—Plenty to do, and plenty to love, and plenty to pity. No one need die of *ennui.*

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March 21.—Deep in French Politics for the evening: most of Europe has caught the infection; Metternich resigns at Vienna, the King of Prussia calming his people with noble and honest-seeming protestations, Mitchel haranguing and printing in Dublin, in Paris the National Guard and the mob at daggers-drawn. It is a wild world, and nothing need surprise us.

May 8.—Old Samuel Rundell has ended his weary pilgrimage, with his old wife sitting by his side: "he departed as one who was glad of the opportunity." He, far more than any I have seen, carries one back centuries in the history of opinion and feeling. He was a perfect Quaker of the old George Fox stamp, ponderous, uncompromising, slow, uninfluenced by the views of others, intensely one-sided, with all the strength and weakness of that characteristic; a man to excite universal esteem, but no enthusiasm; simple and childlike in his daily habits, solemn and massive in his ministry; that large voice seemed retained to cry with ceaseless iteration, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Last of the Puritans, fare thee well! There was a certain Johnsonian grandeur about him, and one would have lost much

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insight into a bygone time and an obsolete generation by not having known him.

May 15.—Read Carlyle's article on the "Repeal of the Union." Terrible fun and grim earnest, such as a United or other Irishman would writhe under, it gives them such an intense glimpse of their smallness, their folly, their rascality, and their simple power of botheration; his words are like Luther's half-battles, the extenuated smaller animal seems already half squelched under the hoof of the much-enduring rhinoceros.

May 23.—Twenty-nine years came to an end with this evening, and left me pondering on the multiform and multitudinous blessings in disguise with which I have been acquainted. Clad in motley or in widow's weeds, the family likeness is very perceptible to the patient, attentive, and trustful observer; therefore may our Father's will, and that only, be done, even unto the very end, whatever temporal suffering it may involve.

May 27.—Reading Bacon's Essays again, and greatly struck by the exceeding worldliness of their aim; of course most profound and acute, but only a Prophet in so far as he reveals things as they are, not at all faithfully stimulating you to dwell here

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and now, in higher regions than the visible (I don't mean only religiously), but not recommending the highest, noblest virtues as—which they most absolutely are—the truest Wisdom.

June 1.—Barclay dined at the Buxtons, and met M. Guizot and his daughter, Arthur Stanley, and others. He had much chat with Guizot on French matters, who expects sharper work in France, and a collision between the National Guards and the National Workmen.

September 2.—R. Buxton writes of a charming coterie she has been in at Lowestoft—Guizot, the Bishop of Oxford, and Baron Alderson. Young Guizot told her of having gained the first prize at the Bourbon College this spring, but when the Revolution came the Professors refused to give it. His two hundred fellow-students processed to them, demanding justice, and the authorities had, after all, to send the prize to him in England.

September 5.—Professor Lloyd and his wife came to stay. She spoke of some one's dictum on Carlyle, "That he had a large capital of Faith not yet invested." Had a stroll with the Professor; he was on the heights where he breathes most freely. He spoke of a little pet speculation of his own—of the

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unity of Force which governs the material Universe. Faraday's theory of forces is a sort of repetition of Boscowitz's, which is a charming bit of Berkeleyism. Talked on Fichte's character with delight, though he was doomed to illustrate the melancholy truth, that Ontology is not for man. On Whewell: his want of humility one grand barrier to his real intellectual elevation, his talents rather agglomerative than original. | Whately has been lately very busy in making out that we do more by instinct, and animals more by reasoning, than had ever been guessed before. | The anxiety about Sir John Franklin is now almost despair, though he may still be in some snug corner of Esquimaux land. He hopes that this will be the last expedition of the sort.

September 6.—When Captain Ross was with the Lloyds, he told them such pleasant things about some of the Greenlanders who had come under missionary influence. He had asked a large party to dine on board his ship, and they came in full native costume, and when they assembled at the table they all stood for a while and sang a Moravian hymn, to the delighted surprise of their hosts. He finds some vestiges of what he supposes to be a traditional religion amongst the most remote Esquimaux, a sense

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of right and wrong, and an expectation of a future state, though this takes the grossest form of enjoyment — "plenty of whales." One of his sailors married a Greenlander, and as she approached England she was very curious to learn if seals were to be found there. "Yes, a few, but you will hardly meet with them." This was sad; however, she tried the country for a time, till the *mal du pays* and the longing for seals seized her so fiercely, that there was no comfort but in letting her return home.

September 7.—When Humboldt came through Paris to see the Lloyds, he spoke of Elizabeth Fry having been in Berlin, and that she had a religious service there, and herself addressed the company, when, Humboldt said, he had the honour of translating for her, which was, he added, with a twinkling sense of incongruity, "*tres bon pour mon âme.*"

September 8.—Professor Lloyd told us of Jenny Lind, her nobility and simplicity of character. The only time he heard her talk of her singing was when she had got up a concert impromptu, for the sake of an hospital which they feared must be abandoned for want of funds, whereby a large sum was raised which set things right again; he congratulated her

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on the happiness it must be, when she only said, "*Es ist schön, dass ich so gut singen kann!*"

September 9.—He talked of many of the astronomers, and the extremely different way in which they would handle scientific subjects. Science can be most poetically treated, and most unpoetically. When in Dublin, Sir William Hamilton mentioned to Airy some striking mathematical fact. He paused a moment. "No, it cannot be so," interposed Airy. Sir William mildly remarked, "I have been investigating it closely for the last few months, and cannot doubt its truth." "But," said Airy, "I've been at it for the last five minutes, and cannot see it at all."

October 23.—A wet day and all its luxuries.

October 24.—A fine day and all its liabilities.

October 26.—Read of the thrice-noble Fichte till I cried, for love of him. Concluded that "My mind to me a kingdom is" was a masculine sentiment, of which "My heart to me a kingdom is" is the feminine. My mind, I fear, is a Republic. Was also led to consider that Love has no tense, it must always be Now or Never. "More sublime than true, Grandmamma." "Posterity, don't be impertinent, or I'll send you to the nursery."

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CHAPTER XV.

1849.

"Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backwards; we see and feel well his setting, but we shall see the print yonder, in the life to come."—LUTHER'S *Table-Talk.*

Penjerrick, January 8.—M. H—— gave me some curious and graphic particulars of an execution he had attended for purely moral purposes. He wanted to see the effect on the individual of the certainty of approaching death, and he saw that the fellow was reckless, and elated as a mob-hero; the hangman, a little wretch, intent only on doing his job neatly; and when he walked home, sickened at what he had seen, he heard one man ask another, "Weel, hast been to th' hanging?" "No, I've been at my work." "Why, thee never dost go to see any pleasuring." Thus much for its effect on society.

January 12.—Accounts reached us of the "humble and prayerful" death of Hartley Coleridge. His brother Derwent has been with him three weeks, and had the unspeakable blessing of directing and

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supporting that weak, but humble and loving spirit, through its last conflicts with the powers of the world. Much is for ever gone with this radiant soul, but more radiance and peace clothe the memories he leaves us than those who knew him dared to hope.

January 18.—Attended George Wightwick's lecture on "Macbeth." It was most forcibly done, and some of the criticisms extremely valuable. One of his grand objects in these Shakespeare Studies is to correct the impression of characters made by actors and actresses. Thus Lady Macbeth is always conceived as a magnificent unapproachable woman —in fact, as Mrs. Siddons; whilst he, and Mrs. Siddons too, think she was small, delicate, almost fragile, with the quickest, sharpest of ferret eyes, as such is the ordinary build of women greatly gifted for intrigue. The witches too, and specially Hecate, should be wild, unearthly beings, not ugly old women: Hecate the palest of ghosts, with a little spirit to do her bidding. He thinks the gist of the play to lie in the manifold utterance of "Fair is foul, and foul is fair,"—a play of wicked magical contradictions; the witches ever present in spirit, and presiding over the double-faced picture of life. He was ill

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with rheumatism, but said that an enthusiastic evening with Shakespeare had done him more good than all the pills and rubbings, and this, unlike any other social stimulant, leaves no weary depression after it. On being asked that common question as to your favourite amongst Shakespeare's Plays, he said, "Oh, the one you know best." That must always be the truth of the matter; every time one comes in contact with Shakespeare new visions arise, new insight into that infinite mind. But for versatility Wightwick selects the 2d Part of Henry IV.

January 21.—Driving to Falmouth, a pig attached itself to the cortège and made us even more remarkable than usual. Piggy and Dory (the dog) scampering on side by side, and playing like frolicsome children, spite of all we could do to turn the incipient Bacon back to his former path in life.

February 4.—Aunt Charles read us some striking letters from Derwent Coleridge from the Knbbe, whilst his brother Hartley was breathing forth his last suffering sighs. He had much conflict, but they feel that victory was achieved, and that "what was sown in weakness is raised in power."

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Derwent paints his feelings with Coleridgean nicety. Then she read a clever letter from Harriet Martineau, combining the smoker, the moralist, the political economist, the gossip, and the woman.

March 1.—Found a kindly note from Thomas Carlyle. He has seen "my gigantic countryman," Burnard, and conceives that there is a real faculty in him; he gave him advice, and says he is the sort of person whom he will gladly help if he can. Burnard forwarded to me, in great triumph, the following note he had received from Carlyle with reference to a projected bust of Charles Buller: "*February* 25, 1849. . . . Nay, if the conditions *never* mend, and you cannot get that Bust to do at all, you may find yet (as often turns out in life) that it was *better* for you you did not. Courage! Persist in your career with wise strength, with silent resolution, with manful, patient, unconquerable endeavour; and if there lie a talent in you (as I think there does), the gods will permit you to develop it yet.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

March 12.—Our friend Edwards gave me some private memories of Emerson. He is most quiet in conversation, never impassioned; his ordinary life

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is to sit by a brook some miles from Boston, and gaze on the sky reflected in the water, and dream out his problems of existence.

March 21.—S. Sutton came in, and we had a talk about Anthony Froude's astonishing book, "The Nemesis of Faith," which has made an ugly stir, and has been publicly burnt at Oxford, and so on. I guess it is a legitimate outcome of the Oxford party's own dealings; for I remember how a few years since he was warmly associated with them, soon afterwards employed in writing some of the lives of the Saints, then by degrees growing disgusted at the falseness of their *modus operandi.* All this must have given what was good and Truth-seeking in him a terrible shake, and now comes out this "Nemesis," which is a wild protest against all authority, Divine and human.

April 2.—Read the horrid details of Rush's trial, and felt bitterly for the poor chief witness, Emily Sandford, who still evidently has compassion towards him, but whose evidence will doubtless hang him. She lived formerly at Truro.

April 6.—Rush's trial concluded as it could not but do. Baron Rolfe, before pronouncing sentence, remarked that if Rush had fulfilled his

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promise to poor Emily Sandford and married her, her evidence could not have been demanded, and thus the crime could not have been so mightily brought home to him.

May 5.—William Ball staying with us. He produced these graceful lines on this passage in Anna Maria's Journal: "W. B. falls into the ways of the house capitally":—

"Into such ways who would not fall
That ever rightly knew them?
It were a dull and wayward Ball
That would not roll into them.

Ways by the law of kindness made
To shine with sweet increase;
Most pleasant ways, for overhead
Are lights of love and peace.

Sad wayfarers, in sore distress
Of troubles' cloudy day,
We, favour'd, fell, our hearts confess,
Lov'd Friends, into your way!

God speed such ways to Heaven's gate,
Heaven's Lord confess'd in all.
In such again, with lighter weight,
May we, more aptly, fall!"

Caroline Fox to Mrs. Lloyd.

"*May* 8.—Yesterday we parted with a very remarkable little person who has been spending a

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few days with us—Dr. Guggenbühl, who founded the Institution for Cretins on the Abendberg, near Interlaken. Do go and see him and his protégés when you are next in Switzerland, if the moral sublime is (as I fancy) more interesting to you than the most glorious scenery. He is a very young man, highly educated, full of sense as well as soul, eminently a Christian—indeed, he is quite a saint for the nineteenth century—uniting action with thought, and explaining thought by action. His face is one of the most serene and happy I have ever beheld, expressing a fulness of faith, hope, and charity, with all the liveliness and simplicity of the Swiss character. Moreover, as Thomas (our old servant) says, 'He would be very good-looking if the gentleman would but trim himself!' The offence in Thomas's eyes is long hair waving over his shoulders, moustaches, and a cherished little beard. It has been a real treat to have this striking little mortal amongst us, and to learn from his words and acts lessons of self-forgetfulness and God-reliance such as England is too busy and too clever to furnish. He has the great happiness of seeing three other institutions of the same sort already arising in America, Wurtemberg, and Sar-

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dinia, in imitation of the Abendberg; and a 'heavenly morning' passed amongst some queer cases, which we got up for him, confirmed his idea that there is enough in England to justify the formation of such an hospital. Now, they are simply considered idiots and nothing is done for them; whereas were they treated when young with tenderness and wisdom, first medically, then intellectually, very many might become useful and intelligent members of society. We hope the subject will be discussed and inquiries instituted at the Medical Section of the Oxford B.A. Meeting."——

London, May 21.—Samuel Gurney with us. I never saw him in greater force than now—more continuous in conversation, more sunny and happy. Large and liberal he always was, but now he is more mellow than ever. Sunshine on granite tells but half the tale of the beaming cordiality and unflinching strength and energy of his present countenance.

May 22.—To Queen's College, to F. D. Maurice's Lecture on Theology. He was much exhausted after it, for he was thoroughly in earnest; but after the refreshment of a cup of tea he went off with us towards Carlton Terrace, talking with his usual

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quiet depth and loving compassionate soul on things and people the most accordant and discordant. Paid the Bunsens a visit and lunched there, and visited the Chevalier in his snuggery, and enjoyed his dramatic, enthusiastic reading of the news that Rome is saved, and the French fraternising there as fast as they can. Drove to J. M. W. Turner's house in Queen Anne's Street, and were admitted by a mysterious-looking old housekeeper, a bent and mantled figure, who might have been yesterday released from a sarcophagus. Well, she admitted us to this dirty, musty, neglected house, where art and economy delight to dwell. In the gallery was a gorgeous display of haunted dreams thrown on the canvas, rather in the way of hints and insinuations than real pictures, and yet the effect of some was most fascinating. The colouring almost Venetian, the imagination of some almost as grand as they were vague; but I think one great pleasure in them is the opportunity they give for trying to find out what he can possibly mean, and then you hug your own creative ingenuity, whilst you pretend to be astonished at Turner's. This especially refers to the Deluge and the Brazen Serpent.

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May 25.—Dined with the Gurneys in Lombard Street. The Chevalier Bunsen, Elizabeth, and others were there. His face and Samuel Gurney's were fine studies of genial humanity. He told us that the deputation of Friends to Sir Robert Peel had much to do with the settlement of the Oregon question; the earnestness of their appeal struck him deeply, and he asked why the American Friends did not, in the same way, memorialise their own Government? This he was told they had already done; some of the facts concerning America which J. J. Gurney was able to give from his own knowledge, buttressed their arguments capitally, and that evening Bunsen was at Sir Robert Peel's, when he and Lord Aberdeen talked over the matter in the most satisfactory manner, and the business was arranged very soon after.

After dinner we went with the Bunsens to the German Hospital, and were charmed with the order, cleanliness, and comfort of the whole establishment, but above all, with the dear Sisters from Kaiserswerth, who are in active ministry here by night and by day. One of them, in particular, might have sat to Fra Angelico, so seraphic was her face; it told of a heart perfectly devoted,

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and perfectly happy in its devotion. It was good to see the pleasure which the Chevalier's visit gave to all who received it, and the friendly way in which he entered into all their concerns. Much pleasant talk with him: he is not surprised at the outcry against Hare and Maurice, because he knows the depths of ignorance and malice in human nature to be absolutely unfathomable; they have many bad things in Germany, but are spared the sorrow and shame of having any newspaper which issues lies and malice in the name of the God of Truth, the Prince of Peace.] "Our temptations are opposite; you English are in peril from Judaism, we from Paganism—the two extremes of exclusion and inclusion.] Tholuck is now rather widening as well as deepening, and is accordingly pausing from authorship; he wrote 'Guido and Julius' when only twenty years of age." Bunsen talked much of recent German politics; the distressing conflict of mind in which the King has lately been. Peel considers his conduct almost inconceivably unselfish in refusing the Governorship of the four Kingdoms for so long, but the King thought he should assuredly involve Europe in war if he were to accept it before the other

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Powers had acceded; this they have now done, and to-day is arranged for his proclamation, the beginning of a great and perfectly new experiment. It is an American Federal Government adapted to Monarchical Institutions, and the extent of this hereditary protectorate is enormous. The Chevalier is very sanguine about the result of this trial. He complains sadly of the want of Faith in England; people will give their money but not themselves to God, so their hearts continue cold, and they effect so much less than they might do and are called on to do. He cannot go on with his book on Egypt till politics are quiet again. Speaking of the great English manufacturers, he called them "the feudal lords of modern times."

May 26.—Breakfasted at Carlton Terrace. Ernest de Bunsen went off to-day to Coblentz, to swell the loyal demonstration in the character of special constable.[1] The Chevalier, in pointing out the views from their balcony, made us remark the fuss and bustle on the one hand, whilst on the other, where the real work of the nation is

[1] In playful allusion to the staff appointment to the King of Prussia which M. Ernest de Bunsen held.

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done—Houses of Parliament, Board of Trade, Admiralty, Downing Street—all was so still and solemn. [He complained of there being too much centralisation amongst us; no little alteration can be made in a railroad, for instance, in Scotland, but it must be referred to London for all the arrangements of its plan.]

F. D. Maurice with us in the evening. He spoke of Edward Irving, and the blessing he proved, spite of all his vagaries. He awakened people from their tacit idolatry of systems to the sense of a living Power amidst as well as above them; John the Baptist's mission was to bid people to repent, because the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand—not near in point of time so much as now present, now around your whole being. Stumbled somehow on War. "Won't the world some day come to think with us?" quoth I. "They will come to think rightly," was his reply, "no doubt, but perhaps very differently to you or I." "But would any nation dare to attack another which resolves under no circumstances to do them anything but kindness?" "Well, I find that whenever I am most right, I may always expect to be most bullied, and this, I suppose, will go on; it brings

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home to one very strongly the meaning of the words, 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'"

Of Shelley: he said he was a victim of the want of sympathy; some one had remarked, he disbelieved in the Devil, not in God. The God of love had never been revealed to him, and the powers that were had done everything to veil Him from that glowing heart, so that in his despair he had conjured up a power of evil, an almighty malignity, and supposed that he it was which men worshipped.

June 1.—Went to call on poor Lady Franklin, who was out. She spends most of her days in a room she has taken in Spring Gardens, where she sees all the people who can tell or suggest anything. She is just going to America, which is thought very good for her, as she is in such a restless, excited state of feeling.

June 5.—Went to Harley Street to hear Maurice's lecture. It was so full and solemn that it left us all trembling with emotion. Then we passed into the presence of Richard Trench, whose great sorrowful face seemed to fill the room. We sat round a table with about thirty young disciples, and listened to

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his comments on the chapter of Saint John which was then read.

June 7.—The Buxtons, the Guizot party and their friend, Mademoiselle de Latour Chabaud, came here, and we went together to the Joseph Frys at Plashet Cottage—a long and interesting drive. Mademoiselle de Latour was born in prison during the former Revolution, just after her father had been beheaded. Old Madame Guizot, who was in attendance on her imprisoned husband, looked after the poor lying-in lady, and finally adopted the child, who has turned out admirably, addicting herself to all sorts of philanthropies, schools, &c., in Paris, and renouncing them all to share and soothe her friends' exile now. She spoke with warm affection of the old Madame Guizot; it was beautifully ordered that she should believe a report true that her son had reached England four days before he actually arrived. Mademoiselle de Latour knew that it was false, but did not think it necessary to undeceive the dear old lady—the days were then like months. Pauline Guizot gave very interesting accounts of their and their father's escape. They left their house at the beginning of the Revolution and took refuge at the houses of their friends, and

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the girls were very soon able to come over to England with no great difficulty. Their brother came as son to an American gentleman, and began by remembering he must always *tutoyer*, which he felt very awkward. "How d'ye do?" was his entire stock of English, and for a whole hour he had the fright of totally forgetting his assumed name. Their father escaped in a woman's dress, into which he had a good deal of difficulty in insinuating himself; and when he arrived at his friend's house, the portress looked into his face, and said, "You are M. Guizot." "Yes," he said: "but you'll do me no injury?" "Certainly not," said she, "for you've always protected honest men." So she took him upstairs and hid him, and for the rest of the day entertained him with an account of the difficulties she and her husband had in bringing up their four children. Then he was arrayed as a livery servant and attached to a gentleman who was in anguish at his carrying his carpet-bag. They had to wait two terrible hours at the railway station before they could get off. On arriving in England, a railway director gave him instantly the blessed news that his daughters and all his dear belongings were safe. They none of them have any patience

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with Lamartine, thinking him an altogether would-be great man, attempting impossibilities and failing utterly, yet still considering himself the greatest of his age. I had a most interesting drive home with Guizot, his eldest daughter, and Mademoiselle Chabaud. He talked of Michelet and his brilliant powers, but considers him rather mad now, as, otherwise, he must be a bad man—this not so much to be deduced from his writings as from his conduct. He, too, is possessed with the idea of being called to be immensely great, something quite unlike his fellows—a sort of Mahomet; and because France did not see quite so much in him as he saw in himself, he thought the Government must be all wrong, and concentrating its powers to prevent his being duly recognised. Spoke highly of his "Jeanne d'Arc," but more highly still of "Les Documents," from which his story is compiled. Talked on the state of the poor in England and France: they have nothing like Poor-laws, but the poor are supported by private charity, which is found amply sufficient. Then the multitude of small allotments encourage industry and increase property, as well as giving their owners a happy sense of independence. In regard to food and houses, they

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live much less expensively than the English, but their clothing costs more; there is none of the accumulation of poverty which there is with us, owing to the proportion of agriculturists to manufacturers being exactly the converse of ours, and manufacturing property being so precarious. As for the Free Trade question, he thinks it an experiment which it must take ten years to determine upon, but he inclines to think that the Farmers must suffer when they would compete with Russia, Denmark, and Holland. As for Ireland and its woeful problems, he can only shrug his shoulders, and has no political panacea to offer. The happy state of the French peasants, he fears, is all over for the present; they have accounts of grievous distress from the overturn of so many regular sources of income. He spoke of London as the first commercial city in the world, Liverpool the second, New York the third, and Marseilles the fourth. Gazing at the endless multitude of shops, he remarked, "It looks as if there were people who had nothing to do but to buy." But Mademoiselle Guizot was the really interesting one —earnest and clear; her quiet, large, dark eyes set the seal to every worthy word, and every word was worthy. She spoke of the solid education which

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their father had chosen for them, which in France is so rare that they kept their classical attainments a strict secret. Dante is her Poet, and Vinet her Theologian, because they are both so "firm;" the Germans repel her because she finds them so vague in all their thinkings and doings. Vinet they knew: he was very shy, but most delightful when they could induce him thoroughly to forget himself. Now she says, "I delight to think of him associating with all the good of all ages—angels, prophets, and apostles—with all their perfections and none of their imperfections." She speaks of their little Protestant community in France as so closely bound together by a real spirit of Fraternity, such as one cannot look for in large bodies as in England. The French are divided into two parties only—Rationalists and Evangelicals; the former is the larger party. She is indignant at the attacks on F. D. Maurice and Archdeacon Hare without knowing them personally, but sees that such people cannot look to being understood in this world. This she has constantly to feel with respect to her father, in whom she infinitely delights. She assists him in some of his literary work: they very much value the present rest for him, and the opportunity it

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gives them of being so much more acquainted with him than they ever were before. In France, women now take far less part in politics than they used to do, because parties have for long been too excitable and distinct to be safely meddled with. Not a new feature! Guizot is shorter than my remembrance of him in 1840, when he was at the meeting preliminary to the fatal Niger Expedition; he looks about sixty, a face of many furrows, quiet, deep-set, grey eyes, a thin expressive face, full of quiet sagacity, though very animated in conversation, hands and all taking their share. His little bit of red ribbon seems the only relic of official greatness left.

June 8.—We met Bunsen and Guizot at an out-of-doors party at the Frys'. The two politicians walked up and down the lawn in long and earnest discourse; the character of their faces as unlike as that of two men whose objects in life have been in many respects so similar, can well be. The Frenchman sagacious, circumspect, and lean; the German's ample, genial countenance spoke of trust in God, trust in man, and trust in himself.

June 9.—Went to Laurence's, and he took us to see Samuel Rogers's pictures. He has some capital

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drawings, a letter of Milton's, and the rooms are decorated with all sorts of curiosities. A large dinner-party at Abel Smith's. C. Buxton spoke of a day's shooting in Norfolk with Sir Robert Peel, when he was by far the best shot of the party. He talked incessantly of farming, and with a knowledge far deeper than they had met with before; in fact, he was the whole man in everything, and yet so cold and unapproachable that they felt quite frightened at him.

June 12.—Went to the House of Commons and heard Cobden bring on his Arbitration Motion to produce Universal Peace. He has a good face, and is a clear, manly speaker. A French lady, who was with us in our little box, informed us that she was staying at his house, that she had travelled with him and his wife in Spain, and concluded by accepting him as her standard of perfection. We were much pleased with the debate; it showed that there was much more willingness to listen to moral argument, and much less disposition to snub and ridicule such a proposal, than we had expected. Lord Palmerston's was a very manly speech. We left whilst Milner Gibson was speaking.

June 13.—Steamed to Chelsea, and paid Mrs.

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Carlyle a humane little visit. I don't think she roasted a single soul, or even body. She talked in rather a melancholy way of herself and of life in general, professing that it was only the Faith that all things are well put together—which all sensible people *must* believe—that prevents our sending to the nearest chemist's shop for sixpennyworth of arsenic; but now one just endures it while it lasts, and that is all we can do. | We said a few modest words in honour of existence, which she answered by, "But I can't enjoy Joy, as Henry Taylor says. He, however, cured this incapacity of his by taking to himself a bright little wife, who first came to him in the way of consolation, but has now become real simple Joy." Carlyle is sitting now to a miniature-painter, and Samuel Laurence has been drawing her; she bargained with him at starting not to treat the subject as an Italian artist had done, and make her a something between St. Cecilia and an improper female. She caught a glimpse of her own profile the other day, and it gave her a great start, it looked such a gloomy headachy creature. Laurence she likes vastly, thinking that he alone of artists has a fund of unrealised ideas: Richmond has produced his, but with Laurence there is more

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kept back than what is given. She talked with much affection and gratitude of W. E. Forster, and cannot understand his not marrying; remarking, "I think he's the sort of person that would have suited me very well!" She talked of the Sterling Memoir by Julius Hare, and of Captain Sterling's literary designs: in these her husband means to take no part; he would, by doing so, get into a controversy which he would sooner avoid: had he undertaken the matter at the beginning, he would have been very short and avoided religious questions altogether.

June 20.—To Wandsworth, and met Elihu Burritt at dinner. Exceedingly pleased with him; his face is strikingly beautiful, delicately chiselled, bespeaking much refinement and quiet strength. He is a natural gentleman, and seems to have attained the blessed point of self-forgetfulness, springing from ever-present remembrance of better things. That Cobden evening was the happiest in his life; he felt it a triumph, and knew how it must tell on Europe that in the midst of all the wars and tumults of most nations, the greatest legislative body in the world should put all their policies aside, and for hours be in deliberation on a vast moral question.

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Cobden got a larger number of votes than on the introduction of any other of his great subjects, and yet he came out of the House, after his speech, earnestly apologising for having done so little justice to their subject. *Punch* is acting capitally in the matter, and has an ineffable picture of his Dream of peace, and a serious caustic article as well.

July 1.—Edward Fry to tea; very pleasant and unaffected by all his learning and college successes. Much talk on Coleridge, whom he values greatly. Southey used to be vastly annoyed by his impracticableness. Some one defined genius as a sort of phosphorescence throughout the character, residing neither in the heart nor the intellect, but pervading both.

July 2.—Dined at St. Mark's College. Derwent Coleridge talked on the duty of dignifying the office of a schoolmaster, and giving him the hope of rising to preferment in the Church. But first they had to act as clerks, to supplant those who are now so often a drawback to the Establishment. Once only was he quite overcome by one of these worthies. He had been dining at a whitebait party where the toastmaster successively proclaimed each

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toast behind the speaker's chair; and soon after, preaching at a friend's church, he was startled by hearing the responses and the Amen given in the very same tone and twang which had so lately uttered, "Gentlemen, fill your glasses." Spoke of Macaulay's brilliant talking, and large sacrifices to effect both in writing and conversation: he is a man of immense talent, not genius; talent being defined as power of adapting the acquisitions of others, genius as something individual. Mary Coleridge told us much of Helen Faucit. She is full of strength and grace, and though cold in surface there is a burning Etna beneath. Of S. T. Coleridge and her earliest intercourse with him: when in the midst of the highest talk he would turn to her, smooth her hair, look into her face, and say, —"God bless you, my pretty child, my pretty Mary!" He was most tender and affectionate, and always treated her as if she were six years old. They tried hard to bring him to Cornwall, but the Gilmans would not suffer it, though the old man wished it much; and all his family felt so grateful to the Gilmans for having befriended him and devoted themselves to him when he was most lonely, that they had not the heart to insist on any

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change, although they begged Mrs. Gilman to come with him. Mary Coleridge used to be wonder-struck by his talk, though she could only then carry away very small portions. Derwent Coleridge likes much the specimen which Julius Hare has printed, but does not greatly regret that more has not been literally preserved—for it is preserved, he says, in living men around us, whom it has animated and almost inspired. Samuel Clarke joined in, and was very interesting: first on Art, on which he seems to feel deeply and justly. Flaxman's "Dante" entirely satisfies him. Retsch's "Chess-player" Derwent Coleridge thinks one of the grandest Art accomplishments of our age. S. Clarke is now Sub-Principal of the College, which prospers, and they have most comforting accounts of those they send forth. We explored the chapel by twilight: it is Byzantine and very striking; the coloured glass, the ambulatory separated from the church by pillars, and the architectural feeling throughout, very impressive. They are criticised by High and Low Church, because they choose rather to take their own position than unite with either party. The ecclesiastical feeling of the whole colony, combined with so much of Poetry and Art, would have

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exceedingly met the tendencies of that religious epicurean—S. T. Coleridge.

July 3.—Canon Rogers having presented us to Mr. Bergam, he kindly introduced us to the gem and cameo rooms at the British Museum. Here was the transcendent Barberini Vase, and the large cameo, probably of Paris's head. When the British Museum prosecuted the Iconoclast, it was for breaking the glass shade which covered the Vase, which alone is strictly its property, as they are only the wardens of the Vase for the Portland family. Here are some choice gems, but not yet well arranged, the subject not being sufficiently studied. Mr. Bergam is a great antiquary, and gave us so many personal histories of the things as to add greatly to their interest. He showed us the Nimroud Ivories, which Professor Owen saved from powdering away by boiling in gelatine. The Greek gold ornaments are extremely beautiful and elaborate, some as old as Homer; the myrtle wreath is quite lovely. He took us through the Egyptian Gallery; those old lions of basalt are almost contemporary with Abraham. On the two sides of the bust of Homer were found the letters Gamma and Delta, which suggests the very curious question, What Poet could have

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been considered such anterior to him? One whose works are now altogether lost? For the busts were arranged alphabetically in the old Greek Gallery. Examined some endlessly interesting MSS. in the Library, and enjoyed our good friend's erudition. Then we spent a few more very edifying hours with him in his Den looking over the magnificent series of Greek coins, on which he lectured very luminously. The Æginetan are the oldest known—little misshapen lumps of silver, with a beetle more or less developed; but Herodotus speaks of the Lydian as beautiful, so they must be older still. The Syracusan of the best age of Art are by far the finest, some of them exquisite, with the noble heads of Jupiter, Proserpina, Hercules, and Neptune. It is very curious that the Athenian coins with the head of Minerva are the least beautiful, even at the noblest period; it seems as though they were superstitiously attached to some traditional notion of their goddess—possibly it is the head of the old sacred wooden statue which always reappears. Alexander's head was never stamped on coins during his life;[1] but in the time of Lysimachus, a face

[1] Query correct?

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very like his appeared on the coins with the horn of Jupiter Ammon—in fact, altogether a Divinity. It is eminently beautiful and full of fire. Cleopatra, it is evident, must have fascinated rather by her wit and conversation than by her beauty.

July 4.—We joined Professor Owen in his Museum. He showed us some of the vertebræ of the genuine sea-serpent; the commonly reported ones are really a very long species of shark, and when a pair are following each other, and appearing from time to time above water, they look of course wondrously long. Thirty feet is in reality their general length, but he has had evidence of one of sixty feet. Gave a little exposition of his bone and limb theory, the repetition of the same thing under all sorts of modifications. For the arm of a man, the fore-leg of a beast, the wing of a bird, the fin of a fish, there is first one bone, this passes into two, and ramifies into any number necessary, whether it be a bat's wing for flying, or a mole's paw for grubbing. The ideal perfection is most nearly approached by fishes, their construction being the simplest and most comformable to the perfect arch. He spoke of the impossibility of any living creature capable of existing in the Moon, because they must do without air or

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water; but, he added, there is no physiological reason against Ezekiel's beasts existing in some of the Planets.

F. Newman joined us, to show us their new treasures of Flaxman's bas-reliefs. Found Miss Denman there, the presenter, and sister-in-law to Flaxman. Finding us enthusiastically disposed, she most graciously invited us to go home with her and see his most finished works. She was very communicative about him, as the Star which had set in her Heaven, and it was a most serene, mild, and radiant one, and those who came under its influence seemed to live anew in a Golden Age. He was ever ready with advice and friendship for those artists who needed it; his wife was his great helper, reading for him in poetry and history, and assisting him by wise and earnest sympathy. Miss Denman would have liked to found a Flaxman Gallery and leave it to the Nation, but no fit freehold could be purchased. At her house are choice things indeed,—a little world of Thought, Fancy, and Feeling, "music wrought in stone," devotion expressed in form, harmony, grace, and simplicity. We saw the illustrations of the Lord's Prayer! lovely young female figures clinging to their

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Guardian Angel, going out into Life, and saying by every look and attitude, "Lead us not into temptation." And the "Deliver us from evil" was full of terror and dismay, but yet of trust in an Infinite Deliverer.

We looked in on Laurence on our way home, and admired his sketch of Aunt Backhouse, which looks hewn out of granite.

Falmouth, September 4.—Dined at Carclew; met Henry Hallam, his son Henry, and daughter. The historian is a fine-looking, white-haired man, of between sixty and seventy. Something in the line of feature reminds one of Cuvier and Goethe, all is so clear and definite. He talks much, but with no pedantry, and enjoys a funny story quite as much as a recondite philological fact. He thinks the English infatuated about German critics, and showing it by their indiscriminate imitation of them, tasteless as he considers them. Bunsen does not play the Niebuhr with Egypt, but argues elaborately from the inscriptions in favour of the formerly received early history of that country, that the Kings referred to in the monuments were successive monarchs, not contemporary Rulers of different parts of Egypt. Guizot is going on

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quietly and happily in Normandy, waiting till his country wants him, and meanwhile continuing his English history from Cromwell—a work likely to be extremely valuable. When in London, he would sometimes ask his friends to come in an evening, and he would read Racine, &c., to them. His daughters were brought up by their grandmother, who cherished their striking independence of character: there is danger of the son studying too much; he is very clever and very eager in his nature. Ledru Rollin has taken the house next to the one formerly Guizot's at Brompton, and lives there with his capital English wife. Sir Charles Lemon is just come from Paris, where he finds them at the theatres making infinite fun of their pet Republic. "What shall we try next?" asked De Toqueville one evening when Sir Charles was taking tea there. "Oh, try a Queen, to be sure; we find it answer famously, and the Duchesse d'Orleans would do it to perfection." The difficulty seems that they would have to alter the Salic law. Young Henry Hallam was breakfasting somewhere in London with Louis Blanc, who for two hours talked incessantly and almost always about himself. He is a very little man, and

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though eloquent on his one idea, gives you no feeling of power or trustworthiness, there is so much showy declamation instead. Carlyle was there, and it was the veriest fun to watch their conversation. Carlyle's French was a literal translation of his own untranslatable English, uttered too in his own broad Scotch. Louis Blanc could not at all understand him, but would listen attentively and then answer very wide of the mark. Henry Hallam is very agreeable, sensible, and modest, and at dinner asked if I knew anything of a man of whom he had heard much though he had never met him—Sterling. He spoke of the peculiar affection and loyalty which all who had ever known him at all intimately seemed to cherish towards him, and their criticism on Hare's Memoir—that it portrayed a mere book-worm always occupied with some abstruse theological problem, rather than the man they delighted in for his geniality and boyancy of feeling. Henry Hallam knows Tennyson intimately, who speaks with rapture of some of the Cornish scenery. At one little place, Bude, where he arrived in the evening, he cried, "Where is the sea? show me the sea!" So after the sea he went stumbling in

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the dark, and fell down and hurt his leg so much that he had to be nursed for six weeks by a surgeon there, who introduced some of his friends to him, and thus he got into a class of society totally new to him; and when he left, they gave him a series of introductions, so that instead of going to hotels he was passed on from town to town, and abode with little grocers and shopkeepers along his line of travel. He says that he cannot have better got a true general impression of the class, and thinks the Cornish very superior to the generality. They all knew about Tennyson, and had heard his Poems, and one miner hid behind a wall that he might see him! Tennyson hates being lionised, and even assumes bad health to avoid it. Henry Hallam also knows Aubrey de Vere well: his conversation is extremely good, but no effect studied; it is thoroughly spontaneous. He is a man of genuine loyalty spite of all his splendid indignations against England; a poetical-looking man, and a very delightful one.

September 14.—The Bishop of Norwich is almost suddenly dead.

September 23.—Aunt Backhouse ministered at Meeting very strikingly to us; her prayer was quite

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grand; some of her address I occupied myself in arranging thus:—

"Whither did thy Father lead thee,
His child, to prove, to teach, to bless?
Where with manna did He feed thee,
But in the howling wilderness!

And in that solitude He spake
The words of comfort deeply healing,
Such words of love and power as make
The heart to overflow with feeling.

Till, startled into love and wonder,
Thy spirit sprang aloft to Him,
And vowed to tear Earth's bands asunder,
And sing the song of seraphim.

Alas! poor mortal, proudly spoken,
Mistrust thyself or thou must fall;
Not easily are Earth's bands broken,
Thy boasted strength is passing small.

Ah, thou hast proved it—deep the lesson—
But yield not unto black despair;
The contrite heart may crave a blessing,
Thy Saviour waits to answer prayer.

In humbleness, and childlike meekness,
Pursue henceforth thine earnest way:
Know all the strength which dwells with weakness,
And calmly wait the opening Day."

September 26.—Took Field Talfourd to see the Grove Hill pictures, some of which seemed to fasci-

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nate him: the mouth he considers the criterion in portraits. Titian, more than any one, contrives to conceal the Art; it is not a portrait, but the living man gazing at you mysteriously from the canvas, from a deep invisible darkness, for you have no background in his pictures. He thinks very highly of the domestic virtues of artists, and says their lives are full of such traits of thoughtful tenderness. He thinks Ruskin's book the most wonderful and pregnant that he has ever seen on Art. | He spoke of Taste as an absolute Law, independent of, and hovering far beyond, the man of Taste; | also of Poetry and Ideas as the absolutely real, of which all visible things are but the accidental draperies. |

October 10.—Reading "Mary Barton;" a most stirring book, which ought to stimulate one in many ways to a wiser sympathy with others, whose woeful circumstances are apt to beget bitter thoughts and mad deeds. It opens the very floodgates of sympathy, yet directs it into its wisest channel.

October 17.—Heard of a poor woman in Windsor Forest who was asked if she did not feel lonely in that exceeding isolation. "Oh no; for Faith closes the door at night and Mercy opens it in the morning."

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October 25.—We attended a very good lecture on Female Influence, by Clara Balfour, at the Polytechnic Hall. There was nothing to annoy by its assumptions for our sex; and even in the perilous art of lecturing the lady did not unsex herself. She started with a critique on the Idea of Education as applied to women—a culture of the surface rather than a sowing and nourishing of principles. Women especially not having such imperative calls into the outward world, and having more leisure than men, should be taught to use that leisure well and wisely, and should be stored with subjects of interest for their many lonely hours. A really good and solid education does but enable a woman to perform the most trifling duties of domestic life more thoroughly well, and why should it make her more vain and pedantic than an equally educated man? If it be because it is so much rarer, surely that is but a strong argument for making it as general as possible. It is curious that men expect from women a higher standard of morals and manners than they think necessary for themselves, and yet almost deny them the faculty of taking cognisance of moral questions.

She spoke well on the responsibility women have,

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of giving the tone to the morals and manners of the circles they live in, and remarked that almost as much harm resulted from the supineness of the virtuous, as from the downright wickedness of the vicious. She showed how women had influenced national character. In the time of Charles II., for instance, the very literature of the age is corrupt; that in Turkey and the East, men are the dreary, indolent creatures which one might expect from the condition of their wives and mothers; how, in fact, whenever woman is made either the Idol or the Slave, instead of the Helpmeet of man, the sin and the shame react abundantly on himself.

The Greeks show that they have no true conception of the noblest female character by their ideal goddesses and heroines. That men and women have essentially different powers is obvious, but that the one sex is essentially inferior to the other has yet to be proved. Officially subordinate she undoubtedly is, but subordination does not imply inferiority of mind and character. The one has powers of abstraction and concentration which are most rare in the other; but woman has acuteness, accuracy of observation, quickness, play of fancy and taste, as a compensation. As for the female

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Shakespeares and Miltons, which men so imperiously demand, are they of such common growth amongst mankind? They are the exceptional beings of earth.

She then referred to some of the remarkable women in Scripture: Deborah was the great exceptional case in our sex, a righteous Judge and Prophetess, under whom the land had rest forty years. Miriam helped her exalted Brethren, and her Song is the second lyric composition recorded in the world's annals. In Ruth, woman showed her power of enduring friendship to one of her own sex; in Esther, her patriotism. Then, in the New Testament, woman had her part to enact, and was graciously enabled to do so more worthily than her stronger brethren.

In the annals of Martyrs, women are not found deficient in power either to live or die heroically for the Cause which claims the loyalty of their whole souls. Was it not Bertha, the wife of Egbert, who invited Augustine into Britain; and another woman who opened the path for Christian teaching in Germany? And amongst missionaries of modern times, is it not given to women to do and to suffer as signally as men? At the latter part of the last

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century an authoress was looked on as a sort of monstrous indecorum; now, the worth of a book is inquired about, not the sex of the writer, and other prejudices may likewise become obsolete.

She dwelt, of course, on the laws of Nature having ordained that Woman should be the early educator of Man; should she not, therefore, be by all means assisted and encouraged to do her work as well and wisely as possible? What constitutes national prosperity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of happy, noble, and graceful homes, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of Family Love, and Woman, with her piety, forbearance, and kindliness of soul, is permitted to officiate as High Priestess. She concluded with Wordsworth's beautiful little epitome of Woman, and was immensely applauded by her audience, from which she had the good sense to escape at once, by disappearing from the platform.

October 26.—Clara Balfour called on us. She spoke a good deal of Alexander Scott,[1] who, after

[1] *Scott* (Alexander T.), the friend of Maurice, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, Macleod Campbell, and Carlyle, was a man of unquestioned power and influence, of whom only a small volume of Lec-

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his connection with Edward Irving, continued to officiate in the Scotch Church, until one day he felt such a stop in his mind on the subject of prayer, that he was unable to proceed at that moment with its expression. This he explained to the astonished congregation, and was soon dismissed from the Scotch Church, and had his own small but earnest and sincere audience at Woolwich, and then came to London. Many feel him very vague, whilst others crave that a sort of Scott system may survive him. But we must take the men whom God sends us and be thankful, without cutting and squaring them like awkward tailors as we are. His lectures are very interesting, the opening one at the Bedford Square College for Ladies particularly so. He has an infinite fund of dry humour, which people seldom take in until two minutes too late. He argued, recently, that there could be no question as to

tures and Discourses (published by Macmillan) remain to justify the feeling indicated in the text. He was one of a small group of Scotchmen who felt called on, in the early part of this century, to proclaim the love of God as a wider influence than it had been felt before by those who had an equally strong belief in His righteousness. The account in the text differs in some respects from that which would be given by any one intimately acquainted with him who had wished to touch on the most characteristic passages of his career. He died in 1867.

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women being able to reason with respect to quantity, but it was the quality of the reasoning that might be improved with advantage, and this he illustrated so pointedly that his lady audience looked very grave. He called Female Education a perfectly untried experiment, and therefore peculiarly interesting.

I asked Clara Balfour about the effort of lecturing. She said the work came so gradually and without premeditation that the way was made easy for her. She was thrown alone upon her subject and carried through. She began at a sort of friendly party at Greenwich on a similar subject to last evening's, and in all her course she has met with nothing but kindness. Carlyle once asked her, "Well, Mrs. Balfour, have ye got over your nervousness concerning that thing (*i.e.*, lecturing)?" "Oh no, and I believe I never shall." "I'm very glad to hear ye say so," he replied. She told us pleasant things of Jane Carlyle; her thoroughgoing kindness, without any attempt at patronage. Clara Balfour was very poor, and most thankfully assisted in correcting the press for the *London and Westminster Review*. Carlyle's article on "Mirabeau" fell to her portion one day, which haunted

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her; she disliked but was fascinated by it, and had no idea by whom it was written: her press-correcting superior was a very matter-of-fact man, who held Addison the immutable standard in English writing, so anything of Carlyle's drove him half mad, and he was thankful enough to make it over to his subordinate. Her temperance friend, Mr. Dunlop, is a cousin of Carlyle's, and he asked her if she had ever seen the "French Revolution." "No, but she longed to do so." The next day, to her delighted surprise, Mrs. Carlyle called on her, with the volumes under her arm; and this was the first of an untiring succession of acts of kindness and consideration. A little before her mother died, Jane Carlyle yearned to go and see her, but her wish was opposed; at length she said, "go she would, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil,"—but, poor thing, she was too late.

After tea we went together to the Lecture Hall, which was immensely crowded. Her subject was the Female Characters in our Literature, especially those of Scott. Imaginative literature she described as generally showing the estimation in which Woman is held at the period: thus in Chaucer's time, the patient Griselda was taken as the highest

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possibility of female virtue and nobleness—a perfect submission to her husband, and acquiescence in his iniquitous acts because they were his. Then in the Elizabethan Age, Spenser and Shakespeare have given us the most glorious ideas of Woman, not only as a creature of feeling, but one of thought, action, and energy of soul. The ladies of that day were much given to translating learned works. Then came a long blank, when we may suppose that women, as well as literature, deteriorated. Milton's Lady in "Comus" and his dignified as well as graceful Eve are, however, illustrious exceptions. After this there was a ceaseless flow of dull pastorals to Chloe and Clorinda in that most unpastoral age; and Pope[1] declared *ex cathedrâ* that most women have no character at all. It must have been a great relief from the stupid unrealities of our imaginative literature, when Cowper wrote his honest little address to Mrs. Unwin's knitting-needles, and the wondrous peasant-Poet of Scotland poured forth his song to Bonnie Jeannie and the

[1] "Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake."—POPE.

"Shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found."—*Ibid.*

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Hieland Lassie. Then came Scott, and for his poetic models he went back to the sixteenth century, and found in Shakespeare the true poetic Idea of woman, and adapted it to his own needs. Clara Balfour observed that in Shakespeare the character is everything, often the circumstances in the different plays being very similar, but all turning, for instance, on the difference of character between Desdemona, Imogen, and Helena, though all alike suffering under their husbands' unjust suspicions. In Scott the characters are generally similar, but the circumstances everything. She gives him credit for four really original heroines—Flora MacIvor (for which, however, Portia may have given him hints), a female politician, yet *not* ridiculous, but sublime from her moral dignity and unquestioning self-devotion and singleness of purpose; Rebecca, a truly grand figure, transcending even the prejudices of Shakespeare, one who (unlike many in our day!) could not dispute for her religion, but could die for it: Scott had a moral purpose in this character, he wished, by not bestowing on her temporal success, to wean the young especially from low motives for acting aright; Diana Vernon, for which his relative Miss Cranstoun was his model,

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was to exhibit the power of rising above uncongenial circumstances and associations, and to be the thing which God meant her to be in spite of them; and Jeannie Deans, the simplicity of whose truthful love is even less beautiful in the poet's fiction than in the actual life of the ugly peasant maiden. At the conclusion of her lecture Mrs. Balfour was greatly applauded, and invited to come again.

November 4.—Finished that brilliant, bitter book, "Vanity Fair;" it shows great insight into the intricate badness of human nature, and draws a cruel sort of line between moral and intellectual eminence, as if they were most commonly dissociated, which I trust is no true bill.

November 8.—Sir John Ross returned. No news. Poor Lady Franklin, I wonder how much of the Greenland Report she had received. Sir John's has been a most adventurous expedition, walking 230 miles over the ice, and so forth.

November 10. — Papa sent forth a Magnetic Deflector to L'Abbadie, the Basque African explorer.

December 5. — Read W. E. Forster's manly, spirited answer to Macaulay's libels on William Penn; he has most satisfactory contemporary

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evidence to adduce in favour of the fine old moral hero.

December 15.—Dora Lloyd gives an admirable history of their German explorations amongst the arts and the artists: Kaulbach has charmed them beyond all others. The Berlin professional society delightful: their former ideas on the state of Religion there confirmed; Hegel and Schelling are still deemed true apostles; Humboldt a sorry scoffer, but never to the English.

December 29.—Aunt Charles, writing of a visit to the now patriarchal-looking Poet at Rydal Mount, says, "The gentle softened evening light of his spirit is very lovely, and there is a quiet sublimity about him as he waits on the shores of that Eternal World which seems already to cast over him some sense of its beauty and its peace."

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CHAPTER XVI.

1850.

" To lose these years which worthier thoughts require,
To lose that health which should those thoughts inspire."
—SAVAGE.

Falmouth, February 1.—Heard many thoughts and things of the times discussed in the evening by George Dawson in his lecture on the tendencies of the age. It consisted of a string of weighty and brilliantly illustrated truths, which very few are in a sufficiently advanced condition to call truisms. He is a little, black-eyed, black-haired, atrabilious-looking man, full of energy and intensity, with an air of despising, if not defying, the happiness which he wished to make us all independent of.

March 7.—Dr. Caspary very informing touching some of their great men. Humboldt writes by the watch; if a visitor comes in he notes the hour exactly, and works up the time spent afterwards.

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If going out driving with the King, he makes his toilette very composedly in the carriage by the side of his royal friend. Tieck is not much liked at Court now, as his character is short of perfection. The King when Crown Prince was very fond of him, and himself did a good deal in the small literary line.

March 27.—Heard a lecture of Clara Balfour's on Joanna of Naples, Isabella of Castile, Elizabeth of England, and Mary of Scotland. It was excessively well done, each character built up from its first rudiments, and the special circumstances of the time duly taken into the account. She showed great delicacy and force in her drawing, and discrimination of character. Her contrasted scenes were some of them very striking; Elizabeth's and Mary's death, for instance, when she gave a verdict greatly in favour of the latter.

April 1.—This evening Clara Balfour's picture-gallery included Christina of Sweden, Anne of England, Maria Theresa, and Catherine of Russia. In the first was exhibited the monstrous spectacle of a woman despising all the characteristics of her sex, and aiming at the opposite ones; the result was not a world-prodigy of talent, but a second

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or third rate man, an utter failure. | Her change of religion is a mere *façon de parler,* for the first necessity was wanting — she had no religion to change. Anne of England was a perfect contrast to her, entirely feminine and domestic, yet her reign was a silver age of literature; the first magazine appeared at that time, under the direction of Addison and Steele, and 30,000 copies were issued. Thus literature began to be diffusive, and the reading of the women was now provided for, which had been before obstructed by the grossness of the matter it contained. In Elizabeth's reign the first newspaper was started under Burleigh's auspices; it was at the time of the general panic concerning the Spanish Armada.

Clara Balfour made out her assertion well that, under female sovereigns, literature had ever taken a striking form and made an appreciable progress. When men reign and women govern, the mischief is so mighty because the governing power is irresponsible. She sketched Maria Theresa's history very dramatically, and Catherine's with great force and a true womanly shudder. She made this apology for her bad heroines, that they had not the blessing of a mother's care; they had either

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no mothers at all, or worse. Then she very charmingly contrasted the circumstances of our own Queen, and deduced from it much of the good and happiness already associated with her name.

April 13.—Evening at Rosemerryn; Mary Anne Birkbeck told me a good deal about her grandmamma, Lord Byron's Mary Chaworth. Lord Byron used often to be with her, but would never sleep at Annesley, saying that the house felt as if it had a grudge against him. This was owing to the duel having been fought by two members of the families in the preceding generation. Byron was a very sulky boy of nineteen, and felt quite savage when she danced, because his lameness made it impossible for him to do the same. She had no idea that his fancy for her was anything serious, and, moreover, she had at that time a *penchant* for the Mr. Musters whom she married. He saw her once again, when he wrote in her album, unknown to her, those touching lines which she did not discover until some time afterwards. Mary Anne's mother was that "favourite child" who had its mother's eyes. When Newstead had to be sold, he had the greatest horror of Mr. Musters buying it. The trees on a certain hill, which he alludes

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to in his Dream, have been all cut down for some reason or other.

May 5.—Visited the Laundry School. The good teacher was taking most patient pains with an endlessly stupid little girl, who meekly and respectfully whispered the most heterogeneous answers to the simplest questions. "Who did Adam and Eve sin against when they ate the fruit?" "Their parents and friends, ma'am!" "Were Adam and Eve happy when they left the garden?" "Holy and happy, ma'am!"

May 24.—My birthday: it seems as if my future life might well be spent in giving thanks for all the mercies of the past.

June 7.—Tea with Barclay at the Farm; he was all a host could be to his large party, but a day of pleasure is not half so pleasant as other days.

June 25.—Met some very pleasant O'Reillys. They knew Mezzofanti, a little, bright-eyed, wiry man, who greeted them in pure Milesian, which they knew only in fragments; then he tried brogue, and succeeded admirably, and then in the most perfect London English. Mr. O'Reilly, to puzzle him, talked slang, but only got a volley of it in return. He knew sixty-four, and talked forty-eight, lan-

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guages. But he told them a fact which gave moral interest to his acquirement. When a young Priest, he was visiting an hospital, and found a poor foreign sailor dying, and longing to confess, but finding no priest who could understand him. The sadness of this struck him, and he turned his attention forthwith to languages.

September 11.—Much interested about the mobbing which General Haynau, the Austrian, got at the Barclays' Brewery the other day, when he was most unhandsomely whipped and otherwise outraged in memory of his having flogged Hungarian women. He has found it expedient to leave England, cursing, doubtless, the gallantry of the English burghers.

October 2.—Dined at Carclew; met Professor Playfair, son of the subject of the monument on Calton Hill. He is come as Commissioner about the great Exhibition next year, and tells wonders of their preparations—a great glass-house half a mile long, containing eight miles of tables. He is a clear-headed Scotchman, who sees into and round his subject, and has the talent of making other people also say what they really mean.

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CHAPTER XVII.

1851.

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."—SHAKESPEARE.

London, May 24.—Visited Ernest and Elizabeth de Bunsen at Abbey Lodge, their pretty house in Regent's Park. They gave us breakfast at eleven, the little Fritz and Hilda acting as kellners. They are soon expecting Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister at Rome, the son of Goethe's Charlotte; he is a genial and kindly man. Abeken is now Under-Secretary of State at Berlin, for he felt that Theology was not his vocation, and he saw no duty in perpetuating an early mistake through life. He is so able that everything is referred to him. His look and address are quite repellingly uncouth, but reach his mind or heart and you are fascinated.

May 27.—Drove to the Lloyds and found the dear old Chevalier Neukomm there. We had a capital talk. He is an adept in all the sciences

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of the imagination, including phrenology, mesmerism, and homœopathy, and talked with earnest zeal. The lastingness of an individual conviction is with him a pledge for its truth.

Whilst dining at Uncle David's, Captain Barclay of Ury[1] walked in. He is so striking a Fact in the family, that one is very glad to have realised it whilst it lasts. It is a decrepit Fact now, for an illness has much broken him down, but there is a slow quiet Scotch sagacity in his look and manner which declares him quite up to his present business in London, viz., selling a vast grey horse. His conversation was not memorable, but his great strength was never supposed to lie in that direction. He looks now upwards of seventy.

May 30.—Dined with the Priestmans. John Bright was there, fighting his Parliamentary battles over again like a bull-dog. It was quite curious to watch his talk with his quiet father-in-law.

June 1.—Anna Braithwaite told us of her last interview with William Wordsworth: he spoke of having long had a great desire for Fame, but that

[1] Captain Barclay of Ury, the celebrated pedestrian.

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that had now all ceased, and his sole desire was to become "one of the poor in spirit" whom our Lord had declared to be blest.

June 4.—A charming story of F. Cunningham, coming in to prayers, just murmuring something about his study being on fire, and proceeding to read a long chapter, and make equally long comments thereupon. When the reading was over and the fact became public, he observed, "Yes, I saw it was a little on fire, but I opened the window on leaving the room!"

June 5.—Attended a Ragged School Meeting; Lord Kinnaird in the chair, instead of Lord Ashley (who has become Lord Shaftesbury by his father's death). A great deal of good sense was spoken, and encouraging stories told. Dr. Cumming was on the platform, and made an admirable speech, with perfect ease, choice language, and excellent feeling, so as to modify my prejudice against him most notably. He spoke on the mischief of controversy, except in such countries where Error was the law, Truth the exception; and spoke up for the high affirmative course in all possible cases. Described the origin and progress of the Ragged Schools in his parish, and asked the audience for

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£500, assuring them that at his chapel he always got what he asked for, large sums just as easily as small ones; the great thing being to ask boldly, and you are paid boldly. He is a younger man than I had expected—about thirty-six, with dark hair and eyes, rather Jewish, wearing spectacles, and very energetic in voice and manner.

June 7.—A bright dinner at Abbey Lodge. Kestner was there; a dry, thin gentleman of the old school, who looks as if he had had his romance done for him long before his birth. He has a most interesting correspondence between his mother and Goethe, who had greatly admired and loved her, but as she was betrothed to his friend, he had the prudence to retire from the great peril he felt himself in; and even after her marriage he left Frankfort whenever they were coming there. These experiences, and the awful death of a friend who had not been so self-controlled, were combined into the Wertherian romance. But of all this Kestner said nothing; he is quite happy when talking of his six Giottos, the gems of his collection. He says he has learnt English in the best way, namely, by mixing in the best English Society. The Chevalier and Madame Bunsen were there,

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also George de Bunsen the Philologist, Dr. Pauli, Amelia Opie, and others. The Chevalier and Dr. Pauli were my dinner comrades, of whose discourse I remember some fragments. I asked Bunsen's opinion of the Papal Aggression stir which has been raging in England. He said, "That the Roman scheme is such an one as would not be submitted to for a moment in other countries, but simply on the ground of politics, not of religion; it is our lack of Faith which is inconveniently brought home to us by questions of this sort, and we rebel against the inference rather than the fact that systematising a black and white theology is a substitute for Faith, not an evidence of it. You are excellent people, but very material; you are afraid to give yourselves up to any teaching but what has existed on parchment for hundreds of years; if an angel brought you a new truth direct from Heaven, you would not believe it till it was successfully copied on the parchment: no, you are excellent people, but you terribly want Faith. You are afraid of Reason and oppose it to Faith, and accordingly miss them both." I pleaded that they had given us such a fright in Germany by their speculative vagaries, that we had fallen back in

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despair on our practical existence. "Ah, yes," he answered, "we gave you a great fright in the time of Henry VIII., didn't we? No! the fact is that Religion is not a subject which deeply interests you; you are thoroughly practical, and practical politics are what engage your thought. Now in Germany, when thoughtful men meet casually, they soon get to talking on Religion and Theology: we talk of it because we think it the most interesting of subjects: you at once fall upon politics because *they* are the deepest interests to you. Sometimes we get into extravagant views of religion, but your extravagance turns to Jacobinism—a very characteristic national difference. You in England so little recognise an overruling Providence as directing the thoughts as well as the acts of men." I asserted our absolute belief in a Providence legible in all history. "Oh yes," he said, "you believe in a Providence which prevents your catching colds, but not in one continuous luminous Guide. You condemn research in religious affairs, and are accordingly to be congratulated on a most irrational Faith. Your Society of Friends has done much good, and its Founders have said many admirable things, but it wants vitality. I am very fond of

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them, but I must speak the truth as I find it. Your great peril is an idolatry of the form of formlessness, instead of trusting the Living Spirit. But you are of vast practical importance, and will still do much if you will but keep clear of the traditional spirit of the age." Dr. Pauli is just bringing out a Life of our Alfred: he has found some very precious MSS. concerning him at Oxford, many of his translations from monkish Latin poems, which were evidently first translated for him into easy Latin; and one original poem, a Thanksgiving (I think) for the coming of St. Augustine and the introduction of Christianity into England; in which his arrival, &c., is minutely described. I suggested the propriety of an English translation being published at the same time, when both my gentlemen waxed very scornful concerning the reading public in England. No one would read it unless it had some such title as, "Alfred the Great, or the Papal Aggression Question Considered," or unless it had pictures of the costumes of the people running down amongst the letterpress! Dr. Pauli has lately been in Germany, and was grieved at heart to find the state of things there. Politics have become terribly earnest, and split up families even to the death; for

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they all believe themselves on the eve of a frightful struggle, and accordingly adjourn all peace questions till they have their fight out. They grieve over the weakness of their King in not having accepted the somewhat democratic Crown which was offered him; now they are all under the irresponsible despotism of the Princes. The Chevalier is interested in appending an Infant Asylum to his German Hospital, where nurses may be taught their duties, and the plan will, he hopes, spread through England. They now limit the services of the Kaiserwerth Sisters to two years, and arrange for their being greatly relieved at night; for the dear good Fliedner forgets that human creatures are made up of body and soul, and would totally sacrifice the former. The Bunsens have been deep in Mesmerism. The Chevalier's theory of the mesmeric power is, that it silences the sensuous and awakens the super-sensuous part of our nature; a sort of faint shadow of Death, which does the same work thoroughly and for ever. George de Bunsen afterwards gave me some of his own mesmeric experiences; he is a rigid reasoner and extorter of facts. I forget the three absolute laws which he has satisfactorily established, but here is an experience of his own:—When he

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went to college and studied Greek history, he learnt that a book of Aristotle's on the politics of his own time was lost. He mused on this fact, and pined after the missing book, which would have shed such light on his studies. It became a perpetual haunting thought, and soon his air castle was the finding of this book. He would be for ever romancing on the subject, getting into a monastery, finding it amidst immense masses of dusty books and parchments, then making plans for circumventing the monks, rescuing the treasure, &c., &c. Just after this excitement had been at its maximum, he received a letter from a friend, telling that he had been consulting a clairvoyante about him, who had seen him groping amongst dusty parchments in the dark. It seems to have established a firm faith in his mind in the communication of spirit with spirit as the real one in mesmerism. His opposite class of facts was thus illustrated:—When his father was with his King and our Queen at Stolzenfels, he wanted to know something about him, and accordingly mesmerised a clairvoyante, and sent her in spirit to the castle. "Do you see my father?" "No, he is not there." "Then go and look for him." At length she announced having found him

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sitting with an elderly lady. George de Bunsen could not conceive him anywhere but at Stolzenfels, till the thought struck him, he may have gone to Karlsruhe to see his sister; so he asked, "It is a very neat, regular-looking town, is it not, and the houses new?" and asked particulars of the room in which he thought his aunt likely to be found. "No, nothing of the sort; an old town, an old house, and an old lady." She gave many details which he could make nothing of, and gave up the geographical problem in despair. In a few days a letter from his father arrived, saying that the King had taken a fancy to go somewhere in a steamer, and had asked Bunsen to accompany him. This brought him within a moderate distance of another sister, whom he had previously had no idea of visiting, and so he was actually with her at the time of the clairvoyance. Ernest and George de Bunsen sang gloriously: at one time they were nightingales, the one merry, the other sentimental; but George de Bunsen's "Wanderer" was beyond all compare. Ford, the writer of the Handbook of Spain, joined the party. A son of Brandis was there, quiet and silent as a statue; and the dear old Chevalier Neukomm, who became rapt over the singing.

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June 9.—Spent a charming evening at the Chevalier Bunsen's. They were alone, and the Chevalier talked much of their Universities as compared with ours. His son is gone to-day to take his Doctor's degree, which is just a certificate that he is *able* to lecture on subjects of philosophy, history, and philology. He is much amused to think how little the English Universities educate for the times we live in, though he rejoices in some of the reforms at Cambridge and Dublin, and wishes all success to the Government Commission. But the spirit of the evening was Neukomm. The inventor of a silvery lute of some sort came to introduce his instrument, and its breathings were indeed exquisite; and very marvellous was it, when the two musicians improvised together, just taking the "Ranz des Vaches" as a motive, to hear how they blended their thoughts and feelings in true harmony. But I was glad when the flute was silent and Neukomm poured out his own heart through the voice of the organ. He led one whither he would, through regions of beauty and magnificence, and then through quiet little valleys, where nothing could be heard but the heart's whisper—so pure, so tender, you leant forward to catch what it said; and then you

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were carried onward into a spirit world, where all around "were such things as dreams are made of." And then such a swell of harmony, such exulting strains, would bespeak the presence and the triumph of some great Idea, revealing to man more of himself and of his Maker. Then again that trembling voice, "Can He love such an one as I?" And then the final magnificent swell of sound, triumphing over doubt and fear and weakness. I never heard music without words say half as much as I heard this evening; but very likely I quite misinterpret its real meaning, for each one must translate it for himself.

June 11.—Went to the Associated Trades' Tea at St. Martin's Hall. Our chairman, F. D. Maurice, is at his post behind the urn, but he springs up to welcome his friends. He seemed nervous, for there was no arranged plan of the evening. In listening to the workmen's speeches, especially Walter Cooper's (cousin to the author of the "Purgatory of Suicides"), we could not help feeling very thankful that such fiery spirits had been brought under such high and holy influences, leading them to apprehend self-sacrifice as the vital principle on which all successful co-operation must be founded.

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One hopeful feature in this associative experiment is that they are prepared and expect to make mistakes in application, but the principles of sympathy and self-sacrifice they hold by for ever. Archdeacon Hare was delighted at the spirit and genius of some of the speakers; there was so much of calm practical wisdom, so much of applied Christianity, humbly acknowledging its origin, as made it altogether a deeply interesting and thankworthy occasion.

June 12.—Went to Thackeray's lecture on the "Humorists" at Willis's Rooms. It was a very large assembly, including Mrs. Carlyle, Dickens, Leslie, and innumerable noteworthy people. Thackeray is a much older-looking man than I had expected; a square, powerful face, and most acute and sparkling eyes, greyish hair and eyebrows. He reads in a definite, rather dry manner, but makes you understand thoroughly what he is about. The lecture was full of point, but the subject was not a very interesting one, and he tried to fix our sympathy on his good-natured, volatile, and frivolous Hero rather more than was meet. "Poor Dick Steele," one ends with, as one began; and I cannot see, more than I did before, the element of greatness in him.

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June 13.—We went to Faraday's lecture on "Ozone." He tried the various methods of making Ozone which Schönbein has already performed in our kitchen, and he did them brilliantly. He was entirely at his ease, both with his audience and his chemical apparatus; he spoke much and well of Schönbein, who now doubts whether Ozone is an element, and is disposed to view it simply as a condition of oxygen, in which Faraday evidently agrees with him. The Duke of Northumberland was in the chair.

June 27.—Saw George Wightwick, who, with wife and other furniture, is just starting for Clifton to live. He showed us two portraits of himself: one by young Opie, so good that he says if he saw a fly on its nose he should certainly scratch his own; the other by Talfourd, catching a momentary passionate gleam of dramatic expression—a fine abstraction. Talked of Macready and his retirement from the stage to Sherborne, where he is in perfect happiness, with wife and children, and all joyousness. He begs Wightwick sometimes to tell him something about theatrical matters, as he hears naught.

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Caroline Fox to Aunt Charles Fox.

"*Penjerrick, July* 19.—Anna Maria says you wish to see this book (Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling'), so here it is. That it is calculated to draw fresh obloquy on the subject of it, is a very secondary consideration to the fact that it is a book likely to do much harm to Carlyle's wide enthusiastic public. It is painful enough to see the memorial of his friend made the text for utterances and innuendoes from which one *knows* that he would now shrink even more than ever, and God alone can limit the mischief. But He can. That the book is often brilliant and beautiful, and more human-hearted than most of Carlyle's, will make it but the more read, however little the world may care for the subject of the memoir. The graphic parts and the portraiture are generally admirable, but not by any means always so; however, you will judge for yourselves."

December 3.—Great news stirring in that volcanic Paris. The President has dissolved the Assembly and appealed to the people and the army; he establishes universal suffrage, and has arrested his political opponents Cavaignac, Changarnier, Thiers,

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and some thirty or forty others. The French world seems quite dazzled by his audacity, and is quiet; to be sure, the streets are thickly guarded by military, the opposition journals seized, and no political meetings allowed. How will it end? Shall we have a Cromwell Junior, or will blood flow there again like water? | One learns to give thanks for being born in England. |

December 29.—C. Enys told us of Sir John Franklin, shortly before leaving home the last time, lying on a sofa and going to sleep. Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, when he awoke in great trepidation, saying, "Why, there's a flag thrown over me; don't you know that they lay the Union Jack over a corpse!"

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CHAPTER XVIII.

1852.

" The welcome news is in the letter found,
It speaks itself."—DRYDEN.

Caroline Fox to Elizabeth T. Carne.

" *Penjerrick, April* 14, *Easter Tuesday.*—I wish I could as fully enter into the conclusion of thy sentence, 'To me Easter is an especially cheerful time —a remembrance and a pledge of conquest over death in every shape.' I wish I could always *feel* it so; for we may without presumption. But human nature quails under the shadow of death, when those we dearly love are called hence at even such a time as this. And but one Easter Tuesday passed between the departure of two most attached sisters on this very day, and as it comes round year by year the human sorrow *will not* be entirely quenched in the resurrection joy.

" Thanks many and warm for thy dear little apropos-of-a-scold note: I so liked what thou said

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of the caution which should always be observed in writing, because I had never distinctly thought of it before, and have been grieved at being taken quite *au pied de la lettre* sometimes, when I meant my lecture to have a smile and a kiss at each end, and two in the middle.

"Excellent news,[1] first from Vigo, then from Lisbon, has set our hearts a-dancing. They had a long voyage, thanks to adverse winds, but suffered far less than they or we had feared. They had pleasant fellow-voyagers, and were able to read, write, and draw, and digest deep draughts of Scandinavian archæology from the Portuguese Minister to Denmark and Sweden, with whom they seem to have fraternised. They were charmed with a before six o'clock walk through Vigo, with the Atlantic waves, with the entrance to Lisbon, the massive cypress grove in the Protestant cemetery, and their own flower-full garden and charming lodgings. They have already received much kindness, and are disposed to receive much more.

[1] From her Father and his party, who had been deputed by a Meeting of the Society of Friends to visit some members of the Portuguese Government and urge their keeping the treaty with England, in which they promised to prevent the Slave Trade in their African Settlements, this promise being constantly evaded by the Traders.

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"Of Slavery matters more anon; of course, there is not much to report on yet, but things look cheery in some quarters."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*May* 11.—How pleasant it is to go on abusing each other, instead of being always on one's Ps and Qs, with one's hair brushed and one's shoes on one's feet. But was not that old Druid circle itself a Faith-Institution in its day? Only the idea has developed (!) of late into Orphan Asylums and some other things. Worship and Sacrifice those old stones still witness to; but now, instead of slaying their children on the altar, a Higher than Thor or Woden has taught His priests and priestesses to rescue them and bid them live to Him. Still, there was faith in an invisible and almighty Power, so strong that they were willing to sacrifice their dearest and their best to propitiate it. With them, too, I suppose it was conceived as a question of Vocation. The victim must be the appointed one; the day, the hour auspicious. Poor Druids! and Poor Us! on the threshold of what confusion do we stand continually, even with the Light of Heaven shining clearly above us, and the Book of our Pil-

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grimage in our hand. But we must be for ever explaining and dogmatising and speaking of the things of God in the words of man; and so we have to be rebuked for our presumption, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, but always so as most effectually to humble our conceit, and make us crave for others and for ourselves the indispensable blessing of an ever-present Teacher and Guide."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*June* 25.—. . . We have one of the best, if not the absolutely best (excuse me), women in England now staying with us—sound, clear-headed, thoughtful, religious; she has performed the difficult duties of a sad-coloured life with thankful and cheerful energy, and a blessed result in the quarter which lay next her heart. Of course she is one of our family, but *any one* might hug Louisa Reynolds, for she is worthy of all honour and love. It may be very stimulating or very humbling to come in contact with such people, or, better still, it may lead one to forget self for half an hour.

"There is a slight movement—such a slight one thus far!—for engaging a true friend for the navvies who may be expected shortly to descend upon us.

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They have been proved by analytic experiment to be human and malleable, and I trust it may be arranged for a wise Christian man to continue to carry on this class of experiment. . . . Are you in for any election interests? A curious Purity-experiment is being tried here, which a good deal engages speculative minds just now. The young candidate, T. G. Baring, the subject or object of this experiment, is very popular."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*August* 11.—But thou dost not absolutely forbid our telling thee that we *do* enter into your sorrow, . . . and would commend it and you to the compassion of Him who knows all the depths, and in His own way and time will either relieve the suffering, or else enable you to bear it in that deep and awful and trustful submission to His will, in which alone the spirit can be taught and strengthened to endure. 'He openeth the ear to discipline,' and oh how endlessly does He bless the docile learner!

"A very dear friend of ours, who was called on to resign, first her husband, then one grown-up child after another, and who did resign them, as one who knew that her Lord loved them more than

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she could do, heard suddenly that her youngest son had died at Malta after a day or two's illness. The others she had lost had long known the beauty of holiness; but this youngest—oh! this was hard to bear. She almost sank under it; still her faith did not fail her; all her prayers for him *could* not have been wasted; what she knew not now, she might be permitted to know hereafter. And so, though well-nigh crushed, she would not lose her confidence that the Hand of Love had mixed this cup also. About a year passed, when a little parcel reached her containing this son's Bible which he had with him to the last, and in it were many texts marked by him, which spoke such comfort to her heart as she had little dreamed was ever meant for her.

"My dear Elizabeth, God has fitting consolation for every trial, and He will not withhold that which is best for you. Coleridge says in one of his letters, 'In storms like these, that shake the dwelling and make the heart tremble, there is no middle way between despair and the yielding up the whole spirit unto the guidance of faith.' May He who pities you be very near you all, in this time of earnest need."

Dublin, August 18.—We landed safely on Dublin

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Pier after a very pleasant passage. A thunderstorm marched grandly over the Wicklow Mountains as we approached. We soon found ourselves at the Lloyds' hospital home, the Chevalier Neukomm being a new feature among them.

August 19.—He brought down to breakfast a little canon he has composed for the ceremony of to-day—the laying the foundation-stone of Kilcrony (the Lloyds' new house). The words chosen are, "Except the Lord build," &c.; and this he has arranged for four voices. There is a great contrast between Professor Lloyd and the Chevalier in their principle of judgment on large subjects. The texts of the latter are from the gospel of Experience, those of the former from the New Testament. But Neukomm's judgment of individuals is noble and generous, only to the masses everywhere he denies the guidance of any principle: self-interest and ambition he thinks the motive power of every national movement to which we would give a higher origin, and he thinks he sees distinctly that a nation is always the worse for it. But then he lived for twenty years with Talleyrand—twenty years of the generous and hopeful believing part of his life. He speaks affectionately of the latter, he was so kind

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and considerate to his servants, so friendly to his friends, so devoted to France, though true to no Frenchman and no Dynasty. He cared not at all for music, but Neukomm gave some instruction to his niece. At Rome, Neukomm became acquainted with the Bunsens, and what a change of intimates it was for him!

August 21.—The Lloyds took us to Mullagh Mast, where Daniel O'Connell held his last monster meeting just before he was arrested; it is a large amphitheatre, on very high ground commanding the view of seven counties.

August 23.—Went to Parsonstown. Lord Rosse was very glad to see the Lloyds, and very kind to all the party. It was a great treat to see and hear him amongst his visible powers, all so docile and obedient, so facile in their operations, so grand in aim and in attainment. We walked about in the vast tube, much at our ease, and examined the speculum, a duplicate of which lies in a box close by: it has its own little railroad, over which it runs into the cannon's mouth. There are small galleries for observers, with horizontal and vertical movements which you can direct yourself, so as to bring you to the eye-piece of the leviathan. This telescope takes

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cognisance of objects fifteen degrees east and west of the meridian, which is more than usual in large instruments, but observations near the horizon are worth little on account of the atmospheric influences. The three and a half foot telescope goes round the whole circle, and there is a third instrument at hand, under cover, for the most delicate results. Then Lord and Lady Rosse showed us the foundry, the polishing-shop, &c., and Professor Lloyd gave the story of the casting, under the very tree which caught fire on that occasion, and by the oven where the fiery flop was shut up for six weeks to cool, before they could tell whether it had succeeded or not. Lord Rosse's presence of mind in taking a sledge-hammer and using it when a moment of hitch and despair arrived in the casting was a beautiful feature. We had tea, and were shown a multitude of sketches of nebulæ taken on the spot. Sir David Brewster was there, with his sagacious Scotch face, and his pleasant daughter. Whilst we were over our tea, news came of a double star being visible; so we were soon on the spot and gazing through the second glass at the exquisite pair of contrasted coloured stars, blue and yellow. The night was hazy, and the moon low and dim, which

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was a disappointment; but Lord Rosse kindly showed us a cluster of stars and a bit of the Milky Way through the great telescope: the very movement of its vast bulk in the darkness was a grand sight. After the British Association, a little party are coming here to inquire into the geology of the moon, and compare it with that of the earth, and in six weeks Otto Struvè is expected, when they mean to begin gauging the heavens. We left after midnight full of delight.

They tell all manner of charming stories of Lord Rosse: of his conduct as a landlord, his patriotic employment of a multitude of people in cutting for an artificial piece of water, because work was very scarce; of his travelling in England long ago as Mr. Parsons, visiting a manufactory, and suggesting a simpler method of turning, so ingenious that the master invited him to dinner, and ended by offering him the situation of foreman in his works.

Killarney, August 25.—This evening we went into the coffee-room of our hotel, and enjoyed the minstrelsy of old Gaudsey the piper. He is a fine old fellow of eighty-nine, blind to the outward, but very open to the inward glories; for lights and shadows sweep over his face like cloud and sun-

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shine on a landscape. He is like Scott, and his face tells much of humour and pathos. He is just come from America, where he has paid a professional visit after listening to Jenny Lind in Dublin. There is something very touching in the remembrance of this old man, who looks as if intended for higher things than playing jigs and hornpipes for dancing waiters.

August 30.—Heard a pleasant story of the origin of one of the London Ragged Schools. Miss Howell took a room in a miserable district, and had her piano settled there; as she played plenty of little faces would come peering in, and she would ask them in altogether and play on to them. This went on day after day, until she had some books likewise on the spot, and easily coaxed her musical friends to take a little of her teaching, and the school soon became so large that it had to be organised and placed under regular teachers.

Belfast, September 2.—I was a good deal with the Sabines, who had a torrent of things to tell. The fourth volume of "Cosmos" will be coming out soon.[1] Humboldt sends Mrs. Sabine sheet by

[1] Lady Sabine gave us the English translation of "Cosmos," which is so well known and universally read.

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sheet as it comes from his printer. His flattering, courtier-like manner goes off when you are intimate with him, and he honestly disagrees with you where he sees cause.

September 4.—Colonel Sabine took us into the Ethnological Section of the B. A. Meeting whilst Petermann was reading his paper on the amount of animal life in the Arctic regions. As this had close reference to the probable fate of Franklin and his party, the interest was intense. Murchison, Owen, Sabine, and Prince de Canino all expressed themselves most earnest that the national search should be continued. It was a great treat to be present at this discussion, and to watch the eager interest with which they claimed their friend's life from science and from England. Canino, or Prince Bonaparte as he now chooses to be called, is a short man of ample circumference, a large head, sparkling good-humoured eyes, a mouth of much mobility, and a thorough air of *bonhomie*.

September 12.—On a beautiful starry night we steamed into Falmouth Harbour, which, with the earthly and heavenly lights reflected on its surface, looked as beautiful as Cornish hearts could desire. And then on reaching Penjerrick we had a welcome

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from our beloved Ones, on whom, too, earthly and heavenly light shines visible.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, September* 16.—It seems hard to comply with thy request and send thee a gossiping history of our Irish experiences. . . . But we will not join thy other well-meaning friends in speaking voiceless words of comfort. In His own time God Himself will be the Comforter, and till then, deep and awful submission, 'not to a dead fate, but to an infinitely loving will,' is the only fit state for any of us.

"But I am going to write about Ireland—if I can.

"We began with an interesting visit to our dear friends, the Lloyds, near Dublin. | Dr. Lloyd is like the most beautiful of Greek philosophers, with the purest, most loving Christianity superadded. He dwells in regions where all high things meet and are harmonised, where music, mathematics, and metaphysics find themselves but several expressions of one Law, and the Lawgiver the object of our simplest faith. | His wife is a lovely young creature; a steady thinker where that is needed,

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but playful, graceful, fascinating with those she loves. . . .

"Then we had the dear old Chevalier Neukomm, with his Æolian harps, and his *orgues expressives*, and his glorious improvisings: likewise his memories of the Haydns, of whom he had learnt; of Talleyrand, with whom he had almost lived for twenty years; of Niebuhr, and Bunsen, whose London house is his English home.

"Parsonstown was our first stopping-place, and there we had a really sublime treat in seeing Lord Rosse's telescopes, listening to his admirable explanations and histories of his experiences, watching his honest manly face, seeing the drawings of nebulæ and the cast of a lunar crater, which are the cherished pets of Lady Rosse, and finally being called from our coffee by the advent of a double star on a hazy night. These we watched through the three and a half foot telescope, and rejoiced in their contrasted colours of blue and yellow. Then through the monster (in the tube of which we all promenaded at once) we gazed at some groups of stars, but the moon, alas! was impenetrably veiled. The easy yet solemn movements of the vast machine, just visible in the

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starlight, was in itself a grand sight, quite poetical, even independently of its high purpose.

"From Parsonstown to Killarney, where we spent two days in floating about amid different forms of loveliness, enjoying each other's enjoyment almost as much as our own. It was very delicious, and we took it as idly as any Epicureans on record. Then a peep at Cork and its prosperities, and the very meritorious Exhibition which is open there. The show of Irish resources of various kinds was very cheering indeed, and the Art part of the Exhibition was extremely interesting. They had often brought together the earliest and latest work of some of their painters and sculptors, and left it to Thought to fill up the interval.

"Then back to Dublin, and a happy visit to our dear old friends the Lynes: Mrs. Lyne and her daughter Catherine, they alone are left to each other, the father and nine children being taken! But their union is but the more intense, and so unselfish! I have often fancied thee something like Catherine in character: I wonder whether it would feel so if you met. They were fresh from the Plunkets in Connemara, and they had no end of beautiful stories concerning the

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changes of sentiment in that region, and the evident consequences of such changes. Of course, out of the thousands who have become Protestant, many have no courage for martyrdom, and act accordingly; but the multitudes who remain staunch, spite of whipping, stoning, deprivation of employment, and often of their cabins too, is really wonderful. On to Belfast, where we stayed with a family of Friends before unknown to us, but who received and entertained us with the most unlimited kindness. Thou hast probably seen the accounts of the capital British Association Meeting in the newspapers, so I need not go blundering through it. I hope you have seen Dr. Robinson's speech at the end, which gave a *résumé* of the greatest interests of the Meeting. It was so beautiful! Owen's bone theory, Stokes's revelation of the invisible outside ray of the spectrum through the action of sulphate of quinine, Dr. Robinson and Lord Rosse on the nebulæ and telescope, and Colonel Chesney on the Euphrates Expedition, were amongst the most memorable incidents of the week. Then we paid a visit to the Armagh Observatory, and saw Saturn as we had only guessed him before; and we went to a

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flourishing village which, five years since, had been a waste, howling wilderness, but through the high-minded energy of our excellent host[1] has grown into a centre of civilisation for the whole neighbourhood, and a most happy, prosperous place, with its immense linen factory, beautiful schools, model houses for workmen, and lovely landscape of hill, valley, and water. Our host is retiring from the money-making part of the affair, that he may devote himself more entirely to the moral and religious welfare of the ten thousand people whom Providence has placed under his and his brother's guidance.

"Returned with the Lloyds for one night to their Castle, and then steamed home over calm seas."

Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling and her sister.

"*Falmouth, September* 29.—The story of your journey was very diverting; a severe test for the Equality and Fraternity theory certainly, but it

[1] Mr. Richardson, of Lisburn and Besbrook, near Newry. No public-house is allowed in this colony of 4000 people, with the result of peace and prosperity even at the present time (1881) of national excitement.

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is well to bring one's principles up hardy. Social Reforms, born, nurtured, and matured in a boudoir, are very apt to die there too, I fancy.

"We are in the thick of a very pleasant Polytechnic. The Art Exhibition is better, they say, than in any previous year; nevertheless, they have not hesitated to give Anna Maria two bronze medals—one for a wave in the Bay of Biscay, the other for her Lisbon Sketch-Book; and, moreover, a public compliment was paid them, which I am almost apt to fancy well deserved. A great attraction is a vast working model of a mine, which has taken the poor man eight years to execute, and cost him £200. There are a prodigious number of figures, all duly engaged in mining operations, and most of them with distinct movements of their own. It is extremely ingenious and entertaining.

"Yesterday we had a crowd of pleasant visitors, too numerous to mention, but almost all adjourned early to a Polytechnic Conversazione, where Uncle Charles, J. Punnett, and Papa held forth on various topics, much to the edification of the audience; and the orations were interspersed with lively little discussions, when every one felt free to put in a word.

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"I wish you could all see the submarine experiences of Professor Blank, which have received a Polytechnic medal. They are deliciously witty thoughts, most beautifully executed in little pen-and-ink sketches. The Professor has found out a plan of living under water, and proceeds accordingly with his sketch-book under his arm, his camp-stool in his hand, and a look of lively observation on his countenance. He begins by paying his court to Neptune, who receives him graciously, and regales him with sea-eggs and jelly-fish. He is soon after that in great danger from an anchor being pulled up and catching in his clothes; he too involuntarily ascends, but happily a sword-fish cuts the cable in two, and he is again at liberty. Then he sits on an oyster-bed and sketches a mermaid, who is reckoned a diving-belle of pre-eminent beauty; but the oysters don't like being sat upon, and creep out of bed before the Professor is prepared for it. Then he makes acquaintance with a Hermit Crab, who shakes hands with him with unexpected fervour. He rides a sea-horse, and though an ostler gives him the common counsel, 'Giv' 'im his head and he'll go easy,' our good Professor has painfully to enact John Gilpin the second. He gazes enraptured

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at the star (fishes), but the sea-urchins (uncommonly like land ones) make sad sport of his serious air. He finds a beautiful Pearl, and is just picking it up with the greatest glee, when the Mother of Pearl appears and drives him triumphantly from the field, giving the first instance on record of an unmitigated Submarine Volcano. He has many other experiences, but they end at last in his appearing at the surface of the water, just in front of bathers, who scud into the machine in sore affright.

"We are very proud of the serpentine works sent this year, especially the inlaid groups of flowers, quite as good as the *pietra dura* of Florence."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 4.—. . . How art thou agreeing with the foreshadowing of winter, I wonder? It certainly has a metaphysical as well as physical influence on people in general, and suggests all sorts of feelings and thoughts, not necessarily sad, but certainly not gay. The dead leaves at our feet, and the skeleton trees above us, give us a sort of Infant-School lesson in human history, teaching us, moreover, to spell some syllables of the promise of being once more 'clothed upon' when the ap-

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pointed time shall come. And what shall we make of the evergreens? Yes, I think I know human evergreens too, whose change is but a translation to the regions for which they were created. . . .

"Of the 'Reformation Society' we know nothing, but unite with thee in believing St. Paul's affirmative method to be the Christian one. Oh, how often have I writhed under missionary boasts of having destroyed the faith of their *protégés* in that which had been holy to them, as though that first step were a great gain, even though no second one were firmly made! F. D. Maurice, on the contrary, helps each to feel how momentous and how fruitful is the Truth—it may be hidden, yet still living—in that form of Religion which you profess; and he points out how, by living earnestly in *it*, it expands and deepens, and by assimilating with other Truths displaces gradually all that is incompatible with it. And was our Lord's teaching destructive or creative in tone?" . . .

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 30.—Well, I have read those papers in *Fraser*. . . . Never mind, they will

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all come to think rightly some day, but through what processes of teaching, God only knows. May we but be willing to learn the truth at all costs, however the sharp corners of our prejudices may jog against it, or however it may disturb the easy quiet of Custom. I say *our* prejudices most honestly, for indeed I am very ready to believe that mine will be quite as roughly handled as other people's, and that I may have quite as many surprises as they when we are brought to see things *as they are*. Meanwhile, what we each have to do is to endeavour to walk steadily in the path which we clearly see straight before us; and when we come upon a perplexing ganglion of paths, wait patiently and take our bearings."

Falmouth, November 30.—At the Bank House, when enter Elihu Burritt, looking as beautifully refined an American Indian as ever. He has formed a little Peace Society here, with meetings, funds, books, and a secretary; and has cleverly managed to persuade the editors of many influential foreign newspapers to give constant insertion to its little "Olive leaf," which is well. He gave a lecture at the Polytechnic on the extension of the penny-postage

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system. It was conclusively argumentative and well buttressed with facts, statistical, financial, and social. Our ragged boys in the gallery quite agreed with him, and the feeling of the meeting crystallised into a petition.

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CHAPTER XIX.

1853.

"Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?"—SHAKESPEARE.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, January* 19.—MY DEAR E.,—It's only I, but never mind. Neither do I like either to be or to appear ungrateful, and so with all my heart thank thee for my share in the two last despatches. It is a long time to go back to the first of them, with its triumphant refutation of Kingsley's 'Miracles Made Easy,' Ireland's claims on the best feelings of England, and several other popular fallacies, with neither the pros or cons of which I am sufficiently acquainted to enter the lists with thee. As for 'Alton Locke,' I totally forget all the miraculous part, and only read it as an intensely, frightfully practical book, and bought a more expensive pair of boots in consequence!

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"And as for Ireland, poor dear impracticable Ireland, let us be thankful that we are not made governors over one city. The state of the North, especially as we saw it around Belfast, proved that the problem of introducing order into that chaos is not one for absolute despair; a mixture of races, and steady employment, and energetic wills, and benevolent hearts, have done wonders there in a very few years, without many Staffordine executions or despotisms, as far as I could hear of. . . .

"I wish thou wouldst always choose Monday for writing to us, and then we should get those Sunday thoughts which surely ought to have a vent before those woeful account-books give a comfortless direction to thy ideas. I feel for thee amongst them from the bottom of my heart—for am not I the Treasurer of the Industrial Society, and do my accounts ever balance?

"We have just had a long visit from a Prussian sailor-friend of ours from the Sailors' Home, called Kisting: he is a ship's carpenter, who fell from the mast and broke leg and hand, but is now nicely mended. He is quite a man of education, and is delighted to have books; moreover, we have taught him to read as well as talk a little English

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during his dreary confinement, and I was excessively charmed at receiving a lovely, graceful little note from his sister, thanking us for the small kindnesses shown to him. He is thoroughly with *us* in thinking the manufacture of war machines 'unnatural and unchristian,' and he said when he saw two cannons taken on board ship, with great circumstance, and heard the clergy pronouncing their blessings on them, 'I felt that it was not right.' . . .

"Does Friendship really go on to be more a pain than a pleasure? I doubt it; for even in its deepest sorrows there is a joy which makes ordinary 'pleasure' a very poor meaningless affair. No, no; we need never be scared from the very depths of Friendship by its possible consequences. The very fact of loving another more than yourself is in itself such a blessing, that it seems scarcely to require any other, and puts you in a comfortable position of independence." . . .

January 29.—Barclay is at the Manchester Peace Conference, which is going on capitally; it is in a practical tone, though held in a very financial atmosphere. He followed Cobden unexpectedly

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in a speech, and got through it well, describing the origin of the Peace Society, and telling the story of a French Privateer letting a captured ship loose on finding that its owner was a Friend.

February 7.—Kisting (from the Sailors' Home) is staying with us. He talked of Humboldt, and how, during the uproar of '48, the mob rushed from house to house taking possession, at last came to Humboldt's; he opened wide the door and answered, "Oh yes, come in and take what you can find. I have always been glad to do what I can for you; I am Humboldt." It acted like magic to see the simply clad, white-haired old man, standing there with his kind arms extended; and when they heard the name they loved so well, they felt only as children who saw their father before them.

February 20.—Received letters about the sad attempt at insurrection at Milan. Mazzini left England with little hope, but the affair was hurried on by the Milanese declaring that if he would not direct them they must direct themselves. It was discovered forty-eight hours before it was designed to explode, on which Mazzini sent expresses to stop the movement in other towns;

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those in Milan chose to die fighting rather than on the scaffold. Mazzini and Saffi, though not apprehended, must yet be in great danger in those parts, and Mrs. Carlyle says he took leave of her as one who never expected to see her again; he kissed her and said, "Be strong and good until I return," and he seemed to go from a sense of duty rather than of hope. It is a most grievous error.

March 10.—As we turned the corner of a lane during our walk, a man and a bull came in sight; the former crying out, "Ladies, save yourselves as you can!" the latter scudding onwards slowly but furiously. I jumped aside on a little hedge, but thought the depth below rather too great—about nine or ten feet; but the man cried "Jump!" and I jumped. To the horror of all, the bull jumped after me. My fall stunned me, so that I knew nothing of my terrible neighbour, whose deep autograph may be now seen quite close to my little one. He thought me dead, and only gazed without any attempt at touching me, though pacing round, pawing and snorting, and thus we were for about twenty minutes. The man, a kind soul but no hero, stood on the hedge above, charging me from time to time not to move.

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Indeed, my first recollection is of his friendly voice. And so I lay still, wondering how much was reality and how much dream; and when I tried to think of my situation, I pronounced it too dreadful to be true, and certainly a dream. Then I contemplated a drop of blood and a lump of mud, which looked very real indeed, and I thought it very imprudent in any man to make me lie in a pool — it would surely give me rheumatism. I longed to peep at the bull, but was afraid to venture on such a movement. Then I thought, I shall probably be killed in a few minutes, how is it that I am not taking it more solemnly? I tried to do so, seeking rather for preparation for death than restoration to life. Then I checked myself with the thought, It's only a dream, so it's really quite profane to treat it in this way; and so I went on oscillating. There was, however, a rest in the dear will of God which I love to remember; also a sense of the simplicity of my condition— nothing to do to involve others in suffering, only to endure what was laid upon me. To me the time did not seem nearly so long as they say it was: at length the drover, having found some bullocks, drove them into the field, and my bull,

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after a good deal of hesitation, went off to his own species. Then they have a laugh at me that I stayed to pick up some oranges I had dropped before taking the man's hand and being pulled up the hedge; but in all this I acted as a somnambulist, with only fitful gleams of consciousness and memory.

April 3.—Cobden is so delighted with Barclay's tract, "My Friend Mr. B.,"[1] that he requests it

[1] MY FRIEND MR. B.

In the course of my rambles I fell in with a gentleman living in an isolated part of the country, a man of much influence in his district. He lived in comfortable style, farming his own estate and deriving an additional income from some mills and water frontage where his tenants carried on a thriving trade, supplying the wants of the neighbourhood and their own likewise. He was a liberal landlord, and was heartily beloved both by the tenantry and the people of the village; whilst his unswerving integrity, a certain old-fashioned simplicity, and the kindliness of his disposition, secured him the respect of all who knew him.

I spent several days under his roof, and much enjoyed his hearty hospitality. His opinions appeared to me sound and liberal; his religious convictions, though not often obtruded, were simple and sincere, and his companionable qualities (when the ice was once broken) suited my taste exactly. What struck me, however, as a strange inconsistency, irreconcilable with his good sense, was the indulgence of a most expensive whim, which was for ever counteracting the generous impulses of his heart.

In addition to the servants who performed all the duties of the

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may be printed on good paper and sent to every

house, it was his fancy to keep a large retinue in scarlet and blue liveries with gold lace and topknots and other finery, who seemed to me about as idle a set of fellows as you could meet with in a summer's day. A part of them waited on him and his guests as a sort of guard of honour; two of them always stood before the front door;—some were stationed about the park to strike terror into poachers, others were housed at the outlying farms to guard the poultry from depredation; whilst a large number sat in the servants' hall, drinking their master's beer and flirting with the maids.

I could not help observing how much the cost of this establishment interfered with the promptings of his liberal nature. He was applied to for a contribution towards a new schoolhouse in the village, the old one not being able to contain half the children that required teaching; the good old gentleman took a £10 note from his pocket, saying he wished to see all the children taught to read and write, but his eye fell on a memorandum of wages due, and he gave £5 instead. So it was with the Missionary box, and the Bible Society, and the repairs of the church; each collector seemed to me to take his donation with a look which implied that more was expected.

I regretted it much for his reputation's sake, and one day after dinner, when he had taken his glass of claret, and had grown communicative, I led the conversation to the subject of income and expenditure. By degrees he told me exactly how he stood, which surprised me not a little. His total income, he said, arising from land, quay dues, and turnpike tolls, amounted to about £5000 a year, but unfortunately his father having been extravagant, had burdened the property with a mortgage of £80,000, the interest of which amounted to £2,800, leaving him little more than £2,200 a year for all his expenses.

I asked him whether he had ever calculated the cost of his bodyguard and the rest of that retinue, independent of the servants who did all the housework. He winced a little at the question, but

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member of the two Houses, which is to be done.

added it up on his fingers,—wages, so much; liveries, so much; blunderbusses, so much; living, so much. Altogether it amounted to about £1500 a year, he said, looking, I thought, rather silly.

I could not help asking him whether he did not think the cost of such a retinue somewhat out of proportion to his other expenses? and whether it did not make too heavy a pull on his income for comfort?

To the latter question he readily assented, but asked helplessly, What *could* he do? His father had always kept it up, and to reduce the old establishment would imply that he was going down hill. Besides, most of the gentry in the neighbourhood did the same. Indeed, a gentleman lately come into a fine property in the next parish had a much larger retinue than himself. The former owner and his father had been on bad terms, and their servants actually came to blows. As to the present man, he had no quarrel with him, but he was constantly told that there *would* be one, and that if he didn't keep up a strong force his house would surely be broken into one of these dark nights; and really, though he himself thought such a thing very unlikely, yet it had been so dinned into his ears that he hardly knew what to believe.

I inquired whether he and his neighbour were on visiting terms.

"Oh yes," he said, "we dine at each other's houses, and when any of my people happen to go to his place they are sure to get plenty to eat and drink, and are asked to see the gardens, and all that sort of thing: and if any of his people come here, why of course we do the best we can to make them comfortable."

"Is there any question between you about boundary fences, or waste land, or anything of that sort?" said I.

"Oh no," replied he, "the canal lies between our estates, which makes a first-rate boundary; there's no chance of any dispute about that."

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Interesting letter from Henry F. Barclay from

"Then do your interests clash in any way?" I asked.

"No," said he; "on the contrary, I buy his flour for all my fancy bread; his mill grinds finer than mine does. That claret you are drinking I bought of him—(I'll thank you to pass the decanter)—It's quite certain he would gain nothing by picking a quarrel with me, and I can hardly bring myself to believe that he thinks of such a thing."

Having gone so far, I felt justified in appealing to my friend's good sense and right feeling. I tried to show him that it was not reasonable to apprehend anything like outrage or unprovoked insult from a neighbour who lived on friendly terms with him, one with whom he had no dispute whatever, moreover whose interest as a merchant would be seriously injured by any interruption of their friendship. I represented that the mere suspicion of such a thing almost amounted to an insult, as it classed him among brigands and savages, who respected no law but their appetite for plunder, without regard to consequences. In short, I urged the point so strongly that he seemed more than half ashamed of having ever entertained such a suspicion; so we changed the subject.

I inquired what were the duties he expected from this retinue of his, for as far as I could make out they seemed more designed for show than for use.

He admitted that there was some truth in the observation, most of the upper servants being literally paid for doing nothing; but then they spent a great deal of it in *tobacco*, and he made his tenant pay him pretty heavy quay-dues on that article, so it was not *all* lost. Some of them, he said, had to help his gamekeepers occasionally in affrays with poachers; and some who were stationed on an outlying farm had come to blows with a gang of gipsies who persisted in occupying a piece of waste land much too near the poultry-yard; whether they were driven out of the neighbourhood or not he was unable to say.

"But surely," said I, "if you *must* keep such a number of fine

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Paris, with an account of the dinner at the Tuileries

young fellows, it is a sad injury to them to train them to a life of idleness, whilst their labour might be of great value to the estate."

"Why, I have thought of that," said he, "and if the fellows would only consent to it, I have work enough for them to do. They could drain yonder great moor in six months, they might double all my crops by spade-husbandry; but bless you, it's no use to think of such a thing; they would strike every man of them rather than come down to farm-work."

"I should not give them the chance," said I; "I should pay them off *first* (some of them, I mean) and offer them work afterwards; when once out of their smart liveries, they would be as glad of steady work and wages as another."

The old gentleman rubbed his forehead, uncrossed and recrossed his legs, gazed hopelessly at the ceiling, and ended with a long sigh.

At length he said, "Between ourselves, there *is* no getting at the truth of it. When I said something about a reduction years ago, they persuaded me that I shouldn't be safe in my bed if I were to attempt such a thing, and now they have grown so big that I hardly know which *is* master, they or I."

"I think," I continued, "that if you and your neighbour could come to a friendly understanding to dismiss say ten per cent. each of your retinues, that it would ease both your pockets to that extent, and would meet that argument of theirs about the risk to be apprehended from each other's propensity to plunder and cut throats which your respective servants have obviously strong motives for propagating."

"Ah," said he, "that would do it, I know, but it's a much more delicate operation than you fancy; it would be worth trying, if I were sure to succeed, but if not—— Why, the very same thing was proposed once by a mutual friend of ours, but it somehow got to my servants' ears, and you have no idea what an outcry it excited. I hardly dared to look the fellows in the face for months after. On

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given to the Deputation from the Commercial Community of London to the Emperor.[1] It was

the whole I thought, for *peace' sake*, it was better to let them have their own way."

"Come then," said I, "I have one other idea to suggest, and then I've done. Suppose your neighbour and you were just to agree not to hire any *fresh* hands, and leave the old ones to the course of nature; this would be a slower remedy, but you see your present servants could not complain, and the cure would be gradual, but certain. You mightn't benefit much by the saving yourself, but it's clear your children would."

He promised to think this over, and as the mode of reduction is only negative, there may be some chance of his adopting it.

Some of my readers will doubtless have recognised an old friend in the gentleman I have been describing; and those who have enjoyed, as I have, the friendship of Mr. JOHN BULL, cannot fail to regret that his means of usefulness should be so seriously cramped; and they will be acting the part of true friends if they will use what influence they possess to lessen his gratuitous burdens, and to emancipate his judgment from so expensive a crotchet.

[1] LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE LONDON MERCHANTS.—On Easter Monday, at half-past one o'clock, the Emperor of the French received at the Tuileries the deputation of the merchants of London.

The Ministers of State, of Foreign Affairs, and of the Interior were present.

The deputation was composed of Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P., Sir Edward N. Buxton, Bart., Mr. Samuel Gurney, Mr. W. Gladstone, Mr. J. D. Powles, Mr. Glyn, Mr. Dent, Mr. Barclay, and Mr. Masterman.

Sir James Duke addressed the Emperor in the following terms:—

"Sire, We have the honour and the gratification to appear before your Majesty for the purpose of presenting to your Majesty, and to the French nation, a declaration from the commercial com-

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a small party; the Emperor and Empress, with three ladies, joined them in the Empress's drawing-room, and they were not at all prepared to see so

munity of the metropolis of the British Empire, embodying the sentiments of amity and respect by which they are animated towards their brethren of France.

"The circumstances which have called forth this declaration being fully stated in the declaration itself, bearing the signatures of upwards of 4000 of the merchants, bankers, and traders of London, we have only to add the expression of our conviction that this document conveys at the same time a faithful representation of the feelings of the people of England at large.

"In conclusion, Sire, we beg to express to your Imperial Majesty our fervent hope that, under your reign, France and England may be always united in a friendly and mutually beneficial intercourse, and that from the friendship of these two great nations results may ensue favourable to the peace of the world and the happiness of mankind."

The hon. baronet then read the following, which he afterwards presented to His Imperial Majesty:—

"DECLARATION OF THE MERCHANTS, BANKERS, TRADERS, AND OTHERS OF LONDON.—We, the undersigned merchants, bankers, traders, and others of London, feel ourselves called upon at this time publicly to express the concern with which we learn, through various channels of information, that an impression exists in the minds of the people of France that feelings of an unfriendly character are entertained towards them by the people of England.

"We think it right emphatically to declare that we believe no such feelings exist on the part of the English people towards the people of France. We believe the welfare of both nations to be closely interwoven, as well in a mutually advantageous and commercial intercourse as in a common participation in all the improvements of art and science.

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lovely a creature. Their Majesties preceded them in to dinner and sat side by side, Lord and Lady Cowley flanking them; it was a real pleasure to see

"Rejoicing in the reflection that nearly forty years have passed since the final cessation of hostilities between France and England, we record our conviction that European wars should be remembered only to be deplored, for the sacrifice of life and treasure with which they were attended—the hindrances they interposed to all useful enterprise and social advancement—the angry and unchristian feelings which they evoked in their progress—and the heavy financial burdens which they left behind them at their close,—considerations which supply the most powerful motives to every individual in the European community to avoid, and to oppose by every means in his power, whatever may tend to cause the recurrence of such evils.

"We desire to remark, that if, in that expression of opinion on public questions which the press of this country is accustomed to exercise, it is found occasionally to speak with apparent harshness of the Government or the institutions of other States, the same is not to be understood in a spirit of national hostility, or as desiring to give offence. We feel that with the internal policy or mode of government which the French nation may think good to adopt for itself it is not for British subjects to interfere, further than heartily to desire that it may result in peace and happiness to all interested therein.

"We conclude this declaration by proclaiming our earnest desire for the long continuance of cordiality and goodwill between Frenchmen and Englishmen, our determination to do all in our power to uphold the same, and our fervent hope that the inhabitants of both nations may in future only vie with each other in cultivating the arts of peace and in extending the sources of social improvement for their common benefit."

His Majesty replied in English:—

"I am extremely touched by this manifestation. It confirms

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the husband and wife quite flirting together, as happy as birds. After dinner, when they all returned to the drawing-room, the Emperor and Empress separately went about conversing pleasantly with all the different guests; the Empress on the Exhibition and the improvements around Paris, and the Emperor and Samuel Gurney on the state of the country, the good the Deputation had done, the difficulty of understanding the state of things around you until cleared up by inquiring of Ministers, the mischief of the tone taken by some of the English papers; the difference between the nature of the two countries. "In France," said the Emperor, "revolutions are easy, but reforms slow,

me in the confidence with which the good sense of the English nation has always inspired me. During the long stay I made in England I admired the liberty she enjoys,—thanks to the perfection of her institutions. Nevertheless, at one period last year I feared that public opinion was misled with regard to the true state of France and her sentiments towards Great Britain. But the good faith of a great people cannot be long deceived, and the step which you now take is a striking proof of this.

"Ever since I have held power my efforts constantly tend to develop the prosperity of France. I know her interests; they are not different from those of all other civilised nations. Like you, I desire peace; and, to make it sure, I wish, like you, to draw closer the bonds which unite our two countries."

The deputation then retired.

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almost impossible; in England reforms are steady and certain, but revolutions can never be accomplished."

London, May 4.—To the Bible Meeting. Dr. Cumming was most felicitous in language and illustration; Hugh M'Neile very brilliant and amusing on Tradition *versus* Scripture; then an American Bishop and his friend spoke as a deputation. Dr. Binney, in a clever, free-and-easy speech, sympathised with them (on slavery being still an institution in their country); and Mrs. H. B. Stowe, being present in a side gallery, gave great piquancy to these remarks, and the room was in a tumult of sympathy.

May 8.—Charles Gilpin took us to a presentation of Shakespeare, by 9000 working Englishmen, to Kossuth.[1] We were in a little orchestra with

[1] "On the 17th of November 1852, Douglas Jerrold wrote to the Editor of the *Daily News* the following letter:—

"'SIR,—It is written in the brief history made known to us of Kossuth, that in an Austrian prison he was taught English by the words of the teacher Shakespeare. An Englishman's blood glows with the thought that, from the quiver of the immortal Saxon, Kossuth has furnished himself with those arrowy words that kindle as they fly—words that are weapons, as Austria will know. Would it not be a graceful tribute to the genius of the man who has stirred our nation's heart to present to him a copy of Shakespeare? To

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Madame Kossuth, who is an anxious, care-worn, but refined-looking woman, with very prominent eyes. Her husband is a very manly-looking Saxon, with clear blue eyes and much openness of expression; he was in his Hungarian dress, and the people were in incontrollable excitement at his entrance. Lord Dudley Stuart was in the chair, and contrived cleverly to bespeak a loyal tone to the meeting, which was certainly in a most democratic spirit. Then old, rather crabbed-looking Douglas Jerrold presented Shakespeare's house and works in a very good, though, of course, intensely eulogistic, speech.

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do this I would propose a penny subscription. The large amount of money obtained by these means, the cost of the work itself being small, might be expended on the binding of the volumes, and on a casket to contain them. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who would rejoice thus to endeavour to manifest their gratitude to Kossuth for the glorious words he has uttered among us—words that have been as pulses to the nation.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.'

"This idea was caught up at once, and the author of it went enthusiastically through all the trouble of collecting the people's pence. Months were spent, but the money came in. And the volumes were bought, and sent to be bound. Then for the casket, for there was yet money to spare. Another idea! It should be a model of Shakespeare's house in inlaid woods, all beautifully worked. The casket was accordingly made, and a meeting was called for the 8th of May 1853, to present the gift of the nation to Kossuth."—*Vide* "Life of Douglas Jerrold," by his Son, pp. 251, 252, &c.

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Kossuth replied wonderfully; his language so well chosen, and pronounced with such emphasis and point: his attitudes were quiet and unstudied, and he impressed one with vastly more respect than we had ever felt for him before. He described his first introduction to our language when in prison and utterly alone, not seeing the trees or the sky; he begged that a book might be granted him. "Very well, if not on politics." "May I have an English Shakespeare, grammar, and dictionary?" These were given, and so he laboured and pored for a while, till light broke in and a new glory streamed into his captive life.

‖ *Penzance, August* 27.—At the Land's End breathing in the beauty of the scene. I could not help rather wishing myself in the Longships Lighthouse, with Duty so clearly defined and so really important, yet so much time left for one's own meditations. ‖

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, October* 3.—Thy most welcome letter would have been acknowledged much sooner, but I had such a mass and variety of everybody's business to attend to as quite bewildered my poor

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little mind. Now, however, the pressure from without has greatly abated, and poor little mind aforesaid is, I really hope, getting into a more tidy and manageable condition. . . .

"Our winter looks a little disjointed,[1] but they are all so anxious to see the simply right course to take, that I have no doubt of the dissected map being put neatly together before long. Jane has all her children in the North except little Gurney, who is my heart's delight, and a perfect mass of sunshine to us. I have never before had a child thrown so much on my care, and most delicious I find the tender little dependence. And then I have also the very new and very exalting experience of my presence or absence being absolutely a matter of importance to one dear human being. And oh how much that dear mother and I do make of each other! . . . Maurice's new book, 'Theological Essays,' is a great event to me. . . . It fills one with ponderings on large subjects, and I trust he helps one to ponder them in a large and trustful spirit, or, at least, to desire to do so. In his special results there is plenty of matter for difference as

[1] This refers to her brother's health being delicate, and he and his wife having to leave their children and go abroad.

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well as agreement, but for the spirit in which he seeks them—thank God."

Caroline Fox to J. M. Backhouse.

"*Penjerrick, November* 2.—Pray thank Aunt Charles for the sight of the enclosed portrait of the Stevensons. How incalculable is the national importance of one such genuine Christian family. Tell her that the King's College Council has decided *against* F. D. Maurice, proclaiming him (as Socrates before him) a dangerous teacher for youth! This may probably be but the beginning of ordeals for the brave and faithful soul. He has expected it for months, but it comes at last as a very painful blow. His beautiful book, 'The Kings and Prophets of the Old Testament,' dedicated to your friend Thomas Erskine in such a lovely letter, seems to me an admirable preparation for his present discipline. But I imagine him in deep anxiety lest party spirit and revenge should be awakened in the hearts of those who feel how much they owe him."

November 29.—The Enys's brought a very remarkable woman over here for several hours—

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Courtney Boyle, for twenty years Maid of Honour to Queen Adelaide, of whom she speaks with most reverent affection. Though now in years and most eccentric in dress, she is very beautiful and very charming. Her grey hair all flows back at its own sweet will, in utter ignorance of combs and hair-pins, and on the top is placed a broad-brimmed black beaver hat with a feather in it, which she often takes off and carries in her hand. She warbles and whistles like a bird, and was in thorough harmony with Nature and Uncle Joshua. As she stood on our bridge and looked at what is called the London road, she remarked, "The World is all very well in its place, but it has no business here." She often pays long visits to W. S. Landor, when he takes her back into the old times, and they have Dante and Beatrice and such like at table with them.

December 10.—Amelia Opie is gone Home, after an illness borne with much gentle peace and trust, and ended with severe bodily conflict. I have had a series of leave-takings amongst my cottage friends, and a dog and a cat followed me so pertinaciously that it was some trouble to dispense with them. And sitting down under the hedge, old Pascoe and

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I read of Christian and Hopeful passing over the River, and we looked across to the cottage of one who had long been trembling on its banks, but had now been carried over, and welcomed by the Shining Ones.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, December* 19.—. . . Oh! I love thy definition of Heroism right heartily, and thank thee for every word thou hast written on the subject. Speak it out boldly and often, for it is sorely needed in our egotistic day and generation. Strange indeed that Self should show its ugly face there, but most truly it does, and complicates our sense of right and duty often in the strangest fashion, sometimes in the fatalest way. The longer one lives—and I have lived a very long while—the more earnest, I think, our desires become for *simplicity* of judgment and of action; the simple *right*, even if it should be the *pleasant* too, rather than any morbid Sutteeism, into which one may be driven from mere dread of self-indulgence. . . . But Heroism surely implies self-forgetfulness: let Self be exalted or trampled under foot just as it may happen, but the deed must be done. . . . I have

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often been struck with precisely this state of things in Anna Maria, and accordingly she does habitually many fine little things, whilst perhaps I may be reading admirable treatises on self-sacrifice and wondering how best to apply them. And I believe she has no idea that she forgets Self. Heaven bless her!"

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CHAPTER XX.

1854.

"Oh seek no bliss but to fulfil,
In Life, in Death, His holy will."

"This couplet has been so perpetually running through my head that I may as well adopt it as my New Year's motto and watchword."—C.F.

Torquay, January 30.—Charles Kingsley called, but we missed him.

February 3.—We paid him and his wife a very happy call; he fraternising at once, and stuttering pleasant and discriminating things concerning F. D. Maurice, Coleridge, and others. He looks sunburnt with dredging all the morning, has a piercing eye under an overhanging brow, and his voice is most melodious and his pronunciation exquisite. He is strangely attractive.

February 25.—The St. Petersburg Peace Deputation has greatly flourished. They had half-an-hour's colloquy with the Czar, who talked very freely over European politics and told them of

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his pacific desires and bellicose necessities. He ended by shaking hands and saying, "You would like to see my wife." So they saw her, and she had evidently been watching the previous interview, for she told them that there were tears in the Czar's eyes as they spoke to him. He means to send a reply to the Address from the Society of Friends: every King looks over the precipice of War, but happily with far more of shuddering than heretofore.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, March* 18.—As for C. Kingsley, I can't half answer thy questions: we saw much more of his wife than himself, and of her rather intimately. He has rather the look which thou suggests *à priori*, but his wife's stories of him are delightful: the solemn sense of duty under which he writes, the confirming letters he has received from far and near from ardent young spirits, who thank him for having rescued them from infidelity. Such things console him greatly for being ranked amongst his country's plagues. 'Yeast' was the book which was written with his heart's blood; it was the outcome of circumstances, and cost him

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an illness. Thou knows that Anthony Froude, the author of the burnt 'Nemesis,' has become his brother-in-law.

"Hast thou read William Conybeare's clever paper on Church Parties in the October *Edinburgh?* We had the Low, High, and Broad admirably illustrated at Torquay—the Stevensons, the Kingsleys, and a family of very charming people, one of whom gave me a long discourse on the blessings of auricular confession. It is very delightful to get beneath all those crusty names and find the true human heart beating right humanly in each and all.

"The British fleet has reached Copenhagen. Such is to-day's news. The staff does not start till next week for Constantinople. . . . So neither Cobden's Doves, nor the fanatical Quakers, nor the European Powers are likely to interfere with what thou considers the right way of settling a Vexed Question. Poor Czar! what strange dreams he must have, and what a strange awakening!" . . .

March 27.—Judge Talfourd died suddenly on the Bench at Stafford after a striking charge, in which he dwelt on the lack of sympathy between

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the classes, and the fruitful source of crime which this proved—employers and employed holding a mechanical rather than a human relation to each other.

May 24.—Madame de Wette is staying with us, the widow of the well-known Professor.[1] She is lively, shrewd, warm-hearted, and with much knowledge of books and men. Professor Vinet was her dear friend, and of him she gives lovely scraps and sketches. She described an amusing evening she spent with the Emperor Alexander at her sister's house at Basle, where all etiquette was put aside and they were as happy as birds. She told him that they would hope to see him again at Basle, but with a smaller attendance (he was then on his way from Paris with 30,000 men).

[1] Professor de Wette, author of critical works on the Bible and Theology. That his teaching became more constructive than destructive is shown in the preface to his last book—"Commentary on the Apocalypse"—where he says: "In studying the Apocalypse, I have not learnt to prophesy; I cannot, therefore, know what is to be the future state of our beloved Evangelical Church: yet I do know one thing, that there is no salvation but in the name of Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ crucified; that for our Humanity there is nothing above, nothing beyond, the union of God and man realised in Him; that the reign of God founded by Him on earth is very far still from having entered into the life itself, even of those who justly are considered as being the most zealous and devoted Christians."

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June 5.—Some of Madame de Wette's stories are very characteristic of the men and their times. Her husband had once been accidentally received and kindly entertained by Sand's mother; so after the murder of Kotzebue, and the execution of the poor fanatic, he wrote a letter of comfort to the poor old lady, saying, that though a human tribunal could not but judge and condemn him, yet we might trust that God, who saw his intention, might judge differently and show him mercy. The Prussian Government was then in a very sensitive state, suspecting conspiracy against itself; so, on searching the poor old lady's papers and discovering this letter, they thought De Wette's politics unsatisfactory in a College Professor, and expelled him from Prussia. He and Schleiermacher had worked much together, so it was a sore wrench, and the students were half frantic at the loss of what they considered their best teacher; so he came to Basle, and there he was Theological Professor until he died. Before she married him she was staying with Vinet, and asked what he thought of De Wette's views on the non-eternity of punishment. He said, "I think Professor de Wette wrong, and he thinks me wrong; but we cannot tell which of us may be the

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mistaken one, and it is not a subject which need in any way separate true Christians."

One Saturday, when news came of some poor people being burnt out of house and home, she asked Vinet if she might spend Sunday in working for them, as she had nothing with her to give. "Well," he replied, "as I suppose your and my wife's tongues will be wagging all day, I cannot say that it will be any worse for your thumbs to wag too; so I leave it to your own convictions."

July 23.—We had a visit from Sir Charles Lemon and Dr. Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's. He is bowed down more with study than age, for his eyes are bright and keen, and have a depth of geniality and poetic feeling lying in them, overshadowed as they are by black shaggy eyebrows; the features are all good, and the mouth very mobile in form and expression. He is most friendly in manner and free in conversation; greatly open to admiring the beautiful world around him, and expressing himself with a poet's choice of language, and sometimes with a Coleridgean intoned emphasis. They are going to explore our coast, winding up with Tintagel, whither as a boy he was poetically attracted, and wrote a poem called "The City of Light,"

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made up of King Arthur, the Anglo-Saxons, and all sorts of things which he was utterly incompetent to put together. "And when is Arthur coming again?" said I, with a laudable desire for information. "He has come," was the reply; "we have had our second Arthur: can he be better represented than in the Duke of Wellington?"

The Dean used often to see and hear S. T. Coleridge, but his wonderful talk was far too unvaried from day to day; also, there were some absolute deficiencies in it, such as the total absence of wit; still it was very remarkable. "But," he added, "I used to be wicked enough to divide it into three parts: one third was admirable, beautiful in language and exalted in thought; another third was sheer absolute nonsense; and of the remaining third, I knew not whether it were sense or nonsense."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, July* 29.—MY DEAR E.,—Indeed I would have maintained a decent silence for some weeks, but then there is Mamma's gratitude about the fruit! and Papa's words concerning Madeira earths, which, lest I forget, I will here set down....

"If thou wert cross, I was assuredly wondrous

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pragmatical in my 'good advice;' well, I suppose to the world's end some must preach and others practise, for you can't expect either party to do double duty. . . .

"Uncle and Aunt Charles are just returned from their long and eventful absence. . . . She has brought home three little baby tortoises, most exquisite black demonettes an inch and a half long, with long tails, who, I have no doubt, often prove comforters. 'What am I doing—thinking—reading?' My dear E., very little of either. Taking Life far too easily, and enjoying it far too much—I mean the indolent part of it. The only book I shall chronicle is the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' which I read with the Tregedna cousins,—an exquisite and inspiring vision of persevering and successful struggle with the evil part of human nature; and H. Martineau's history of thirty English years, really giving one a very interesting insight into the birth of many Ideas which have now got into jackets and trousers."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 21.—Now I have been a little long in writing, haven't I? But only listen to me, and grant that there has been little time for

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letter-writing. These daily peace-essays, published in a paper called the *Times*, are enough to account for any one's being kept in a breathless silence of attention, awe-stricken, shuddering, asking with round eyes, 'What next?'

"But besides this, Robin and I have been with Barclay to Southampton, and seen him off for Alexandria in the good ship *Indus*, and then with heavy hearts went to London. Everything on board the *Indus* looked promising; the second officer magnificently gave up his luxurious cabin, and when the bell rang we left our Brother, feeling that we ought to be thankful for the present and trustful for the future. His brother-in-law, John Hodgkin, came down that morning from London to see him off; he was in every way a great comfort and strength, for we had a little time of solemn silence and as solemn prayer before going on board, which, though most touching, was essentially strengthening and helpful. The weather has been so fine since he left that we feel we have had no pretext for anxiety, and all we hear and all we know argues that he is doing the very wisest thing possible, and that there is every probability of its bringing him into a very different state of health from that in

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which we part from him. And how different from an embarkation for Sebastopol!

"F. Maurice was much cheered by the good beginning of his People's College, and especially by the unexpectedly large attendance of his own Bible-class on Sunday evening; his inaugural lecture, I hear, was very fine and telling." . . .

December 20.—I must copy Barclay's little Psalm of Life sent to his wife:—

"TE DEUM.

"The sea, the shore, and the morning
A glorious Anthem raise:
Shall I not swell the chorus
With a hearty hymn of praise?

Creator, Guide, Protector,
In whose strength grow we strong,
Shall we not trust Thee wholly,
Who've proved Thy power so long?

Surely Thou art our Father,
Acknowledged or unknown;
And we, but little children
That cannot run alone.

In small things, as in greater,
Thy watchful care I see;
All work together for their good
Who love and lean on Thee.

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Yes, Thou art still our Father,
Whether we go or stay,
In 'sweet home's' tranquil duties,
Or gliding o'er Biscay.

A silver chain extendeth
From Falmouth to the Nile,
And thrills with soft vibration
'Neath Thy paternal smile;

And tightening gently, draws us
Tow'rd Thee, and each tow'rd each,
In mystical communion,
Beyond Expression's reach.

Most surely we will trust Thee,
Our Father, Guardian, Friend;
Thou hast been with us hitherto,
And wilt be to the end."

R. B. F.

CAIRO, *24th November.*

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CHAPTER XXI.

1855.

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come."—H. BONAR.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, January* 10.—My poor dear afflicted friend, who can't enlist!—I quite agree with thee, not one word about the War. . . . Our notions get a little revolutionised in times like this. Pray, pray that whatever is Christian in us may be deepened, strengthened, vitalised in these times of strong temptation, when so many uncertificated angels of light are filling our atmosphere and bewildering the most earnest souls. My silence on the subject of War has like thine reached the third page, so I will

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break it by a winding-up remark of my dear friend F. D. Maurice after a chat we had had on this same topic. I—'Won't the World come to think with *us* some day?' (!) F. D. M.—'They will be brought to think *rightly* on the subject, though it may be very differently from either you or me.'"

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, January* 31.—. . . . I am rather flattered to find that we are considered such an easy-going people, captious only on that one unmentionable topic, War! I had fancied we were the acknowledged nuisance of good society from our multiform and multifarious crotchets and 'testimonies.' Why! what a fuss we made about the Slave Trade and Slavery: then there was no peace with us because the prisons must needs be looked after; then the asylums for the insane must be differently managed; then we positively refused to swear on any consideration; a large majority of us equally decline drinking anything more stimulating than coffee, and strongly urge the same course on others; then how dogged we are in practical protest against a paid ministry: in fact, there is no end to our scrupulosities, and we surely

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are considered the most difficile and bizarre body in Christendom (if we are to be found there). But perhaps thy special allusion is to our not vigorously opposing the money-getting spirit of the age. Ah, my dear Elizabeth, there is a grievous amount of truth in this (supposed) charge, but I will say that it is *in spite of* the earnest advice and beseeching of our official superiors. I always try to account for the phenomenon by remembering that we are essentially a middle-class community; that amongst us industry, perseverance, and energy of character are habitually cultivated, and that as our crotchets keep us out of almost all the higher walks of professional life, this industry, perseverance, and energy is found in the money market, and is apt to succeed therein. All I can say in apology (for it *does* require an apology) is, that the wealth we gain is not generally spent on ourselves alone. But pray tell us candidly which of the other crying evils of our country thou wouldst urge on our attention, for there are many listening for 'calls' who would thankfully take a good hint." . . .

March 3.—From Barclay letters have come,

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ending cheerfully from a tomb under the shadow of the Pyramids, with the mild-visaged Sphinx as next-door neighbour, and his friend H. Taylor in the tent at his side, four Arabs watching over their slumbers to warn away wolves and Bedouins. He is feeling better for this beginning of desert life, and chose the old tomb because it is warmer by night and cooler by day than the tent; so he had it fresh sanded, and a carpet hung before the door.

Caroline Fox to E. Lloyd.

"*Falmouth, April* 7.—I will not let the week close without asking thy pity and thy prayers. Ah! and thy thanksgivings too. For God in His Fatherly Love has been pleased to send us a great sorrow; but consolations *far* beyond the sorrow He has been pleased to grant also.

"It was last Sunday that the tidings reached us that our dearest Barclay had been called hence to be for ever with his Lord. Twenty-four tranquil, peaceful, holy hours succeeded the breaking of a blood-vessel, and then he fell asleep—*literally* fell asleep—and awoke in his Saviour's arms. It was all so painless, so quiet, so holy, that how can we but give thanks, and pray that we may not envy

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him, but rather bear our little burdens faithfully and meekly for a few short years, and then——!

"It was so beautiful that he had asked the Missionary Lieder and his wife to come and visit him at his encampment by the Pyramids, because they were in trouble; so they came, and had some bright, most enjoyable days together; and thus, when the last illness came they nursed him with parental tenderness; and even after the spirit had fled, they cared for all that was left, and watched beside him in the desert. Mrs. Lieder has kindly written most minute details of those days, and *all* our thoughts of him are thoughts of peace. Even his very last words it is granted us to know. In answer to some remark of Mr. Lieder's, he said, 'What a mercy it is that Christ not only frees us from the guilt of sin, but also delivers us from its power.'"

April 26. — I could fill volumes with remembrances and personal historiettes of interesting people, but for whom should I record them now? How strangely the heart falls back on itself, exhausted and desolate, unless it gazes upward until the clouds open, and then——!

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Caroline Fox to Clara Mill.[1]

"*Penjerrick, May* 7.—And then thy poor brother, with his failing health and depressed spirits, walking up Etna! Think of my boldness, I actually wrote to him! It came over me so strongly one morning that Barclay would like him to be told how mercifully he had been dealt with, and how true his God and Saviour had been to all His promises, that I took courage, and pen, and wrote a long history. Barclay had been the last of our family who had seen him, and he said he was very affectionate, but looked so grave, never smiling once; and he told him that he was about to winter in the South by Sir James Clark's order. I hope I have not done wrong or foolishly, but I do feel it rather a solemn trust to have such a story to tell of Death robbed of its sting and the Grave of its victory. It makes one long to join worthily in the eternal song of 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord

[1] The Editor has recently seen a letter from Caroline Fox to a friend, stating that she received replies from both Mr. Mill and his wife, full of tenderness and deep sympathy in her loss. These letters cannot, unfortunately, be found.

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Jesus Christ!' I can still report of our little party as fairly well, though perhaps feeling what an earthquake it has been, not less now than at first."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, June* 13.—With all my heart I congratulate thee on being at home once more—that blessed, blessed, essentially English luxury. The Swiss have their mountains, the French their Paris, the English their Home. Happy English!

"No, we have no pretext for quarrelling about St. Paul, nor even with him. I have heard that text thou quotes, 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable,' explained somewhat after this fashion:—All the nations around you—Greek, Roman, Asiatics—have framed their instinct of an after-life with some theory or vision or other; some Elysian fields, some halls of Eblis or of Odin. If you Christians ignore an existence after this mortal life, how poor is your conception of Man's great Being—how small, incomplete, and false; you are of all men most miserable. This, I think, is rather more satisfactory than to conceive that St. Paul was whining over the scratches that he and his suffered along the path

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of their pilgrimage, as if *they* were an appreciable counterbalance to the glorious joy of their calling and their faith even in this present life. Are we agreed?

"Something in thy letter induces me to quote the 'Heavenly Thought' appointed for this morning—the speaker is Mrs. M. Maitland: 'It's ever my thought that the most God-fearing man should be the most blythe man.'

"Hast thou read Kingsley's 'Westward-ho!'? It is very magnanimous in me to name him, for it is all in thy interest; a fine foe-exterminating book of Elizabeth's time, done and written in the religious spirit of Joshua and David. For Spaniards read Russians, and it is truly a tract for the times, *selon toi.*"

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*November* 16.—Papa has been busy making bottled compasses for Brunel's great ship, who begged him to get at some magnetic results for him but Papa must experiment in the neighbourhood of much larger masses of iron than he can scrape together here. One thing, however, he has made out, that a needle suspended in water becomes quiet in

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its true position wonderfully sooner than when, as usual, hung in air—hence bottled compasses.) But if thou and Dr. Cumming say that the world is at its last gasp, what is the use of inventing any worldly thing, when either destruction or intuition is so nigh at hand? The dear old world! one certainly fancied it in its very infancy blundering over BA *ba*, AB *ab*; but it may be dotage, for truly one sees people nowadays quite *blasés* at twenty. Which was its period of manhood? I suppose Kingsley would not hesitate in giving it to the reign of our Elizabeth. But Kingsley is no prophet of mine, however much he may sometimes rejoice and at others strike me with awe. Ah! and that would only apply to England; and, if I remember rightly, nothing short of the destruction of a world would satisfy Dr. Cumming. Oh! the comfort and blessing of knowing that our Future is in other hands than Dr. Cumming's; how restful it makes one, and so willing to have the veil still closely drawn which separates Now from Then. It often strikes me that one must look forward to some catastrophe for London, similar in spirit, however diverse in form, to what befell Babylon, Jerusalem, and Palmyra, but the How and When? . . .

"Ah, yes! I admit sorrowfully enough that there

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has been a canker in our Peace, that we have not received it in a holy enough spirit or turned it to highest uses; and yet in reading, as I have just done, the history of the "Thirty Years' Peace" (it is by H. Martineau, and I can't help it!), one cannot but feel that those thirty years were not wasted; that great strides were made in the right direction, towards education, mutual comprehension of nations, classes, and individuals, sympathy with the weak and suffering, and a few other things. Of course there is neither time nor money now for carrying out many of the Ideas which have been the slow growth of Time and Pain; but if we are even now learning deeper lessons than those which have been suspended, we will thank our Teacher, not sullenly as a mere onerous duty, but with marvelling childlike trust—at least, we will try to do so. . . .

"Oh! I *do* like what thou says about division of labour, and qualified people taking the simple generalship in all departments, and choosing their Colonels, Adjutants, and Sergeants, instead of doing the privates' work themselves, though doubtless they ought to be *capable* of that too. As to 'malign influences,' I generally feel myself thoroughly guilty

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of my own sins, and desire more to be delivered from a weak or rebel will than from Satanic power; but in this, as in most other things, I may be very much mistaken. We shall know by and by."

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CHAPTER XXII.

1856.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy. . . .
The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel. . . .
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

—WORDSWORTH.

Penjerrick, March 2.—Sir Charles Lemon and his sister paid us a visit: as an illustration of Macaulay's preternatural quickness, he mentioned a friend of his travelling with him and reading a new book which Macaulay had not seen. The friend grew weary and indulged in a ten minutes' sleep; on awakening, they resumed their talk, which fell on topics *apropos* of the book, when Macaulay was full of quotations, judgments, and criticisms. "But I thought you had not seen it," said his friend. "Oh yes; when you were asleep

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I looked at it;" and it seemed as if no corner of it were unexplored.

March 29.—One of my poor friends, Mrs. Bastin, told me of having, whilst living in Liverpool, passed for dead after cholera for twenty-four hours; the authorities wanted her buried, but her brother-in-law, a pious man, declared, "No, she don't look like death, she was not prepared to die, and no one shall go near her but me." So he rubbed and prayed, and prayed and rubbed, and at last her life was restored to her thankful family. In the very next court lived a man who had to go away for a day or two, so he said to his wife, "If you are taken ill, send for So-and-so." In a few hours she was taken ill of that terrible cholera, and had the indicated doctor. A few hours later he said she was dead, and the next morning her funeral left the house. On its way to the cemetery it met her husband; he said, "You may do what you like with me, but you shan't bury my wife till I've looked on her;" so the funeral party turned round and accompanied him home. Then he had the coffin-lid removed, and drew out his wife and laid her on the bed, reminding them of what had happened at the Bastins'. He too rubbed, and, I hope,

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prayed, and in time her life returned; and many times after that did the two women meet and exchange notes about their strange and awful experience.

Bury Hill, June 20.—Met the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and heard him expiate on the beautiful scene before him, and not in hexameters. He is a happy, little, blue-eyed man, who evidently enjoys talking, but does not approach the dignity of his didactic poem.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, June* 27.—What can I tell of our London interests? The Yearly Meeting? No, that thou wouldst be sure to treat profanely. The luminous fountain at the Pantechnicon? Well, it was very beautiful, leaping up to the top of the dome, and being flooded from thence with colour. The Nineveh Marbles? We saw them, in a very edifying manner, under the convoy of Edward Oldfield, who made the old life live again for us with marvellous vividness and authenticity. And the Print Room, containing also the drawings of the old masters, Cellini's beautiful vase, and Albert Dürer's marvellous carving. Oh! and

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the Peace fireworks and illuminations, which I saw so well from the top of our friend's house, and which were indeed excitingly beautiful. Or the blaze of azalias and rhododendrons at Bury Hill? Or Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher? from whom I heard neither Philosophy nor Proverb; the Coleridges, and Christabel's birthday fête? a picturesque garden party around her Junepole. Or Oxford? where we spent a few glorious hours, subdued, overawed by the sense of age and nationality which seems to fill the place. Professor Maskelyne did the honours charmingly; and Merton, and Magdalene, the Bodleian, the Radcliffe, the Clarendon, the Theatre, the shaded cloisters and the beautiful gardens, all leave such an impression on the memory and imagination as I should feel much the poorer for lacking. And then they are building a wonderful Museum, with a glass Gothic dome or roof, and one or two hundred pillars of British marbles interspersed amongst the masonry. They have beautiful red serpentine, but not the green; would it be very difficult or expensive to supply them with one? I was delighted to hear of their successful experiment to unite Town and Gown by a Working Man's College;

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about two hundred Town students have now mustered, and a capital staff of collegians are delighted to teach them. They talk of one for the women too, but ladies are not numerous at Oxford. . . . Fare-thee-well, good Queen Bess. With much love from Penjerrick to Penzance, thy ever affectionate, —C. F."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, August* 29.—We have embarked on a beautiful book, Arthur Stanley's 'Palestine;' thou wouldst be much interested in it, I think. He writes charmingly, seeing things so clearly, and seeing them in their bearings, geographical and otherwise, like a true pupil of Dr. Arnold's; and there is such a high and thoughtful tone over it all." . . .

September 5.—M. A. Schimmelpenninck is gone. She said, just before her death, "Oh! I hear such beautiful voices, and the children's are the loudest."

November 8.—Well, I have heard and seen Gavazzi: his subject was, "The Inquisition, its Causes and Consequences;" his moral, "Beware, Englishmen, of the tendencies to Hierarchy in your

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country when the thin end of the wedge is introduced; it will work its way on to all this." He is most dramatic, has a brilliant power of comedy, and some terrible flashes of tragedy in him; it is all action and gesticulation, such as would be intolerable in an Englishman, but as an Italian characteristic it is all kindly welcome, and certainly most telling. But notes of his discourse would be very poor; it was the manner that made his words so desperately vivid. He died, dreadfully for us, under the torture of the wet linen on the face; it made every one breathe thick, and two ladies had to leave the room. I take him for a very clever man, and in earnest in his politico-religious mission to England. He ended with a solemn benediction and prayer for the future of this country.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

1857.

" A sacred burden is the life ye bear ;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly ;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly ;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin ;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win ;
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim-warriors, who set forth to-day."

Penjerrick, January 1.—A new book and a New Year! what will they contain? May God keep evil out of them, and all will be well.

January 10.—George Smith dined here, and gave a good, easy, conversational lecture on the recent Assyrian and Egyptian discoveries, and their connection with Scripture History. The elaborate records found in the vast palaces of Sennacherib and others, engraved in cuneiform characters, are most remarkable. There is Sennacherib's description of the very unfortunate affair with Hezekiah, told after the fashion of Napoleon's bulletins. Cyrus, George Smith says, was the first who had the idea

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of founding an Empire; previous conquerors only accumulated tributary provinces. He thinks that civilisation and knowledge of the Arts is rather retro- than pro-gressive, and is severe on all who think otherwise. Adam and Eve, he holds, were perfect in all science, literature, and art, and ever since their time we have been steadily forgetting. I like his face, so full of honesty, sense, and kindliness.

January 12. — Reading "Never Too Late to Mend," one of the weightiest events of late. Oh those prison scenes! how they haunt one! How they recall those despairing women's eyes I met in the model gaol at Belfast!

April 2.—Ernest de Bunsen is with us. I wish I could chronicle a great deal of his talk; it is marvellously vivid, and he seems equally at home in all regions of human thought: deep metaphysics, devout theology, downright boyish merry-making, the most tangled complexities of court intrigues, and then his singing! He is truly a man of infinite aptitudes. Took him to Carclew, where he was a perfect bottle of champagne to Sir Charles; and to Roscrow, where the boys were lost in admiration and delight. He has been translating William Penn's

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life into German, and sent a copy to Humboldt, from whom he has received two charming letters about it, in one saying that he has read every word, and that the contemplation of such a life has contributed to the peace of his old age. We had German hymns, original and of olden time, very full of devout thought as well as feeling. Then he sang Handel's "Comfort ye My People" and "Thou wilt not leave His Soul in Hell," and Haydn's "Creation of Eve;" the one so mighty and overwhelming in its grandeur and expressiveness, the other so varied, picturesque, and exquisite. At Tregedna we had one deep-hearted Irish melody, and one Sicilian, full of love and patriotism, and triumphant hope. He is perfectly ingenuous about his voice. At Heidelberg three Bunsen brothers and a brother-in-law would sing quartettes. In the course of our talk he said, "Forgive to the fullest extent and in the freest spirit, but never forget anything; it is all intended to be a lesson to profit our after-life, for there is no such thing as chance."

April 5.—Heard Professor Nichol's lecture at Truro, when for two hours he held us poised in those high regions, until we felt quite at home

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amongst the nebulæ, gazing on them with reverence and love, rejoicing in their docility and law. He came to us afterwards, and we had much talk about his own subjects and mutual friends. He has a fine head, and his face is a very scintillating one; he looks most happy in his expositions of those occult Facts; a sloping imaginative forehead, a light-blue eye, and an affectionate trusting expression beaming over the whole countenance.

June 12.—Warington Smyth talked with great delight of Florence Nightingale. Long ago, before she went to Kaiserswerth, he and Sir Henry de la Beche dined at her father's, and Florence Nightingale sat between them. She began by drawing Sir Henry out on Geology, and charmed him by the boldness and breadth of her views, which were not common then. She accidentally proceeded into regions of Latin and Greek, and then our Geologist had to get out of it. She was fresh from Egypt, and began talking with W. Smyth about the inscriptions, &c., where he thought he could do pretty well; but when she began quoting Lepsius, which she had been studying in the original, he was in the same case as Sir Henry. When the ladies left the room, the latter said to him, "A capital young lady

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that, if she hadn't so floored me with her Latin and Greek!"

July 9.—We are reading the Life of Charlotte Brontë, a most striking book. Genius as she was, she is beautifully attentive to the smallest practical matters affecting the comforts of others. She is intensely true, and draws from actual life, cost what it may; and in that remote little world of hers—a village, as it seems, of a hundred years back—facts came to light of a frightful unmitigated force; events accompanied them, burning with a lurid glow and setting their very hearts on fire. She is like her books, and her life explains much in them which needs explanation.

Dublin, August 22.—Paying diligent attention to some sections of the British Association's Meeting, which is held in the new building at the College, gorgeous with marbles and arabesques. Father read his paper on the temperature in Mines in the Geological Section, though Section A cried out vehemently for it. He read it well, and when Dr. Forbes disputed some of the facts, thinking that the heat might be referred to decomposition of metals, &c., Papa answered very well and with no nervousness, and Lord Talbot de Malahide,

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the President, made him a very handsome speech of acknowledgment, complimenting him on the honesty of his facts, so uncooked for the occasion, and spoke of him as a veteran in the cause of science, and trusted to welcoming him at these meetings for many years. Met F. Burton there; a sharp-eyed, agreeable man, who told us of the group of Goethe and Schiller about to be inaugurated at Weimar. Dr. Lloyd told us of a happy turn which Lord Carlisle gave to an incident before the first B. A. Meeting at York. A coin had been found whose inscription they could not read, until on applying heat out came the words, "Deo gloria." "Thus," said Lord Carlisle, "when the torch of Science is faithfully applied to dark subjects, 'Deo gloria' is always the result it brings."

August 28.—An extremely interesting collection of African Explorers—Dr. Barth, De l'Abbadie, and Dr. Livingstone; discussed the risings of African Rivers, and why the Niger got up so much later than the others. This was supposed to be from the second flow of rains on the high table-land near its source, which so swells it that about once in six years it reaches the outskirts of Timbuctoo, and between whiles evaporates, so as to leave only tables

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and dry ground between. Dr. Barth gave a strictly geographical history of his explorations, and mourned over the deaths of Vogel and Pattison. He is a well-burnt, hard-featured, indomitable sort of man; De l'Abbadie very dark in complexion, hair, and eyes, with a singular pose in his head, as if, said some one, he were accustomed to wear a pig-tail. Dr. Livingstone tall, thin, earnest-looking, and business-like; far more given, I should say, to do his work than to talk about it. Finished the evening with supper and gossip with the wise men at the President's.

August 29.—A grand dinner and soirée to all the *savants* at the Vice-Regal Lodge. Papa enjoyed it greatly, as it gave him a two hours' *tête-à-tête* with Dr. Robinson. There was quite a row when the gentlemen wanted their hats, terrible confusion and outcry: never before had a broad-brim so justified itself in my eyes; it was found at once and restored to its owner, whilst I had to leave poor General Sabine in a mass of perplexities.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, September* 5.—. . . Papa and I returned yesterday from Dublin (so I'm not going to

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talk about most wretched India and all my poor young cousins there), where a most successful British Association Meeting hath been holden. We were with our dear friends the Lloyds, which was not the least pleasant part of the affair. Socially and scientifically it has been all very brilliant—from our dear President's opening address to the Viceroy's magnificent reception at the Castle. The Committee (a hundred or so) dined there, and we went in the evening. Naturally it was the gayest scene I have ever been in, but the Viceroy was so good-natured, and there were so many interesting people to chat with, that after the first solemnities of presentation it was a very pleasant evening. Of course not so pleasant as a home one over reading and drawing; but still very pleasant as things go. Dr. Livingstone's lecture I should like everybody to have heard. People say it was signally lacking in arrangement, but I have no nose for logic; I thought one just mounted his ox and went on behind him amongst those loving, trusting, honest, generous natives of his, first to the eastern coast, then to the western. So much of the future of Africa seemed to lie in his *aperçus:* the navigability of the Zambesi except one rapid part, which, of course, English

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ingenuity would soon calm, the healthiness of the district, the disposition of the natives for commerce, and the abundance of material—all this was very, very cheering. And almost even more so than that was his assurance that the Niger Expedition had not been made in vain; that frequently in the interior, and more and more as he approached the coasts, he found there had been tidings of a white nation who loved black people; and he reaped abundant benefit from this prestige. Oh, if Sir Fowell Buxton might have known it! But doubtless *he does*, and gives glory where alone it is due. Dr. Livingstone, the Whatelys, &c., came to the Lloyds' after the lecture, and the ladies agreed on sending a sugar-cane press to his chief in remembrance of that evening. There is a great deal of quiet fun about Dr. Livingstone; he would pair off some African barbarism with some English civilisation with great point. For instance, some of his Africans wear hoops on their heads, with their wool drawn out to it, like the spokes of a wheel; 'but, poor people! they are not at all civilised; they put their hoops in the wrong place; they'll know better by and by.' Also the rain-making of that country, and the table-turning and spirit-

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rapping of ours, the news whereof reached him there and rather surprised him. But most one admires the earnest simplicity of the man, who always seemed as if he had so much rather be doing his work than talking about it. I long for him to be at it again, for if people can spoil him, they will —such is the height of his popularity."

Falmouth, October 16.—The Ernest de Bunsens are with us; he read us last night Mendelssohn's "Elijah," illustrating it whenever he could with such exquisite feeling, power, and pathos. The last time he saw Mendelssohn, they had played and sung several things together, when Mendelssohn asked for one more. He chose "Be thou faithful unto Death and I will give thee a Crown of Life!" When he had ended, Mendelssohn slipped away from the room, overcome with emotion. Ernest de Bunsen followed him; he said, "*Gott segne euch alle,*" and was gone.

October 27.—T. Bourne lives at Rugby, and told us many things of Dr. Arnold, whom he knew, though slightly. The Duchess of Sutherland wrote to ask if she might attend the School Chapel, and arrived at the little inn one Saturday, where Dr. Arnold found her and brought her to his own house

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for a day or two. This was not long before his death, on which occasion she sent Mrs. Arnold £100, begging it might be spent in some little memorial fashion. Mrs. Arnold proposed giving copies of his forthcoming volume of sermons to each of the three hundred boys; this the Duchess liked, but desired that it should be done in Mrs. Arnold's name. It was not until his death that people felt what he was; before that it often required some courage to speak well of him in "religious society."

November 15.—Papa has had the great interest and satisfaction of seeing the theory of stratification being caused by pressure well disproved, and his own conviction of its being produced by an inherent crystallising power in rocks, call it chemical galvanism or what you will, well confirmed, by finding that a great lump of clay, thrown aside from Pennance Mine some five years ago, has arranged itself in thin laminæ, just like the ordinary clay slate. This seems to determine a vexed question in geology.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

1858.

"We turn'd o'er many books together."—SHAKESPEARE.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, January* 5. — I did dearly love thy last letter; it was the most earnest, friendly New Year's greeting that had reached me, and it called up a deep Amen from my dull and sleepy heart. Thy facts, too, were so very cheery and thankworthy. Yes, let us take all the Christmas blessings along with us on our New Year's road. Whether muddy or dusty or rutty, or neatly macadamised and well trodden, with fair and quiet scenery around, or Alpine gorges and Alpine heights, what matter? Really and deliberately I would desire to repeat— What matter? If He who knows the road, and knows our capacities and our needs, is but with us, would we wish to take the guidance out of His hands? I trow not. And so welcome to the beau-

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tiful New Year, and may we welcome all it may bring us of joy or sorrow, and learn the lessons hidden in each. And thus I echo back thy New Year's greeting. And I accept thy idea of the marked blessings designed for us in these marked periods of life — times for drawing up, pausing, looking backwards and forwards, and then stepping on with fresh vigour along the path appointed for you — not anybody else's path, however it may exceed your own in goodness and brightness and usefulness; you would blunder and fall there, even with the best intentions. ||

"Of Buckle's book I have only heard through Lady Trelawny, who thinks it a most remarkable work, full of genius, power, and insight; the first volume seems mainly preliminary and introductory to a long series—a German-like beginning! But I shall hear more about it soon, as we go to Carclew, to be with her for a day or two, to-morrow."

January 10.—George Cook had much to tell of the Carlyles. He has just finished two volumes of "Frederick the Great," which has been a weary work. He seems to grow drearier and drearier; his wife still full of life and power and sympathy,

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spite of the heavy weight of domestic dyspepsia. Kingsley pays him long visits, and comes away talking just like him: "Why, if a man will give himself over to serve the devil, God will just give him over to his choice to see how he likes it," &c. Whilst in Paris, G. Cook has been much in Ary Scheffer's studio, where a little musical party indulge in quartettes amidst all the art visions lying about the room.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*January* 25.—Thy peep into Buckle is very interesting, and quite confirms Lady Trelawny's view; she found it very fascinating and most masterly, whilst much of his reasoning she could not at all go along with. When I read thy remarks on him to Papa, he thought thee most right in the abstract, but that the Facts of general history supported Buckle's view. How many of our special views and consequent acts, for instance, arose from the 'accident' of birth, the opinions of those amongst whom we are educated, and so on. But very likely we have not got hold of a hair of his tail, so I'll cut short the paternal eloquence."

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November 12.—Heard Thomas Cooper lecture on his own vagaries, practical and speculative, and their solution. He began by an autobiographical sketch, dwelling on the mischief done by inconsistent professors, who seemed to have badgered him out of Methodism into scepticism; then, seeing the cruel wrongs of the stocking-weavers of Leicester, drove him into Chartism; he was in the thick of a bad riot, much of which he encouraged, but he did not intend the incendiary part of it. However, he was taken up and convicted of sedition, and imprisoned for two years. Then and there he sank the lowest, in loveless, hopeless unbelief. His study of Robert Owen, and discovery of the fallacy of his reasonings, seemed to do much to bring him round again; and then going about England with Wyld's Model of Sebastopol seemed to have had some mysterious influence for good; and here he is—Convert, Confessor, and Reasoner. He is a square-built man, with a powerful, massive face; he walks up and down the platform and talks on as if he were in a room, with extreme clearness, excellent choice of language, and good pronunciation, considering that he was formerly a poor shoemaker, and had to teach himself the much he has learnt.

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CHAPTER XXV.

1859.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard."

—WORDSWORTH.

Penjerrick, January 1.—I will commence the year with Raleigh's noble words:—

"O eloquent and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, '*Hic Jacet!*'"

June 5.—Settled once more into dear, beautiful home-life, the near and distant memories being all so living and precious beyond all words. The welcomes from dear home friends, rich and poor,

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have been truly heart-warming, and it is delightful to be able right honestly to rejoice with them in being at home once more.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, June* 24.—So thou canst see nothing fitting for Italy but slavery to some foreign power or other, and this spite of all that Sardinia has done for herself and her neighbours in the last few years. Read About's desperately keen book, 'La Question Romaine,' and admit that against frightful odds there is a national spirit still, and that there are genuine men in that nation. Doubtless their history through the Middle Ages tells of anything but Unity, but there is a great thirst for it now in many quarters. Unquestionably the present state of things is wrong; if God overrules even the iniquities of this war to give them some taste of Liberty, don't let us begrudge it them. Rather let us join the many who are earnestly praying that they may become indeed a free and Christian nation. Even if the French should take the position of Austria with regard to them, the tyranny would be much milder, religious liberty would be secured, and, as the poor Fratelli in Tuscany are

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crying out, 'We shan't be imprisoned for the Bible any more!'"

September 4.—A full week has driven by. We spent two days at Carclew with Dr. Whewell and his wife, Lady Affleck. He was as urbane and friendly as needs be, and seemed determined to live down Sydney Smith's quiz about Science being his forte, and Omniscience his foible; for he rarely chose to know more about things than other people, though we perseveringly plied him with all manner of odds and ends of difficulties. There is a capital element of fun in that vast head of his; witness his caricatures of Sedgwick in his Cornish Sketch-book. He made me notice the darkness of sky between two rainbows, a fact only lately secured, and a part, he says, of the whole theory of the rainbow. Speaking of some book he had written with a touch of Architecture in it, he said, "There are many wise things in it, but I'm wiser still!" which he hoped was a modest way of stating the case. He declines throwing light on the axe-heads which are making such a stir, thinking there is no need for such hurry, and only tossing to one the theory of the greater age of man than is now admitted. Of

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the Working Men's College at Cambridge, he is quite sure it is doing the teachers great good, whatever it does to the learners. He does not see what is to come of the middle-class examinations; they are not a step to anything by the direct method, and one man who got a high certificate was quite astonished at having some trusty situation offered him, never dreaming that it was in consequence of this. "But won't some further career be opened for these meritorious people?" "I don't find people in general very good judges of their own merits." "Well, then, won't the lookers-on open some way for them?" "I don't see much good come of spectators. Why, already there are so many half-starved curates; what are you to do? F. D. Maurice comes down sometimes, and there is a great sensation; or Mr. Ruskin, who astonished them all highly the other day, only he flew rather over the people's heads." Papa got from him a formal contradiction of the choice story about Chinese Music, which was a pity; but he says he never wrote on the subject, only on Greek Music. He told of a talk he had had with Martin amongst his pictures, which he assured him were the result of the most studied calcula-

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tion in perspective; he had been puzzled how to give size enough to an angel's hand, and at last hit on the expedient of throwing a fold of his garment behind the sun.

September 24.—The little *Fox* has gained her quest and brought distinct tidings of Franklin's death in 1847; the vessel crushing in the ice in 1848; multitudes of relics found in various cairns, which were their posts of observation around that dreary coast: Bibles with marked passages and notes, clothes, instruments, all sorts of things of most touching interest, so preserved by the climate; many skeletons they found, and some they could identify by things they had about them. It is a comfort to believe that they were not starved, as thirty or forty pounds of chocolate was found with them, and Sir John Franklin may have died a quite natural death a year before the catastrophe.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 25.—Thanks, Eccellentissima, for thy last letter, written under evident difficulties. What with the sons of Zeruiah and the Land of Nod, it was a hard lot to have to concoct a letter; it was well to put all the spice

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into it that lay convenient, and to treat me to a discharge of firearms. By all means, my dear, get the new percussion fittings, and kill as many Frenchmen and others as thy conviction of Duty may require. I have a great reverence for Loyola and Xavier, though I don't agree with them about the Inquisition; for Las Casas, though he introduced American slavery; and for John Newton, though an eager slave-trader, which he never seems to have the least regretted. 'Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind,' but then let them first have gone honestly through the whole process of suasion, or their results may have to be reconsidered at any time, however inconvenient. I am reading that terrible book of John Mill's on Liberty, so clear, and calm, and cold: he lays it on one as a tremendous duty to get oneself well contradicted, and admit always a devil's advocate into the presence of your dearest, most sacred Truths, as they are apt to grow windy and worthless without such tests, if indeed they can stand the shock of argument at all. He looks you through like a basilisk, relentless as Fate. We knew him well at one time, and owe him very much; I fear his remorseless logic has led him

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far since then. This book is dedicated to his wife's memory in a few most touching words. He is in many senses isolated, and must sometimes shiver with the cold."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, December* 23.—No, my dear, I don't agree with Mill, though I too should be very glad to have some of my 'ugly opinions' corrected, however painful the process; but Mill makes me shiver, his blade is so keen and so unhesitating. I think there is much force in his criticism on the mental training provided for the community; the battles are fought *for* us, the objections to received views and the refutations of the same all provided for us, instead of ourselves being strengthened and armed for the combat. Then he greatly complains of our all growing so much alike that individuality is dying out of the land; we are more afraid of singularity than of Falsehood or Compromise, and this he thinks a very dark symptom of a nation's decay. France, he says, is further gone than we are in this path."

December 31.—The old year is fled, never to

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come back again through all Eternity. All its opportunities for love and service gone, past recall. What a terrible thought! like that which must have flashed upon the disciples in their old age, when they remembered the Garden of Gethsemane and the gentle rebuke, "Could not ye watch with Me one hour?" and then afterwards, when all watching was too late, all utterly vain, either for sympathy or for resolve, with what a tolling sound would those other words fall on their hearts, "Sleep on now and take your rest; behold he who betrayeth Me is at hand." How can I look back on these forty years in the wilderness without falling into such musings as these!

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CHAPTER XXVI.

1860.

"The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme."—BYRON.

Paris, May 25.—Madame Salis Schwabe took us to Ary Scheffer's studio, and introduced us to his daughter and to Dr. Antonio Ruffini. What deep, and beautiful, and helpful things we saw there! The Marys; the Angel announcing the Resurrection to the Woman, the paint of which was even wet when he died. Earthly sorrow rising into celestial joy—a wonderful picture of his dying mother blessing her two grandchildren, and his own keen-eyed portrait. His daughter had gathered around her an infinity of personal recollections, and it felt very sacred ground.

Falmouth, September 22.—Alfred Tennyson and his friend, Francis Palgrave, at Falmouth, and made inquiries about the Grove Hill Leonardo,[1] so of

[1] Supposed to be an original sketch for the picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, and now in the possession of Robert Fox at Falmouth.

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course we asked them to come and see it; and thus we had a visit of two glorious hours both here and in the other garden. As Tennyson has a perfect horror of being lionised, we left him very much to himself for a while, till he took the initiative and came forth. *Apropos* of the Leonardo, he said that the Head of Christ in the Raising of Lazarus was to his mind the worthiest representation of the subject which he had ever seen. His bright, thoughtful friend, Francis Palgrave, was the more fond of pictures of the two: they both delighted in the little Cuyp and the great Correggio; thought the Guido a pleasant thing to have, though feeble enough; believed in the Leonardo, and Palgrave gloated over the big vase. On the leads we were all very happy and talked apace. "The great T." groaned a little over the lionising to which he is subject, and wondered how it came out at Falmouth that he was here—this was *apropos* of my speaking of Henry Hallam's story of a miner hiding behind a wall to look at him, which he did not remember; but when he heard the name of Hallam, how his great grey eyes opened, and gave one a moment's glimpse into the depths in which "In Memoriam" learnt its infinite wail. He talked a good deal of

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his former visit to Cornwall, and his accident at Bude, all owing to a stupid servant-maid. In the garden he was greatly interested, for he too is trying to acclimatise plants, but finds us far ahead, because he is at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight, where the keen winds cut up their trees and scare away the nightingales in consequence. But he is proud and happy in a great magnolia in his garden. He talked of the Cornish, and rather liked the conceit of their countryism; was amused to hear of the refractory Truro clergyman being buried by the Cornish miners, whom he forbade to sing at their own funeral; but he thought it rather an unfortunate instance of the civilising power of Wesley. By degrees we got to Guinevere, and he spoke kindly of S. Hodges' picture of her at the Polytechnic, though he doubted if it told the story very distinctly. This led to real talk of Arthur and the "Idylls," and his firm belief in him as an historical personage, though old Speed's narrative has much that can be only traditional. He found great difficulty in reconstructing the character, in connecting modern with ancient feeling in representing the Ideal King. I asked whether Vivien might not be the old Brittany fairy who wiled Merlin into her net, and not an

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actual woman. "But no," he said; "it is full of distinct personality, though I never expect women to like it." The river Camel he well believes in, particularly as he slipped his foot and fell in the other day, but found no Excalibur. Camel means simply winding, crooked, like the Cam at Cambridge. The Welsh claim Arthur as their own, but Tennyson gives all his votes to us. Some have urged him to continue the "Idylls," but he does not feel it expedient to take people's advice as an absolute law, but to wait for the vision. He reads the Reviews of his Poems, and is amused to find how often he is misunderstood. Poets often misinterpret Poets, and he has never seen an Artist truly illustrate a Poet. Talked of Garibaldi, whose life was like one out of Plutarch, he said, so grand and simple; and of Ruskin as one who has said many foolish things; and of John Sterling, whom he met twice, and whose conversational powers he well remembers.

Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and moustache, which one begrudges as hid-

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ing so much of that firm, powerful, but finely chiselled mouth. His eyes are large and grey, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering. I can quite understand Samuel Laurence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen. He is very brown after all the pedestrianising along our south coast.

Mr. Palgrave is charmingly enthusiastic about his friend; if he had never written a line of Poetry, he should have felt him none the less a Poet; he had an ambition to make him and Anna Gurney known to each other as kindred spirits and of similar calibre. We grieved not to take them to Penjerrick, but they were engaged to the Truro river; so, with a farewell grasp of the great brown hand, they left us.

September 28.—Holman Hunt and his big artist friend, Val Prinsep, arrived, and we were presently on the most friendly footing. The former is a very genial, young-looking creature, with a large, square, yellow beard, clear blue laughing eyes, a nose with a merry little upward turn in it, dimples in the cheek, and the whole expression sunny and full of simple boyish happiness. His voice is most

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musical, and there is nothing in his look or bearing, spite of the strongly-marked forehead, to suggest the High Priest of Pre-Raphaelitism, the Ponderer over such themes as the Scape-goat, the Light of the World, or Christ among the Doctors, which is his last six years' work. We went to Grove Hill, and he entirely believes in the Leonardo being an original sketch, especially as the head of our Lord is something like that of one of Leonardo's extant studies; he is known to have tried many, and worked up one strongly Jewish one, but not of a high type, which at last he rejected. Holman Hunt entirely agrees with F. D. Maurice about the usual mistaken treatment of St. John's face, which was probably more scarred with thought and inward conflict than any of the other Apostles, and why he should have ever been represented with a womanish expression is a puzzle to him. At the early period of Art they dared not step beyond conventional treatment. He spoke of Tennyson and his surprise at the spirited, suggestive little paintings of strange beasts which he had painted on the windows of his summer-house to shut out an ugly view. Holman Hunt is so frank and open, and so unspoiled by the admiration he has excited;

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he does not talk "shop," but is perfectly willing to tell you anything you really wish to know of his painting, &c. He laughed over the wicked libel that he had starved a goat for his picture, though certainly four died in his service, probably feeling dull when separated from the flock. The one which was with them by the Dead Sea was better off for food than they were, as it could get at the little patches of grass in the clefts; still it became ill, and they carried it so carefully on the picture-case! but it died, and he was in despair about getting another white one. He aimed at giving it nothing beyond a goat's expression of countenance, but one in such utter desolation and solitude could not but be tragic. Speaking of lionising, he considers it a special sin of the age, and specially a sin because people seem to care so much more for the person doing than for the thing done.

October 5.—We have had Miss Macaulay here, Lord Macaulay's sister; a capital clear-headed woman, with large liberal thoughts and great ease in expounding them. We had so many people as well as subjects in common, that we greatly enjoyed her visit. Robertson of Brighton was her Pastor, and of him she talked with intelligent

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enthusiasm, sadly confirming the fact of his isolation in the great social system. She talked a little of her brother; his earliest printed poem was on the death of Henry Martyn, written when he was eleven, but he had before that composed an Epic in honour of the reputed head of their house. All his MS. used to pass through her hands. She has a strong, thoughtful face, with a good deal of humour in it and much tenderness.

Penjerrick, December 15.—Baron Bunsen is gone; illness had brought him so low that his friends could only long that he might be delivered from his weary pain—but how much has gone with him? The funeral was a very touching and striking one; first his sons carried the coffin, and then the Bonn students, who craved the privilege, followed. Wreaths royal and friendly were laid on the bier, and he was placed just opposite Niebuhr's grave.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

1861–71.

"Leave this keen encounter of our wits."—SHAKESPEARE.

Caroline Fox to Lucy Hodgkin.

"*Leyton, May* 1861.—The Brights are staying here, so we consider ourselves a very pleasant party. John Bright is great fun, always ready for a chat and a fulmination, and filling up the intervals of business with 'Paradise Regained.'

". . . One likes to have his opinion on men and things, as it is strong, clear, and honest, however one-sided. But he flies off provokingly into pounds, shillings, and pence when one wants him to abide for a little amongst deeper and less tangible motives, powers and arguments."

Caroline Fox to M. E. Tregelles.

"*Grove Hill, December* 23.—After parting with thee the other evening, I found myself continually cooing over those comfortable words:

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Yet why be sad? for Thou wilt keep
Watch o'er them day by day:
Since Thou wilt soothe them when they weep
And hear us when we pray.

And this is just the prose Fact of the case, full of real substantial comfort, in all the chances and changes of this mortal life. And another prose Fact which is often voted poetical, seems to me that we are really nearer together in spirit when separated in body, as the thoughts and sympathies are perfectly independent of geography, and they naturally fly off on their own errands when a little anxiety is added to our love.

"This has been a sad day[1] with its tolling bells, its minute-guns, the band parading the streets playing the 'Dead March in Saul;' but also a day on which many and fervent prayers have arisen from loving hearts, which we will hope have been felt as a sort of warm atmosphere round the poor stricken heart, which we hear is firmly resolved not to forget its high duties in the midst of its great desolation. The union prayer-meeting was held to-day that there might be a concentration of spiritual force in this direction, and very true I thought the prayers

[1] The funeral of H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

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were for the Queen, and for her son, and for all the mourners. It made one almost feel as if fresh blessings would be granted her, deeper perhaps than she has ever yet known. Is not this the experience of many a bereaved heart?

"This wretched American business! To-day it seems all terribly real to us, as a large Confederate merchantman has broken the blockade, and has come into our harbour with a cargo for England —no, there is only rumour of its approach. The Northern States privateer is reported in the offing on the watch for her, and a British ship of war and certain gunboats are come to keep the peace in our seas."

December 31.—The full year is coming to an end. How much of anxiety and pain and grief it has contained, but how much too of support and strength and comfort granted through all, difficulties conquered, paths made clear, duties made pleasant, very much to strengthen our faith and to animate our love. Our home life now looks clear and bright, and we all go on cheerily together; the sense of change is everywhere, but the presence of the Changeless One is nearer still.

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Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, July* 15, 1862.—I rise from the reading of thy paper on Buckle, to thank thee warmly. Having now read the book it dealt with, all bonds were broken, and I have eagerly devoured it at a sitting, and again and again cried 'Bravo!' in my heart. My dear, it is in such a fine gentlemanly tone, no theological or other contempt, but full of Christian boldness and Christian love; a sort of utterance one need not be ashamed of at the Day of Judgment—a use of the Light which has been accumulating for some six thousand years (or more?), which He who gives it will deign to bless. Oh, if our controversies for at least eighteen hundred years had been conducted in this same spirit, instead of the rancour and arrogance, unfairness and self-conceit, which have unhappily characterised all parties, surely we should be in different regions now, and jesting Pilate would have no excuse for asking 'What is Truth?'

"Thou hast convicted Buckle of glaring inconsistencies to his own theory, such as appeared even very early in his first volume, and which I think he must have often smiled to recognise as he went

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on with his mountain of Facts; but there is such courteous and glad acknowledgment of what he has done for us, as is more delightful than characteristic of a clever critic. I yearn that he should have seen the paper—which I fear is more possible than probable—in Egypt. He was one greatly loved by those who knew him, and of such a nature as to be wounded and driven further off, rather than in any way helped, by the ordinary groans and screams of outraged theologians and pious Christians—which latter had far better pray in silence than enter such lists unbidden. I am not sure that I shall not go further than thou dost as to the Law of Cause and Effect in human affairs; one is so often struck with the awfully definite character of cause and consequences: transgress any branch of the moral law, and the fitting punishment is so certain; sow the seed, and as a necessary consequence you reap the fruit. God has in various ages told us that so it must be, and His Spirit has confirmed the warning to every listening heart; therefore I regard His government as rather regular than exceptional—but of course we really agree here also, and think that Lord Palmerston did well when he preached Sanitary Law to the Scotch. There is something

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very touching and also very instructive in the thought of a man being cut off in the midst of such a work—especially as thou says that he was evidently swallowing some of his theories in the second volume: it shows the awfulness of giving your immature thoughts to the world, and perhaps deeply influencing others; thinking that you may carry on the struggle towards Light indefinitely with them and for them—and lo! the hour strikes, you leave them gazing through cloudy glasses at the spots on the sun, but little able to discern the central star of the Universe, round which you tell them that we are all moving. Oh! it is an awful thing to be a thinker and writer. Woe must betide those who do not seek a better light than their own."

October 4.—The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier have been staying at Falmouth for some days. Howard Fox saw much of and liked them. He brought the Duke and his daughter here, but we were unfortunately out. He said how much the Infanta desired to see the place, so we went in and invited her, an easy, gracious, royal lady, with a sensible, pleasant, not quite handsome face; they would have come, but embarked instead.

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Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling.

"*November* 28.—Thou shalt rejoice with me over my poor Scotchman at the Sailors' Home. (My romances are so apt to centre there!) Well, he was brought in several weeks ago, frightfully ill and suffering; a very perilous operation might possibly have relieved him, but they dared not attempt it here, and wanted to send him to a London hospital. He earnestly desired to be left here to die quietly, and I own I was very glad when at last they let him have his way, as it seemed very probable that the operation would be fatal. Well, somehow, we formed a very close friendship. He had frightened away the good people (the clergyman, &c.) by his stormy language, when really he was half delirious from agony; but we were nearer the same level, and so, as I said, we formed a romantic friendship. He poured out the story of his life, which had separated him from all his friends for more than twenty years. 'Oh! I was a bad, bad, bad boy! My life has been one course of sin!' and he was utterly hopeless of forgiveness. Oh! the fixed despair of those poor eyes. I urged him to allow me to write to his family to tell of his contrition and ask for-

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giveness; but he said it was impossible that they could forgive him; the prodigal had wasted *his own* share of his father's heritage, but he had wasted theirs, and then ran away from them to America, and broke their hearts. What he would give to fall down before his father and beseech his forgiveness! but it was all too late. He cried bitterly, but for a week or two he would not let me make the attempt, which he was certain was utterly useless. He was evidently sinking, and I felt so strongly that if it were possible to win the forgiveness of his family, he would then be able to believe in a higher forgiveness; so last Sunday I wheedled his father's address out of him, and got his tacit consent to my letter going, though he was certain there would be no one there to receive it. The thought of my Scotchman haunted me to-day, so in I went and found a most loving letter from his brother hailing him as alive from the dead; I ran down to the Sailors' Home and found another from his sister in ecstasy of joy, and telling of his father's complete forgiveness and tender love. 'He would have spent his last shilling to come to you, but he is gone!' Oh, I have never seen anything more exquisitely touching than the floods of wonder and ecstasy when I took in my

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treasures. It was still an almost incredible joy; he poured forth his thankfulness and his tears before God, to think that he had still brothers and sisters who forgave him, and loved him, and received him as alive from the dead. His father he had felt certain was dead, so that was no shock, but to think how his love had clung to him to the last! Now I believe he will find no difficulty in believing in that Higher Love which has already done such great things for him! He covered his sister's letter with kisses, saying, 'It's my sister's heart, her heart.' She had telegraphed to a soldier brother near Chatham to come to him at once, so two or three may possibly be with him in a few days! I hope that all this joy will not have killed him before they come, but I should think it must hasten the end. I did not leave him till he was quieter, and I have since been writing most happy letters to them both. There, my dear, is a long story for thee, but I could not help telling thee what has made me quite tipsy. Excuse my happiness, and believe me, thy

"C. F."

Falmouth, January 20, 1863.—We had a great treat in hearing Charles Kean read Richard III.,

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Alexander's Feast, the Prisoner of Chillon, &c., very fine and very dramatic; we saw something of him and his wife afterwards, and liked our theatrical friends greatly.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Blois, June* 6.—This Spanish frisk[1] has been most memorable; the great object of the journey accomplished far beyond their hopes, though in a way to save the Queen's pride and their vanity. Many think that it is a first and very important step in the direction of religious liberty, from which they will not dare to recede with all Europe looking on, and speaking its mind very distinctly.

"We saw a good deal of some very thoughtful and liberal-minded Spaniards, but it is sad to see in what a state of timidity and unmanliness some of the really superior ones are kept by the narrow laws of their country. I wonder what has become of all the *ci-devant* prisoners? Have you got them in England? I hope not. They would be in worse peril there than in the prisons of Granada. Anna Maria and I contrived to get a great deal of com-

[1] In allusion to the deputation to the Queen of Spain asking for the liberation of Matamoros.

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mon-place enjoyment out of the excursion, whilst our betters were engaged in conference with their brother deputies. They were a gallant set of men, representing ten different nations, and we felt very proud of them."

Penjerrick, March 9, 1864.—Mrs. Welsh has settled amongst us very cordially. Her accounts of Mrs. Carlyle are piteous—it is such a weary, suffering sick-room, the nerves all on edge, so that she can see scarcely any one; poor Carlyle is miserable.

April 17.—Garibaldi came to Par to see his Englishman, and we, armed with a friendly introduction and a kind invitation from the Colonel and Mrs. Peard, went to meet him. Amongst the flags erecting to welcome him was a grim Austrian banner, which was soon lugged down. It was moonlight before he arrived; there was a pause as the train drew up at the platform, and then the General was almost lifted out of the carriage, and stood with the lamps lighting up his face. It was full of deep lines of pain and care and weariness, but over and through it all such a spiritual beauty and moral dignity. His dress was picturesque in

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form and colour—the red shirt, the grey cloak lined with red, the corner flung gracefully over one shoulder. Colonel Peard was there, his duty being to protect his chief from the enthusiasm of the crowd. The next morning he gave us a cordial reception; a good night had done wonders for him, and had taken off twenty years from his apparent age. We talked of his last night's reception, and I asked if he had ever been at Falmouth as was reported. "Never," he said; "but I was at Portsmouth in '55:" he hopes to come and visit us some day.

July 2.—Have just returned from a visit to Professor Adams at Cambridge. He is so delightful in the intervals of business, enjoying all things, large or small, with a boyish zest. He showed and explained the calculating machine (French, not Babbagè), which saves him much in time and brain, as it can multiply or divide ten figures accurately. We came upon an admirable portrait of him at St. John's College before he accepted a Pembroke Fellowship and migrated thither. Next day we met Professor Sedgwick, looking so aged; and whilst at Trinity we had a pleasant talk with Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta.

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Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling.

"*Penjerrick, November* 25, 1865.—I fear I shall not get to the Crag to-day to report on the casualties of the last few days, as it is still blowing great guns; and it is piteous to watch the great trees rocking and shuddering under the weight of the gale, the tall cypress sometimes bending to an angle of 45°. It is wonderful that more mischief is not done before our eyes. At Grove Hill, several large trees were torn up by their roots, and did as much mischief—like Samson, in dying—as they conveniently could. What we see makes one think tragically of what we do not see. Another vessel is ashore in our harbour—twelve or fourteen are reported ashore in Plymouth Harbour; but what of those of whom we hear nothing, and perhaps shall never hear? Oh, it is a doubtful luxury to live on the coast and watch those grand creatures struggling across the Bay, partly dismasted—almost beaten—but not quite! God help them, and those who love them.

"Thanks for thy last, with its slowly progressive news of your patient. I suppose that is as much as one has any right to hope for. And thanks

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for the glorious echoes of that Lobgesang. Thou must have wanted it after reading Robertson's life. Poor, dear, dear Robertson! Was it necessary to tell it all to the public? I often ask myself; but then, I have not finished the first volume yet. I had almost rather have been left alone with his sermons. Dost thou really not hope to feel consciously nearer the Father of all by and by, than in this present cloudy existence? I shouldn't think it worth while to die at all (!) if I could only crave in dying that I might not be taken away from Him. 'This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise,' was said to the repentant thief, and I should fully hope to creep in, however far behind him. I always think his a very sublime act of faith recognising his King in that dark hour.

"A great anxiety just now is our darling Louisa Reynolds. She is, you know, to us the one 'indispensable' member of the circle. But that is a poor reason for begrudging her an entrance into the Celestial City, fit ending of her faithful, loving pilgrimage. But she would be very willing to stay with us a while, so long as her Lord has any work for her to do. It is peace to turn to her from Jamaica. Where art thou in that strife? Not

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with the *Times*, I trust? Of course my national vanity makes me shudder much more under the English than the Negro savagery. Hast thou seen any of the documents in the *Daily News* of the 20th or 23d? But the governor's despatch is enough to make one sick without note or comment.

"A third tree gone down before our eyes! the gale is awful. Oh, I trust that George is safe at Natal shooting rabbits! He has shot five, dear fellow, a feat performable in England! The father was coming in every ten minutes with news of fresh disasters, so I could stand it no longer, but went forth into the storm; it was grand and terrific, and the great trees were cracking around us, and some giants prostrate having crushed many darlings in their fall. Oh, it would have gone to thy heart to see the lovely squashed pines; but all was nothing to the blessing of poor John not having been hurt, who was actually in a tree cutting down its branches when it fell. About twenty trees are gone, some of the very largest, and what may have been going on again at Grove Hill we can only imagine.

"Having got out, how could I resist the temptation of giving my betters the slip, and creeping away

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to the Crag to see what might be left of it? And I rejoice to say that it has stood all gallantly; a few old trees gone, but nothing to signify. One from the terrace bank fell, and another near it Hugh wisely cut away lest it should fall on the greenhouse. Only two panes of glass gone, and neither slates nor chimney-pots from the house. The sea was glorious, and the pond extended almost as far as Bolt's house. I crept round the hill and up the zig-zag to get there; but Hugh thought I might get across the hill-top in returning. 'Indeed, I shall have to pass it myself this evening,' and I think he wished to see the experiment tried. I did it! only taking twice to Mother Earth. Hast thou ever seen the earth breathing and throbbing? It looks very uncanny—caused by the heaving of the great roots. Four wrecks are reported between here and the Lizard, but no lives lost in the harbour! Yours, C. F.

"Is this the last rose of summer? No, there is yet a bud; but is it not gallant of it to be doing its *devoir* still?"

The following answers to what may be termed "Popular Fallacies," were written this year for the Pen and Pencil Club by Caroline Fox :—

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That "Enough is as good as a feast," is triumphantly refuted by every schoolboy.

That the "Pudding is known by the eating," is denied by every dweller in a kitchen.

"That one Englishman is a match for six Frenchmen." The Emperor smiles.

"That it is better to suffer any wrong than do any." Roars of laughter at St. Stephen's.

"That a man is what a woman makes him," is asserted before marriage, refuted afterwards.

"That Britons never will be slaves." Singing which they rush upon their doom at the Blue Anchor—result, slavery and madness.

"That a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Not so dangerous as none at all.

"That manners make the man." The man should make the manners, unless a dancing master's graciousness will content you.

"That every man has his price," but God can correct the sum.

Penjerrick, March 18, 1866.—I have just been brought through a sharp little attack of bronchitis, and feel bound to record my sense of the tender mercy that has encompassed me night and day. Though it may have been in part my own wilfulness and recklessness that brought it on, that and all else was pardoned, all fear of suffering or death was swallowed up in the childlike joy of trust: a perfect rest in the limitless love and wisdom of

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a most tender Friend, whose Will was far dearer to me than my own. That blessed Presence was felt just in proportion to the needs of the hour, and the words breathed into my spirit were just the most helpful ones at the time, strengthening and soothing. This was specially felt in the long still nights, when sometimes I felt very ill: "Never less lonely than when thus alone—alone with God." Surely I know more than ever of the reality of that declaration, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." I write all this now, because my feelings are already fading into commonplace, and I would fain fix some little scrap of my experience. I had before been craving for a little more spiritual life on any terms, and how mercifully this has been granted! and I can utterly trust that in any extremity that may be before me the same wonderful mercy will encompass me, and of mere love and forgiving compassion carry me safely into Port.[1]

[1] With the exception of a few notes of her life's ordinary doings, this is the last entry in the whole series of Caroline Fox's Journals.

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From "Johnny" the Marmozet to M. E. Tregelles.

Hotel d'Orient, Hyères, November 22, 1866.—My dear and noble and generous cousin!—How I do love you and hug you in my heart, and hope that you are lying somewhere as snugly and warmly as I am. Just now, indeed, I am up and sitting on the balcony outside the window and dressing for the day (my legs and tail take a long time to polish up), and I let Aunt Caroline do the writing for me, as her affairs can't be so important as mine. She has my carriage (*sac de voyage* I call it now) strapped round her waist ready for me when I wish to go and look at the Mediterranean from under the palm-trees, or to M. Gorcin's studio. I went yesterday to a church on a hill, and saw such a number of people there and all about the place, because it was the great anniversary; and moreover the town of Hyères presented a picture of the Virgin that day as a thank-offering for having been spared a visitation of cholera; and such a number of candles were burning before it as made me think of the sunshine of my own Brazil! Hundreds of funny little pictures were hung all round the church, showing people in all

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sorts of dangers; I believe my aunts thought it was very nice to be thankful in any fashion, but I assure you the pictures were hideously painted. Besides, there was always the Madonna stuck up in the corner of them; and as I always go to Meeting now—even on fourth-day evenings—of course I don't like that.

"I have made such a number of friends on my travels: the waiters are ready to worship me at *table-d'hôtes*, and give a plate '*pour le Petit*' (I don't know whether it is quite respectful to call me so, but they mean well, I believe); and a little boy here rushes down whilst I am at breakfast *en famille* for a kiss; but as I don't always like such interruptions, I think it best sometimes to make a little round mouth at him.

"They all admire my *sac de voyage* very much, and well they may! I am glad they can't get into it. A Russian Princess who filled a great hotel with her glory, after petting me with enthusiasm, turned to my Aunt and said, 'You are a happy Woman!' to which I winked assent.

"You will be glad to hear that this climate suits my health as well as that of my family. I like to sit with them upon the cistuses and myrtles

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and look out on the sea from under the pines, and draw a little, and make friends with the people. I had a great deal to say to the Pilgrims yesterday, and they were delighted with my little books.—I remain, thy very loving and very grateful cousin,

"J. MARMOZET."

Mentone, March 5, 1867.—Called by appointment on Carlyle at Lady Ashburton's. He has a sort of pavilion separate yet attached to her villa, where he may feel independent. Found him alone reading Shakespeare, in a long dressing-gown, a drab comforter wrapped round and round his neck, and a dark-blue cap on, for he had a cold. He received us very kindly, but would untwist his comforter, and take off his cap, and comb his shaggy mane in honour of the occasion. He looks thin, and aged, and sad as Jeremiah, though the red is still bright in his cheek and the blue in his eye, which seems to be set more deeply than ever; there is a grim expression in his face, which looks solemn enough.

First he launched out, I think, on the horrors of the journey, "I should never have come but for Tyndall, who dragged me off by the hair of my

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head, so to speak, and flung me down here, and then went his way. He had better have left me alone with my misery.[1] Pleasures of travelling! In that accursed train, with its devilish howls and yells driving one distracted!" "But cannot you read in travelling?" "Read! No; it is enough for me to reflect on my own misery; they ought to give you chloroform as you are a living creature." Then of the state of England and the Reform Bill: "Oh! this cry for Liberty! Liberty! which is just liberty to do the Devil's work, instead of binding him with ten thousand bands, just going the way of France and America, and those sort of places; why, it is all going downhill as fast as it can go, and of no significance to me; I have done with it. I can take no interest in it at all, nor feel any sort of hope for the country. It is not the Liberty to keep the Ten Commandments that they are crying out for—that used to be enough for the genuine Man—but Liberty to carry on their own prosperity,

[1] *Mrs. Carlyle* died April 1866. "With some of the highest gifts of intellect and the charm of a most varied knowledge of books and things, there was something beyond, beyond."—Forster's "Life of Dickens," vol. iii. p. 277.

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as they call it, and so there is no longer anything genuine to be found; it is all shoddy. Go into any shop you will and ask for any article, and ye'll find it all one enormous lie. The country is going to perdition at a frightful pace. I give it about fifty years yet to accomplish its fall."

Spoke of Gladstone: "Is not he a man of principle?" "Oh, Gladstone! I did hope well of him once, and so did John Sterling, though I heard he was a Puseyite and so forth; still it seemed the right thing for a State to feel itself bound to God, and to lean on Him, and so I hoped something might come of him; but now he has been declaiming that England is in such a wonderfully prosperous state, meaning that it has plenty of money in its breeches' pockets and plenty of beef in its great ugly belly. But that's not the prosperity we want. And so I say to him, 'You are not the Life-giver to England; I go my way, you go yours, good morning' (with a most dramatic and final bow). Which times were the most genuine in England? Cromwell's? Henry VIII.'s? Why, in each time it seems to me there was something genuine, some endeavour to keep God's commandments. Cromwell's time was only a revival of it. But now

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things have been going down further and further since George III."

A little knock at the door, and a lady in black appeared and vanished, which was a signal that Lady Ashburton was going presently, but he said she wished to see us first, as she was going to see the Bunsens at Florence. He liked to hear of the Sterlings, and of our being all near together in Cornwall. "I have always," he said, "a sort of pious feeling about Falmouth and about you all, and so had she who is gone away from me, for all your kindness to John Welsh; you couldn't do a greater kindness than all you did for him and his mother. He was a true, genuine man; give him anything to do, and you may be sure it was well done, whether it was to be seen of human eye or no. He worked hard, for the one unquestionable foremost duty he felt was to raise his mother out of her troubles; he could see no other till that was done, and well done, and he did it and died. I was once in Falmouth harbour for two hours in an Irish steamer, and I gave my card to a respectable-looking, seafaring sort of man, who promised to take it to your late brother. I remember taking a leaf out of my pocket-book and writing on it my regrets at not

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being able to land." He spoke of the beauty of this country, and specially of the view from the bridge, which he must have crossed seventy times, and the pleasure of the warmth and sunshine with the blue sky clear above one, rather than the cold and wet and mud of London. Then he took us to Lady Ashburton, whose carriage was getting ready, and we took leave of him.

Lady Ashburton's is a winning and powerful face, with much intellectual energy and womanly sweetness. She encouraged our coming again to see Carlyle, thinking it quite a kindness to stir him up. She was glad he had spoken of anything with pleasure, "for," she added, "I'm very fond of the old man, and I did what I thought was for the best, and I really hope he is the better for it in spite of himself, though sometimes it seems as if it was altogether a failure." Lady Ashburton goes to Rome and will return here. She leaves "her one treasure," an only little girl, and Carlyle under the care of two good, kindly, wise-hearted ladies.

Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling.

"*Mentone, March* 17, 1867.—How these precious memorials thicken! and they don't lessen in value,

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as Time rolls on but does not sweep away our memories of the Past, which often seem the most absolute of our earthly possessions. It is a hard task to be patient with one's own dryness and weariness of heart and lifelessness. I know every inch of that road; but spring leaves, and even flowers may follow that deathlike winter; and that strange rest which feels like torpor of the spirit, is also wisely appointed when the heart has been overtasked.

"Mr. Carlyle is gone; we only saw him once more, and then I thought his 'Good-bye' so impressive that it felt like parting, and when we called again he was gone. I was so interested to see how the true man came out when he talked of you—he had been grim in his views of England and things in general, but then the sympathy and tenderness shone out of him, and he dwelt on kindred themes in his own noblest spirit. I am very glad to have seen him again after an interval of many, many years, though it makes one sad to think of him—his look and most of his talk were so dreary.

"The manifold beauty of this place bewitches us, and we are able to take long excursions on donkeys

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amongst the mountains and quaintest of mountain villages. The dear Father finds immense beds of fossils, strangest strata, and bone caverns, to say nothing of most glorious waves, and a bellows which snorts forth its rush of waters, like a vast walrus, through two nostrils. We had a picnic at Roccabruna, in the olive grove behind that grotesque place, in honour of a nice little Tuke's birthday. It was a brilliant scene, with all the bright children flitting about in the sunshine."

Caroline Fox to Charlotte O'Brien.

"*Penjerrick, October* 14, 1868.—We have just had the John Brights staying with us, and enjoyed it very much; his conversation is so varied, he is so simple and unreserved in telling one all manner of things one wishes to hear about, and then there is such downright manliness in the whole nature of the man, which is refreshing in this rather feeble age. How did you like him in your part of Ireland? Here he had nothing for the public, though they wanted to present an address, but would talk and read poetry until ten o'clock to us.

"The Polytechnic took place the week before,

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and proved quite a pleasant occasion. We had various scientific people staying with us:—the Glaishers, who had much to tell, both about balloons and meteors; Dr. Balfour Stewart, of the Kew Observatory, who has gone on to look after the branch observatories at Valentia and Dublin; then Frank Buckland was staying at my Uncle Charles's, and you might have seen him in his glory, lying on the pavement outside the drawing-room door, with the three monkeys sprawling about him. He gave a very amusing lecture one evening on oysters and salmon. Since all these people left we have had Mr. Opie (great nephew of a great uncle!) painting a very successful portrait of my dear Father, and now we are alone.

"It must have been delightful to get an experienced sister to assist in the parish work, but don't let them talk thee into joining a sisterhood. Woman's work may be well done without all that ceremony, and whilst there are wifeless brothers with parishes to look after, I think it would be a shame to turn deserter. This is very gratuitous advice, for thou never gave a hint of such possible change of raiment. Thou art gallant about the Irish Church, in spite of thy ecclesiastical belong-

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ings, and I should have great faith in the blessing which would be granted to an act of justice—particularly when it threatens to involve a large amount of self-sacrifice. But a calculated self-sacrifice spoils all; it loses its own blessing and the effect on the community. I trust with thee that Parliament may be greatly enlightened as to the remedy for Ireland, in the wisest way, of all the questions which would have to be considered, if Gladstone's *auto-da-fé* should be accomplished."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne, written seven days before Her Going Hence.

"*Penjerrick, January* 5, 1871.—And now, dear, thank thee so much for that earnest pamphlet. Thank thee for so bravely speaking out the conviction, which was doubtless given thee for the good of others as well as thy own, that nothing short of communion with our present Lord can satisfy the immense need of man. How true that we are so often fed with phrases, and even try sometimes to satisfy ourselves with phrases whilst our patient Master is still knocking at the door. I trust that the seed thou hast been faithfully sowing

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may lodge in fitting soil, and bring forth flowers and fruit, to the praise of the Lord of the garden, and to the joy of some poor little human creature with whom He deigns to converse.

"In hopes of a happy meeting whenever the fitting time may come, and with very loving wishes for the new-born year,—Ever thine very lovingly,

"CAROLINE FOX."

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APPENDIX.

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Since the publication of the First Edition of Caroline Fox's Journals, the original letters written from time to time by John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox, and to which she refers in her Diaries, have been found at Penjerrick, and, by the kind permission of the late Mr. Mill's Executrix and family, are here appended, omitting therefrom only such domestic details as have no public interest.

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APPENDIX.

—o—

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

KENSINGTON, *August* 3, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter came, and was most welcome; and the same may be said of certain other missives which I had the pleasure of despatching to Guildford. It was very pleasant to be able to figure to oneself your mode of existence at Penjerrick. I often think one never knows one's friends, or rather, they are not properly one's friends, until one has seen them in their home, and can figure to oneself some part at least of their daily existence. I am sure we all feel much nearer to all of you by having become so familiar with your local habitation, or I may say habitations, and with so many of your haunts on that lovely coast,—how often I fancy myself looking through the transparent spring air across the lovely blue bay to Pennance, nor are reminiscences of Penjerrick either unfrequent or faint.

It is curious that your letter about Tocqueville and Brown found me also occupied with both of them—reviewing the one, and reading the other once again after an interval of many years. I have not, however, yet got to his theory of the moral feelings; and though I re-

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member that I did not like it, and took great pains, as I fancied quite successfully, to refute it, I cannot say I remember what it is; and so many of my philosophical opinions have changed since, that I can trust no judgment which dates from so far back in my history. My renewed acquaintance with Brown shows me that I was not mistaken in thinking he had made a number of oversights; but I also see that he has even more than I formerly thought of those characteristic merits which made me recommend him as the best *one* author in whom to study that great subject. I think you have described his book by the right epithets, and I would add to them, that it seems to me the very book from which to learn, both in theory and by example, the true *method* of philosophising. The analysis in his early lectures of the true nature and amount of what we can learn of the phenomena of the world, seems to me perfect, and his mode of inquiry into the mind is strictly founded upon that analysis.

As for Tocqueville, I do not wonder that you should find him difficult; for, in the first place, the philosophical writers of the present day have made almost a new French language; and, in the next place, he is really abstruse. By being so abstract, and, not sufficiently (especially in the second part) *illustrating* his propositions, I find it tough work reviewing him—much tougher than I expected, especially as I was prevented from beginning so soon as I ought.

So you are now all, or nearly all, reassembled; and we again see or fancy the family picture in its accustomed and original frame. That is much, although not so much as it would have been if we had not seen you in the opposite circumstances of London,—I was going to say the *uncongenial* circumstances,—but you are all so happily

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constituted that no circumstances are uncongenial to you; still some are more congenial than others, and I can fancy, for instance, that if you were standing beside Sterling, in one of Raphael's *stanze* in the Vatican, you would find the situation very congenial indeed. I return the old Michelet, with my prayer that your youngest sister, whom I have hardly yet forgiven for not taking it, and who must by this time be weary of the sight of it, will make haste to lay it up in some crypt of her autograph cabinet, and let the world see no more of it; I trust she is satisfied, for I have now kept it till another came.

The knowledge that an autograph of Guizot has probably reached you or will reach you from other quarters, consoles me for not having one to offer; for his invitations to dinner are printed forms. I have dined with him again, but one gets so little real conversation with any one who has to attend to his guests. The last time it was a most successfully made up party; I mean that fortune was most propitious to me in particular, for of six guests three were persons I always like to meet, and two of the other three were the two persons I most wished to meet—Thirlwall, with whom I renewed an acquaintance of which the only event was a speech he made in reply to one of mine when I was a youth of nineteen (it has remained impressed upon me ever since, as the finest speech I ever heard), and Gladstone, whom I had never seen at all—and with both these I hope I have laid the foundation of a further knowledge, especially as Thirlwall will now be in town in Parliament time. How delighted Sterling must be at finding him a bishop—but hardly more so than I am.—Yours ever, J. S. Mill.

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John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

I. H., *November* 25, 1840.

My dear Friend,—It is very long since I either heard from you or wrote to you, but the correspondence between your sisters and mine, which is considerably more active than ours, has kept up a sort of communication between us, which, though very agreeable, I do not find entirely to supply the place of direct correspondence. I am not, I know, entitled to expect frequent letters while I show myself so remiss in fulfilling my own part of the implied contract between absent friends. But we people whose whole life is passed in writing either to "our Governor-General of India in Council," or to everybody's Governor-General the English public, are, I believe, excusable if we like better to receive letters than to write them.

I enclose a copy of a recent epistle of mine to the latter of those great authorities. It will reappear as part of two little volumes, which, although you already have nearly all the contents of them, will some time or other in the course of next year appear before you as suppliants for a place on your shelf. About the same time I hope to have finished a big book, the first draft of which I put the last hand to a few weeks ago. I do not know whether the subject of it will interest you, but as you have been so much pleased with Brown, many of whose views I have adopted, perhaps it may.

We have all of us been in great trepidation about the state of affairs in Europe. It would have been too bad if the two most light-headed men in Europe—Palmerston and Thiers—had been suffered to embroil the whole world, and do mischief which no one now living would have

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seen repaired. I do not know which of the two I feel most indignant with. The immediate danger is, I hope, over, but the evil already done is incalculable. The confidence which all Europe felt in the preservation of peace will not for many years be re-established, and the bestial antipathies between nations, and especially between France and England, have been rekindled to a deplorable extent. All the hope is that founded on the French character, which, as it is excitable by small causes, may also be calmed by slight things, and accordingly alternates between resentment against England and Anglomania. —With kind regards to all, ever faithfully yours,

J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

KENSINGTON, *December* 23, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I return with many thanks what I ought to have returned much sooner, the notes of the Welsh sermon. It is a really admirable specimen of popular eloquence, of a rude kind—it is well calculated to go to the very core of an untaught hearer. I believe there is much preaching of that character among the Methodists, and more perhaps among their still wilder kindred, the Ranters, &c. Do you know Ebenezer Elliot's poem of *the Ranter?* This might be such a man. I believe even this does good when it really penetrates the crust of a sensual and stupid boor, who never thought or knew that he had a soul, or concerned himself about his spiritual state. But in allowing that this may do good, I am making a great concession; for I confess it is as revolting to me as it was to Coleridge, to find infinite justice, or even human justice, represented as a sort of

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demoniacal rage that must be appeased by blood and anguish, but, provided it has that, cares not whether it be the blood and anguish of the guilty or the innocent. It seems to me but one step farther, and a step which in spirit at least is often taken, to say of God what the Druids said of their gods, that the *only* acceptable sacrifice to them was a victim pure and without taint. I know not how dangerous may be the ground on which I am treading, or how far the view of the Atonement which is taken by this poor preacher may be recognised by your Society, or by yourself; but surely a more Christian-like interpretation of that mystery is that which, believing that Divine Wisdom punishes the sinner for the sinner's sake, and not from an inherent necessity, more heathen than the heathen Nemesis, holds, as Coleridge did, that the sufferings of the Redeemer were (in accordance with the eternal laws on which this system of things is built) an indispensable means of bringing about that change in the hearts of sinners, the want of which is the real and sole hindrance to the universal salvation of mankind.

I marvel greatly at the accuracy of memory, which could enable Mrs. Charles Fox to write down from recollection so wonderfully vivid, and evidently almost literally correct, a report of this sermon. I know that Friends cultivate that kind of talent, but I should think few attain so high a degree of it.

The testimony of the Yearly Meeting I have read with great interest, and though I had read several similar documents before, I do not remember any in which the peculiarities of the Society in reference to the questions of Church government, &c., which agitate the present day, are so pointedly stated and so vigorously enforced.

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I am glad you like my article. I have just had a letter from Tocqueville, who is more delighted with it than I ventured to hope for. He touches on politics, mourning over the rupture of the Anglo-French alliance; and as the part he took in debate has excited much surprise and disapproval here, it is right to make known what he professes as his creed on the matter—viz., that if you wish to keep any people, especially so mobile a people as the French, in the disposition of mind which enables them to do great things, you must by no means teach them to be reconciled to other people's making no account of them. They were treated, he thinks, with so great a degree of slight, (to say the least) by our government, that for their public men not to show a feeling of *blessure* would have been to lower the standard of national pride, which in the present state of the world, he thinks, almost the only elevated sentiment that remains in considerable strength. There is really a great deal in this, although it does not justify and scarcely excuses the revival of the old national animosity, or even the warlike demonstrations and preparations. A nation can show itself offended without threatening a vengeance out of proportion to the affront, and which would involve millions that never offended them with units that did, besides ruining themselves in the end, or rather in the beginning. And the tricky policy of Thiers, which is like the whole character of the man, is not in the least palliated by the offence given. But I do think it quite contemptible in England to treat the bare suspicion of France seeking for influence in the East as something too horrible to be thought of, England meanwhile progressively embracing the whole of Asia in her own grasp. Really to read our newspapers, any one would fancy such

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a thing as a European nation acquiring territory and dependent allies in the East were a thing never dreamt of till France perfidiously cast a covetous eye on the dominions of Mehemet Ali. I cannot find words to express my contempt of the whole conduct of our Government, or my admiration for the man who has conjured away as much as was possible of the evil done, and has attained the noblest end, in a degree no one else could, by the noblest means. Of course, I mean Guizot, who now stands before the world as immeasurably the greatest public man living. I cannot think without humiliation of some things I have written years ago of such a man as this, when I thought him a dishonest politician. I confounded the prudence of a wise man, who lets some of his maxims go to sleep while the time is unpropitious for asserting them, with the laxity of principle which resigns them for personal advancement. Thank God, I did not wait to know him personally in order to do him justice, for in 1838 and 1839 I saw that he had reasserted all his old principles at the first time at which he could do so with success, and without compromising what in his view were more important principles still. I ought to have known better than to have imputed dishonourable inconsistency to a man, whom I now see to have been consistent beyond any statesman of our time, and altogether a model of the consistency of a statesman, as distinguished from that of a fanatic.

You have been a little premature in saying anything to a bookseller about my Logic, for no bookseller is likely to hear anything about it from me for many months. I have it all to rewrite completely, and now, here is Sterling persuading me that I must read all manner of German logic, which, though it goes much against the grain with

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me, I can in no sort gainsay. So you are not likely to see much of my writing for some time to come, except such scribble as this.

All send love to all. Pray write soon.—Yours always,

J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *March* 12, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel somewhat ashamed at having allowed two months to elapse since your last letter, especially when I consider the enclosure which it contained, respecting which, however, I sent you a message by one of my sisters (a *verbal* message, which she doubtless transmuted into a written one) which a little lightens the weight on my conscience. As there is a good side to everything bad (and not solely to the misfortunes of one's friends, as La Rochefoucault would have it), this tardiness on my part has had one good effect, viz., that on reading your little poem once more, after a considerable interval, I am able to say, with greater deliberation than I could have said at the time, that I think your verses not only good, but so good, that it is no small credit to have done so well on so extremely hackneyed a subject; the *great* simple elemental powers and constituents of the universe have, however, inexhaustible capabilities, when any one is sufficiently fitted, by nature, and cultivation for poetry, to have felt them as *realities*, that which a poet alone does habitually or frequently, which the majority of mankind never do at all, and which we of the middle rank, perhaps, have the amazement of being able to do at some rare instants, when all familiar things stand before us like spectres from another world, not how-

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ever like phantoms, but like the real things of which the phantoms alone are present to us, or appear so in our common everyday state. That is truly a revelation of the seen, not of the unseen, and fills one with what Wordsworth must have been feeling when he wrote the line "filled with the joy of troubled thoughts."

I cannot undertake to criticise your poem, for I have no turn for that species of criticism, but there seems to me enough of melody in it, to justify your writing in verse, which I think nobody should do who has not music in his ear as well as "soul." Therefore if it were at all necessary, I would add my exhortation to that which you have no doubt received from much more competent and equally friendly judges—Sterling, for instance—to persevere. You have got over the mechanical difficulties, which are the great hindrance to those who have feelings and ideas from writing good poetry—therefore go on and prosper.

I congratulate you on having Dr. Calvert with you. Sterling you may or may not have, for I had a letter from him yesterday, dated at Clifton on Thursday, and he had said if he went at all, it would be on Wednesday. It would be a pleasure to us all to think of him as in the midst of you.

I have been doing nothing worth telling you for a long time, for I cannot count among such things the rather tiresome business of reading German books of logic. It is true, I have diversified that occupation by reading Euripides, about whom there would be much to say if one had time and room. Have you ever read any of the great Athenian dramatists? I had read but little of them before now, and that little at long intervals, so that I had no very just, and nothing like a complete, impression of them, yet nothing upon earth can be more interesting

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than to form to oneself a correct and living picture of the sentiments, the mode of taking life and of viewing it, of that most accomplished people. To me that is the chief interest of Greek poetic literature, for to suppose that any modern mind can be satisfied with it as a literature, or that it can, in an equal degree with much inferior modern works of art (provided these be really genuine emanations from sincere minds) satisfy the requirements of the more deeply feeling, more introspective, and (above even that) more genial character which Christianity and chivalry and many things in addition to these have impressed upon the nations of Europe, it is, if I may judge from myself, quite out of the question. Still, we have immeasurably much to win back as well as many hitherto undreamed-of conquests to make; and the twentieth and thirtieth centuries may be indebted for something to the third century before Christ, as well as to the three immediately after Him.

This is a long letter, full of nothing, but the next shall be better.

With kindest regards to your delightful circle.—Yours ever, J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *May* 6, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I will be more prompt this time in contributing my part towards keeping the thread of our correspondence unbroken.

I am glad that you do not write *only* poetry, for in these days one composes in verse (I don't mean *I* do, for I don't write verses at all), for oneself rather than for the public, as is generally the case in an age chiefly charac-

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terised by earnest practical endeavour. There is a deep-rooted tendency almost everywhere, but above all in this England of ours, to fancy that what is written in verse is not meant in earnest, nor should be understood as serious at all (for really the common talk about being *moral* and so forth means only that poetry is to treat with respect whatever people are used to profess respect for, and amounts to no more than a parallel precept not to play at any indecent or irreverent *games*). Prose is after all the language of *business*, and therefore is the language to do good by in an age when men's minds are forcibly drawn to external effort—when they feel called to what my friends the Saint-Simonians not blasphemously call "continuing the work of creation," *i.e.*, co-operating as instruments of Providence in bringing order out of disorder. True, this is only a part of the mission of mankind, and the time will come again when its due rank will be assigned to contemplation, and the calm culture of reverence and love. Then poetry will resume her equality with prose — an equality like every healthy equality, resolvable into reciprocal superiority. But that time is not yet, and the crowning glory of Wordsworth is that he has borne witness to it and kept alive its traditions in an age which but for him would have lost sight of it entirely, and even poetical minds would with us have gone off into the heresy of the poetical critics of the present day in France, who hold that poetry is above all and pre-eminently a *social* thing.

You ask my opinion on the punishment of death. I am afraid I cannot quite go with you as to the abstract right, for if your unqualified denial of that right were true, would it not be criminal to slay a human being even in the strictest self-defence, if he were attempting to kill

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or subject to the most deadly outrages yourself or those dearest to you? I do not know whether the principles of your Society go this length: mine do not, and therefore I do hold that society has, or rather that man has a right to take away life when without doing so he cannot protect rights of his own as sacred as the "divine right to live." But I would confine the right of inflicting death to cases in which it was certain that no other punishment or means of prevention would have the effect of protecting the innocent against atrocious crimes, and I very much doubt whether any such cases exist. I have, therefore, always been favourable to the entire abolition of capital punishment, though I confess I do not attach much importance to it in the case of the worst criminals of all, towards whom the nature of the punishment hardly ever operates on juries or prosecutors as a motive to forbearance.

Perhaps this view will afford you matter to confute in your essay, but indeed it is so trite that you have no doubt anticipated it.

There is nothing of mine in the *Edinburgh* this time, nor is it likely there will be till I have finished my book —the big book I mean, the Logic. I think I told you that the first draft was finished last autumn. I have now got to work on the rewriting, and have just completed, tolerably to my own satisfaction, the first of the six books into which it will be divided. I don't suppose many people will read anything so scholastic, especially as I do not profess to upset the schools, but to rebuild them, and unluckily everybody who cares about such subjects nowadays is of a different school from me. But that is the concern of a higher power than mine; my concern is to bring *out* of me what is *in* me, although

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the world should not find, even after many days, that what is cast on the waters is wholesome bread; nay, even although (worst of all) it may happen to be, in reality, only bread made of sawdust.

So you are really to have Sterling always with you. I congratulate you heartily—there is no place where I would rather wish him—except with me. Carlyle is in the country roaming about, at least I have not heard of his being yet returned. I quite agree with you as to his lectures. That little book contains almost all his best ideas in a particularly attractive shape, and with many explanations which he has not given elsewhere, or has given only by way of allusion.

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Fox, and your sisters, and to all relations whom I have the good fortune to know (except those at Perran, whom I trust soon to see), believe me, ever yours,

(in no merely polite sense),

J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *July* 24, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Have you not thought that I was dead, or gone mad, or had "left my home," like the "unfortunate gentlemen" who are advertised (or as Dickens expresses it, 'tized) in every day's newspaper, for none of my friends have heard of me for months past; not even Sterling, who of all men living had the strongest claim not to be so treated? But I meditate an ample reparation to him—so far as a long letter can be so—and in the meantime I steal a moment to pay to you a small instalment of the debt which is due to you.

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I suppose the most interesting subject to you, as to most other people at this particular moment, is politics,—and in the first place I must say that your (or let me venture to say *our*) Falmouth is a noble little place for having turned out its Tory, and elected two Liberals, at the very time when it had received from the Liberal Government so severe a blow as the removal of the packets. If there had been many more such places the Tories would not have been, for another ten years, where they will be in half as many weeks. I cannot say, however, that the result of the elections has disappointed me. The remarkable thing is, that the Corn Law question, *as such*, should have told for so little, either one way or the other. I expected that it would give us all the manufacturing places, instead of which we have *lost* ground, even there! while it has not prevented us from turning out Tories from many small and purely agricultural towns. Now the only explanation which is possible of these facts, is one which reflects some light on the causes of the general result. The people of Leeds, Wigan, &c., cannot be indifferent to the Corn question; Tory, or Liberal, it is a matter of life and death to them; and they know it. If they had thought that question depended on the result of the present elections, they *must* have returned Liberals; but their feeling was, that the Whigs cannot carry the Corn question, and that it will be as easily, if not more easily, extorted from the Tories. And the agriculturists think the same—most likely we should have lost as many counties at the next general election even if the Corn question had not been stirred.

The truth is, and everybody I meet with who knows the country says so,—the people had ceased to hope anything from the Whigs; and the general feeling among

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reformers was either indifference, or desire for a change. If they had not proposed, even at the last moment, these measures, they would have been in a miserable minority in the new Parliament. As it is, their conduct has to some extent reanimated radical feeling, which will now again resume its upward movement, and the Whigs, having put themselves really at the head of the popular party, will have an opportunity, which there seems considerable probability that they will use, of making themselves again popular. For my part, they have quite converted me to them; not only by the courage and determination they have shown (though somewhat too late), but by the thorough understanding they have shown of so great a subject. Their speeches in the great debates were really the speeches of philosophers.

I most entirely agree with you about the Sugar question, and I was delighted to see that the anti-slavery party in the country generally did not follow the aberrations of their Parliamentary leaders. This part of the subject is admirably argued in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, just published.

Have you yet resumed your speculations on Capital Punishment? As for me, I have been quite absorbed in my Logic, which indeed it is necessary I should lose no time about, on pain of missing the next publishing season —when I hope to publish that, and my reprint too.

With kindest regards to all your family (and apologies for so meagre a letter), believe me, yours ever,

J. S. MILL.

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John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *April* 5, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am really ashamed to think of the time which has elapsed since I wrote to you, or gave the smallest indication of remembrance of a family whom I have so much cause never to forget. I beg that you will all of you ascribe this omission on my part to any other cause than want of remembrance, or of frequent thought of you, and I believe I could assign such causes as would go far towards palliating it. Now, however, I feel impelled to write to you by two feelings. One is the wish to condole with you on the loss which Sterling's going abroad is to you, and on the anxiety which, after so much longer and more intimate knowledge of him than you had had when I last saw you, I am sure you must feel about a life and health so precious both to all who know him and to the world. It is a cruel thing that the hope of his being able to live even at Falmouth and be capable of work, without the periodical necessity for going abroad, should be thus blighted when it seemed to be so fortunately realised. I fear not so much for his bodily state as for his spirits—it is so hard for an active mind like his to reconcile itself to comparative idleness and to what he considers as uselessness, only however from his inability to persuade himself of the whole amount of the good which his society, his correspondence, and the very existence of such a man diffuses through the world. If he did but know the moral and even intellectual influence which he exercises without writing or publishing anything, he would think it quite worth living for, even if he were never to be capable of writing again!

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Do, if you have a good opportunity, tell Mrs. Sterling how truly I sympathise with her, although I do not intrude upon her with a direct expression of it.

My other prompting to write to you just now comes from the approach of spring, and the remembrance of what this *second* spring *ought* to bring, and I hope will. Surely there is not any doubt of your all coming to London this year?—There seemed some shadow of an uncertainty in one of the last letters which my sisters showed me, but I hope it has all cleared off.

Carlyle is in Scotland owing to the almost sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother. Mrs. Carlyle was summoned too late to see her mother alive. She has returned, and seems to have suffered much. Carlyle is still there, having many affairs to arrange. It is said (and I believe truly) that they will now be in much more comfortable circumstances than before. They heroically refused to receive anything from Mrs. Welsh during her lifetime.

I have little to tell concerning myself—my book will not be published till next season, for which I may thank Murray. He kept me two months waiting for the negative answer which I at last extorted from him, and which it is evident could as well have been given the very first day. I am now in treaty with Parker, and with considerable hope of success. Does it not amuse you to see how I stick to the high-church booksellers. Parker also publishes for Whewell, with whom several chapters of my book are a controversy, but Parker very sensibly says he does not care about that. The book is now awaiting the verdict of a taster unknown, to whom several chapters of his own choice have been communicated; and he gave so favourable a report on the table of contents, that one may hope he will not do worse by the

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book itself. If Parker publishes the book, he shall have my reprint too, if he will take it, but I am afraid he will not like anything so radical and anti-church—as much of it is.

Do, if you have time, write to me, and tell me your recent doings in the way of poetry or prose, together with as much of your thoughts and feelings respecting this little earth and this great universe as you are inclined to communicate, and in any case do not forget me.—Ever yours,

J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *May* 10, 1842.

Many thanks, my dear friend, for your letter and its enclosures, and still more for the very agreeable intelligence—that we may hope to see you all, and *expect* to see some of you very soon.

I have had much pleasure in reading both the prose and the verse which you sent me. I think I can honestly give downright straightforward praise to them both.—The poetry has both thought and music in it, and the prose seems "to me much reflecting on these things" to contain the real pith of the matter expressed "simply" and "perspicuously," and with the kind of force which so purely intellectual a subject required and admitted of.—If it were shown to me as the production of a young writer whom I knew nothing of, I should say at once that he was of the right school, and likely to go far.

I have not time to enter upon metaphysics just now, or I might perhaps discuss with you your curious speculation respecting a duality in the hyper-physical part of man's nature. Is not what you term the mind, as distinguished

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from the spirit or soul, merely that spirit looking at things as through a glass darkly, compelled in short by the conditions of its terrestrial existence to see and know by means of media, just as the mind uses the bodily organs; for to suppose that the eye is *necessary* to sight seems to me the notion of one immersed in matter. What we call our bodily sensations, are all in the mind, and would not necessarily or probably cease because the body perishes. As the eye is but the window *through* which, not the power *by* which, the mind sees, so probably the understanding is the bodily eye of the human spirit, which looks through that window, or, rather, which sees (as in Plato's cave) the camera-obscura images of things in this life, while in another it may or might be capable of seeing the things themselves.

I do not give you this as my opinion, but as a speculation, which you will take for what it is worth.

Thanks for your interest about my books. Parker has proved genuine, and has behaved so well altogether that I feel twice as much interest as I ever did before in the success of the Logic,—for I should really be sorry if he were to lose money by it. He proposes to bring it out about Christmas. He will not publish the reprint, as he makes a point of not publishing politics or polemics, so I shall print it myself in time for next season, and perhaps shall have a copy for you before that.

Give all kind remembrances from all to all, and to your sisters special ones from me for their kind wishes respecting my mental offspring.—Ever yours,

J. S. Mill.

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John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *Thursday.*
(*Date illegible, probably July* 1842.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As you say you reached home "this morning," I perceive you made no more haste than good speed—indeed, to make the former compatible with the latter seemed, under the aspect of affairs last night, rather hopeless. Let me congratulate you on the fact that the safe preservation of all of you was, under these somewhat inauspicious circumstances, achieved. As for us, we have none of us experienced anything unpleasant, except the remembrance of the shortness of your visit, and the uncertainty which as yet hangs over the next.

You might well doubt whether I had received your note, for such a note surely merited some acknowledgment—however, not being able to respond to it in the only suitable manner, viz., in verse, I left it without any response at all—feeling all the while a vast respect for you for being able to write such good verses. But the feelings towards myself which they express require me to say once more how highly I value your friendship, and how unexpectedly gratifying it is that in me, seen as you have seen me, you have found as much to like as these verses seem to indicate. For you have not, nor have even those of your family, whom I have been so fortunate as to see more of, as yet seen *me* as I really and naturally am, but a *me* artificially made, self-conscious, egotistical, and noisily demonstrative by having much feeling to show, and very little time to show it in. If I had been looking forward to living peaceably within a stone's-throw, or even a few hours' walk or ride of you, I should have been

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very different. As it is, that poor little sentence of the poor Ashantee really expresses the spirit of all I have said and done with regard to any of your party. Almost from the beginning, until now, when one is to be but a remembrance, it is difficult to refrain from even awkward attempts to make the remembrance last for more than a few days or weeks.

And now, till I have the opportunity of doing it myself, will you express for me my warmest regards to your father and mother—and for your sisters and yourself; remember that you have not only as many additional "blessings in disguise" as there are sisters at Kensington, but also (unless it be peculiarly a feminine designation), one more, namely, yours affectionately,

J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *September* 9, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I can hardly justify myself for having left you so long without direct tidings of my existence, for I believe this is the first letter I write to you since we parted in London at the termination of your angel's visit. I was not very busy, either, in the earlier part of the time; but of late, that is from the beginning of July, I have been both busy and unwell—the latter to a degree unusual with me, though without a vestige of danger. I am now so much better as to consider myself well, but am still busy, partly with revising my too big book, and making it still bigger by the introduction of additional examples and illustrations; partly by reading for an article on the Romans which I have promised to the *Edinburgh*. To this twofold drudgery, for it is really

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so, I shall have to add presently the correcting of proofs, for part of the MS. is already in the printer's hands.

I hardly know what subject to write to you about unless I could know what are those about which you have been thinking: as for myself I have scarcely been thinking at all except on the two subjects I have just mentioned—Logic and the Romans. As for politics I have almost given up thinking on the subject. Passing events suggest no thoughts but what they have been suggesting for many years past; and there is nothing for a person who is excluded from active participation in political life to do, except to watch the signs which occur of real improvement in mankind's ideas on some of the smaller points, and the too slender indications of some approach to improvement in their feelings on the larger ones. I do believe that ever since the changes in the constitution made by Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Act, a considerable portion of the ruling class in this country, especially of the younger men, have been having their minds gradually opened, and the progress of Chartism is, I think, creating an impression that rulers are bound both in duty and in prudence to take more charge, than they have lately been wont to do, of the interests both temporal and spiritual of the poor. This feeling one can see breaking out in all sorts of stupid and frantic forms, as well as influencing silently the opinions and conduct of sensible people. But as to the means of curing or even alleviating great social evils people are as much at sea as they were before. All one can observe, and it is much, is a more solemn sense of their position, and a more conscientious consideration of the questions which come before them, but this is, I fear, as yet confined to a few. Still, one need not feel discouraged. There

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never was a time when ideas went for more in human affairs than they do now—and one cannot help seeing that any one's honest endeavours must tell for something and may tell for very much, although, in comparison with the mountain of evil to be removed, I never felt disposed to estimate human capabilities at a lower rate than now.

On other subjects I have been doing very little, except reading Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," and, for the second time, his "Moral Philosophy," in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. The latter I like much the best, though both are productions of a very remarkable mind. In the former your Society has a special interest; did that, or other considerations, ever induce you to read it? He seems to me much more successful in showing that other people are wrong than that churchmen, or rather that an ideal churchman, is in the right. The "Moral Philosophy" is rather a history of ethical ideas. It is very interesting, especially the analysis of Judaic life and society, and of Plato and Aristotle, and there seems to me much more truth in this book than in the other.

Our people have been at Paris, and are just returned. I suppose their, or rather our, friends will soon hear of them. They are full of the subject of what they have seen and enjoyed, and altogether the thing has answered perfectly. Certainly, however pleasant home may be, there is great pleasure in occasionally leaving it. I wish some of *you* thought so, and that *we* lived in some place where you wanted very much to come.—Yours faithfully,

J. S. MILL.

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John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *September* 20, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I write this line in haste to ask of you and your family an act of kindness for a destitute person—namely, the little girl whose card, as a candidate for the Orphan Asylum, is enclosed. You know how these things are decided—by the majority of votes of an enormous number of subscribers; but the list, like all similar ones, swarms with the names of your friends, the Friends, and your interest with them would be equivalent to many promises of votes. I know nothing of the girl or her family personally, but one of the men I most respect is warmly interested for them, Joseph Mazzini, whom you have heard of (but whom I would not mention to everybody; as his name, with some, would do more harm than good). Mrs. Carlyle is also exerting herself for them.

I will send to you, or cause to be sent, as many cards as you can make use of; in case your interest is not pre-engaged for other candidates to the full number.

I am quite well again, and everybody here is well; otherwise we have no particular news.

Carlyle has been making a Cromwellian tour to Huntingdon, St. Ives, Hinchinbrook, &c. He will really, I think, write a Cromwellian book.—Ever yours,

J. S. MILL.

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John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *December* 19, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—There are abundance of subjects on which I should like a little mental communion with you, if I could get my thoughts together for the purpose. First, there is in public affairs much in the wind; your prediction about the Corn Laws seems in a way to be verified sooner than we either of us expected; and that is sure to lead to great changes in the condition and character of our rural population, and, above all, in the relation of landlords and tenants, which, on its present footing, is essentially an unwholesome relation, and *cannot* last. Things have certainly come to a strange pass when the manufacturing majority must starve in order that the agricultural minority may—starve also. But these things, important as they are, do not occupy so much of my thoughts as they once did: it is becoming more and more clearly evident to me that the mental regeneration of Europe must precede its social regeneration, and, also, that none of the ways in which that mental regeneration is sought,—Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Puseyism, Socialism, Chartism, Benthamism, &c.,—will *do*, though doubtless they have all some elements of truth and good in them. I find quite enough to do in trying to make up my own mind as to the course which must be taken by the present great transitional movement of opinion and society: the little which I can dimly see, this country even less than several other European nations, is as yet ripe for promulgating.

In the meantime I do not know that there was anything better for me to do, than to write the book I

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have been writing, destined to do its little part towards straightening and strengthening the intellects which have this great work to do. The said book is printed as far as p. 160, vol. ii., and will be published when Providence and the publisher see fit.

I heard of you the other day from Philip Melvill, who, I believe, brought the first intelligence which had reached the India House of such a thing being on the anvil. *Apropos*, there was some time ago a very pretty, but very unnecessary—what shall I call it? deprecation from your sister Caroline, relative to this book, and to something which occurred near the tombs of the old Templars. I do not recollect any more of what passed, than that she accused herself of having impliedly instigated a very natural announcement which I made, *certainly*, not for the *first* time then, touching the superfluousness of her troubling any bookseller respecting the two volumes in question, since I should as soon have thought of my own brother *buying* any book of mine, as of any of your family doing so. You will certainly receive in due time what has been from the first destined for you. I mean you in the plural number, for I never separate you in fact or in thought, and the one who reads most of it may keep it, if the others choose.

We are thankful for the exertions of you all about the little orphan. What her chances are, I do not know; such elections by universal suffrage are, as you truly say, a monstrous thing.—Ever affectionately,

J. S. Mill.

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John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *February* 14, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In a few days you will receive two ponderous volumes, concerning which you have shown an interest that I desire very much they may justify. I have not defaced them with any marks, because, after going finally through the whole as it passed through the press, I have come to the conclusion that it will not bear to be read in any way except straight through, and it is probably worth *your* reading in that way, while I am certain it is not worth it to your sisters, being a kind of book so entirely abstract that I am sure they would never think of reading it, if it did not happen to be written by one whom they know, and to make that a reason for reading a book out of one's line, is to make friendship a burden. If I could fix on any part as capable of being read with any interest apart from the rest, it would be the fifth book, on Fallacies, and especially the chapter in the sixth book on Liberty and Necessity, which is short, and in my judgment the best chapter in the two volumes. However, as Sterling will have a copy and will certainly read it through, he will be able to tell your sisters if there is any part which he thinks would interest them—in case they require any opinion besides yours. You will not suspect me of the stupid coxcombry of thinking that they could not understand it, which would be my own condemnation, for if they could not, the book would be a failure.—I only mean that whatever be the value of the book, it is (like a book of mathematics) *pure* and not *mixed* science, and never can be liked by any but *students*, and I do not want them to spoil themselves by becoming that on my

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account. They know that when I write anything on philosophy in the *concrete*, on politics, or morals, or religion, or education, or, in short, anything directly practical, or in which feeling and character are concerned, I desire very much to be read by them, because *there* I can hope really to interest them, but any interest they could feel in this would be only like what I might feel in a treatise on mining.

Our little girl did not carry her election, but the proxies were not lost, but bartered for an equivalent number next June, when Mazzini tells me she is sure of success, that is (I suppose) if those who gave their proxies this time will be kind enough to do so again.—Yours ever,

J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *October* 23, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am ashamed when I think that I have not once written to you since you called upon me on your way home, but you would excuse me if you knew in how many ways my time and thoughts have been occupied. It is not, however, so much my work, in the proper sense, as by other things, for I have written little or nothing, extra-officially, except an article on the recent French historians, and especially on Michelet's "History of France," which I have just finished, and which has brought my hand in again for work. You will see it in the *Edinburgh Review*, unless Napier takes fright at some of the very heterodox things in the eyes of an Edinburgh Reviewer, still at the point of view of the eighteenth century, which the article contains. There is, in particular, some arrant Hildebrandism, which I

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suspect will shock him, especially after the Scotch Kirk controversy.

By the by, you will perhaps see in the same number another communication from me, with my name signed to it, occasioned by a shabby, trumpery article on Bentham, which has just appeared in the *Review*. The writer's object seems to be to bring down, as much as he can, the character both of Bentham and of every one whose name has ever been connected with his—and he states facts and opinions respecting my father, against which I have thought it imperative on me to protest publicly, and have asked Napier to let me do it by a letter in his *Review*, which he has consented to. I am sure if you have seen the article you will say it was high time. Thanks for the votes which your (plural) persevering kindness has got for the little girl. With regards and remembrances to all,—Yours,

J. S. Mill.

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